

# METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1911

## ART. I.—THE CHRIST OF HISTORY AND RELIGION

THE theological issue to-day is Christ. The theological focus is again on him rather than upon the Old Testament problem or the question of miracles. He is the miraculous fact so difficult to fit into our human schemes, disconcerting to that working principle of the modern world, evolution, and utterly disastrous to the naturalistic philosophy of life. As in other generations since first he came, he is the center of the present thought interest, much to the discomfort of those who resent what has been called "the noxious exaggeration of the person of Jesus." As the crowd in Palestine asked, "Who art thou, then?" so men still ask. As the Greeks said, "Tell us plainly," so their successors. As the wise men then said, "Being a man, thou makest thyself God," so the wise men still complain. And as the disturbed ruler anxiously inquired, "What shall we do with Jesus?" so, Pilate-like, not a few are asking the question to-day to have done with it—and him. If any one had any hesitancy in believing that Jesus is again the theological issue, certainly the reception given the now famous "Roberts Article" ought to remove all uncertainty on that score. This article—written by Rev. R. Roberts, of Bradford, England, and published in the Hibbert Journal for January, 1909—hardly deserved serious consideration, it was so illiterate and so utterly lacking in historical insight; but it touched a sacred human interest and was widely answered. Mr. Roberts finds fault with the ethics of Jesus, with Jesus as a healer, and with the person of Jesus. As he studies history, Jesus was very much like the men of his generation, with the

marked limitations of his time. Most of the extremely radical critics of New Testament history, while holding that Jesus did not overstep the limits of religious genius, can scarcely find words to describe the remarkable personality of Jesus. For example, Bossuet says: "When a flash from this innermost life touches our souls we stand amazed, and begin dimly to conceive the terrible inward greatness of such a soul-life."<sup>1</sup> Roberts, on the other hand, thinks Jesus was commonplace. He complains that Jesus shared the life of his time, and has been surpassed in many spheres of life by other men. That is, Roberts seems to object to the fact that Jesus spoke in Aramaic instead of Esperanto. How can we think of him as having any meaning for our day when the chances are he had never heard of Mr. Darwin or Bernard Shaw, or even Mr. Roberts? How can he be looked to as embodying an absolute ideal of life when we know that he never saw the works of Phidias, or heard the thundering artillery at Waterloo? Mr. Roberts reminds us that the Copernican world is larger than the world of Christ's day. Yes; and science and history have but given us a larger background against which to measure the figure of Christ. Mr. Roberts seems utterly lacking in the historical imagination which would have enabled him to discern between the environment and the life force. Mr. Roberts, besides, seems to have no sense of humor at all.

But I am not primarily concerned with the Roberts article. If it needed answering it received it, and the answers have been published in a volume. Mr. Chesterton, who knows so well whether to use a club or a rapier on an opponent, proceeded at once to pummel Roberts merrily and mercilessly. He summed up the whole illiterate, and impertinent, and impervious article by saying that the burning question now is not: "Was Jesus Christ"—but, "Is Roberts God?"<sup>2</sup> The Roberts article was but a crude expression of a present-day tendency to have done with Christ by separating him from the ideal he has given us in his person. Roberts put bluntly what many others put more adroitly—Christ is a creation of pious imagination, or unreasoning,

<sup>1</sup> Jesus, p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> Hibbert Journal, July, 1909. Also Hibbert Journal Supplement, 1909.

uncritical faith. The Jesus of history was altogether other and less. For the most part, radical New Testament criticism concedes that Jesus lived. Otherwise we have a great historic movement without an initial impulse. Yet the Jesus of history was not the Christ of evangelical theology, nor even of the New Testament as it stands at present. The New Testament problem is to get back of the testimony of Paul and John to the Jesus they tell us of. The historical problem is to find the Jesus concealed beneath the name of Christ. It is very possible that some may feel that such a contention is not worth while, for we have the living Christ. What would it matter if it should turn out that no such person as Christ ever existed? Or, since we have evidence that Christ lives to-day and redeems men, how can any question of the historical Jesus be of much moment? I can feel the force of this protest. It has truth in it. We need to keep in mind the Christ of to-day. Yet the Incarnation—God actually touching our lives, living among us—loses all meaning if the Christ was the creation of pious wishes. Ideas "divorced from all reality and actuality" lack the power of moving men out of sin and of helping them to the heights. It was a real Christ that made John, and that made Paul, and that holds Christendom steady to-day. The Easter faith apart from the Easter fact soon evaporates; the Christian faith, apart from the Christian fact, soon becomes as unsubstantial as a dream. Our gospel is not an idea but a person, Jesus Christ himself—God-with-us—and if he goes Christianity goes with him. To say that it doesn't matter whether the foundation stands sure is to fall into the gulf of mysticism. Rather let us meet criticism with criticism, for the facts are with us.

Before we proceed to examine this present-day critical contention it may be well to inquire as to the reason for its being urged. In substance, the attempt is to have done with the person of Jesus—not with this miracle or that in itself—not with this incident or that in itself—not even with the *idea* of the Incarnation, but with the *fact* of the Incarnation. Very boldly liberal Christianity goes about this work, not of sloughing off medieval conceptions and of rescuing Christianity from an antique view

of the world, but of extricating the gospel from connection with the person of Jesus. Those who call themselves "liberal Christians" vary greatly in their theological positions and in their religious feeling. Some of them, seeing clearly the value of the Christian attitude toward life, with its sure hold on God the Father, who is guiding the world toward a goal of perfection, see that they must hold to Jesus, yet not even these men yield their hearts to Christ in any real allegiance. Their gospel is primarily a phrase, for they distrust the Person. Now, why? I reply that the difficulty with this whole group of men seems to be found in their whole-hearted acceptance of the principle of development. Heinrich Weinel states frankly that he is one of a group of men in Germany, including Harnack, Herrmann, Bossuet, Gunkel, and Troeltsch, not to name others there or their followers in England and America, which seeks to renovate Christianity and reconstruct it. He says that the notion of miracle cannot be accepted. He says further that the scientific idea of evolution is accepted and the whole result of scientific investigation—whatever that means—with impartiality.<sup>1</sup> The problem now is to fit the facts of the spiritual order to this philosophical prepossession. Loisy says: "At bottom, M. Sabatier and Herr Harnack have wished to reconcile Christian faith with the claims of science and of the scientific spirit of our time," and then ironically remarks, "The claims must, indeed, have become great, or be believed to be great, for faith has become very small and modest." There is the bottom of the whole matter: how can we reconcile this miraculous fact of Christ with our panaceaic theory of development? The subtlest of these men still preach Jesus, but it is a reduced, reconstructed Jesus. Weinel says, "We announce no doctrine of Jesus"; ah, but they hold one!

Now the doctrine of development undoubtedly corresponds to reality and must be reckoned with. Yet it ought to be clear, it seems to me, that we have not sufficiently traced its working when we think of it as leaving no room for finalities, ultimates, along its way. Naïvely conceived as it seems to be by many who

<sup>1</sup> Hibbert Journal, July, 1909. Religious Life and Thought in Germany Today, by Weinel.



imagine they are emancipated intellectually, this principle would make it impossible for the final religion to come until somewhere near the end of our striving—say a millennium hence. It is foolish, so we are reminded, to look for *the* religion in the past, for that lies somewhere in the future. We may all of us possibly appreciate the embarrassment of these people. We have all felt it at times. One does marvel that the brain of Plato came so early in history and that others have come so late. Yet if history shows us anything it shows us that some things do get done once for all. The human body, many art forms, many literary forms, many political institutions, many mechanical devices have been brought to a perfection beyond which they cannot be carried. The wheel, for example, cannot be made any more of a wheel than it already is. And the theory of development, properly conceived, allows for such ultimates, such finalities, in all spheres. Why should not the final religion come early in human history? It is then that such a force is needed. In any event we are not dealing with what might be, but with facts that are open to study. The simple truth is that in 1900 years not one item of value has been added to our knowledge of God or our ideal of life as given in the person of Christ, though progress has enabled us to understand better certain aspects of Christ. It is this fact of Christ that confronts us, development theory or no development theory. He came in the fullness of time and has had much to do with the spiritual achievement of the race thus far. But now to the critical contention at present, that the New Testament misrepresents the Jesus of history.

A few decades ago radical scholarship insisted that our evangelical theology misrepresented the New Testament teaching concerning the person and claims of Christ. What was needed, it said, was a return to the New Testament. Well, we have all made that return, and the Christian Church has been the gainer. For the witness of the New Testament is amazingly clear and wonderfully heartening. When we open it we read of one who shall be called Jesus because he shall save his people from their sins, and when we come to the end of it Christ is risen and is enthroned as the Lord of Glory. No two opinions are held

now by scholars on this score. The New Testament gives us a variety of testimony, but it is one as to Christ. To Peter he is the Christ. For John he is the Son of God. Philip sees him as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Paul knows Jesus only as the crucified and risen, while the seer of Patmos sees him clothed in splendor walking among the churches as the living Lord. The New Testament Scriptures give small comfort to those who dislike the Supreme Person. At present criticism says we must not appeal to the New Testament, but from the New Testament. We must go back of our sources. While the early Christians held to the higher view of Christ they misunderstood their Master. Grant that Paul, and John, and Peter, the New Testament writers and the New Testament church generally, made Jesus the object of faith. Jesus himself never looked upon himself in any such way. He, so we are informed, was simply one of the prophets who called others to trust the Father as he trusted him. Thus the present appeal is not to the New Testament as we have it, but to the real Jesus, who so dominated the writers of the New Testament as to give them an exaggerated view of himself. That is, the problem now is to sift the testimony of the New Testament witnesses, and if possible get back to the real Jesus. This later phase of New Testament criticism has been pushed forward, in recent years, with great expenditure of scholarship and ingenuity. The whole life of Christ's time, and all the sayings of the New Testament, have been submitted to a fresh review. Perhaps the most popular account of the liberal finding in this matter is that of Harnack in his volume, *What is Christianity?* Harnack's book, a work marked by rare lucidity of thought and charm of style, seeks to give a rapid and popular survey of Christian origins and history, so that it does not address itself directly to one theme, but rather to "What is Christianity" in its essence. Yet there is no mistaking that the person of Christ is a troublesome fact to Harnack, as to his whole group. He does away with both the person of Christ and the claim of Christ at one stroke. To him the whole gospel is God the Father, and faith in him. He says frankly: "He who holds Jesus for the Son of God adds some-

thing to the gospel." This is what he calls Christianity reduced to its lowest terms. And we see clearly that either Harnack has made a huge blunder, or else Paul and John, Peter and the whole company of early disciples, and the church of the ages, have misunderstood their Lord.<sup>1</sup> Now, while Harnack enjoys a high reputation as a student of New Testament times, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that his Jesus, who helps men to God, is not the historical Jesus at all. He is a reconstructed Jesus. His book is vitiated by his prepossessions, traces of which abound throughout the volume. I know that the word of a preacher on such a point would not be taken among experts in New Testament literature, but it is refreshing to hear such an authority in historical criticism as the great Alfred Loisy, one of the foremost of living New Testament scholars, say: "The historical gospel has none of this mystic and individualistic character" given it by Harnack. "To make such an affirmation is to show an entire misconception of the nature of Christ's teaching."<sup>2</sup> Loisy asks this pertinent question: "Is the definition of Christianity put forward by Herr Harnack that of an historian, or merely that of a theologian who takes from history as much as suits his theology?" Loisy's answer is that Harnack's definition of Christianity, which eliminates Christ from his gospel, is the answer of a theologian and not an historical definition. It is a definition not based on fact but arising out of a presupposition on the part of Harnack, a presupposition that Loisy says "dominates the author's [Harnack's] learned history of dogma." Whatever may be Loisy's opinion, personally, as to Christ, he is too much of the historian to be deceived into believing that the Jesus Harnack pictures to us is the Jesus of history. Harnack gives us not an

<sup>1</sup> Harnack, I understand, has changed his position since the writing of this book. Yet Weinel classes him with the group referred to above, and Weinel's article was printed in July, 1909. Besides, Bossuet is careful to say this, after conceding facts that would seem to necessitate his going further: "Yet with all this—and here we touch the culminating point—he (Christ) never overstepped the limits of the purely human. The almighty God remained before his eyes a sublime and lofty presence; he did not presume to place himself at his side." "He places man in direct relation with the living God, while he himself retires completely into the background." (Jesus, 202, 203.) Thus this group of men never grant the reality of the incarnation, which is the Christian fact, and the only gospel Christianity has ever had.

<sup>2</sup> The Gospel and the Church. New Edition.

historical portrait, but an imaginary portrait. He gives us, as Loisy says, not *the* gospel but a mutilation of the gospel. Har-nack's book gives us the position of those critics who distinguish between Jesus and Christ, who would separate the gospel from the person because they fail to see that the person is the gospel. But this position is by no means authoritative. It is merely another challenge, and has been so considered by many scholars who meet criticism with criticism. Perhaps the most available book, and the most thorough on this question, is James Denney's *Jesus and the Gospel*,<sup>1</sup> though Principal Selbie has gone all over the question most carefully in his book, *The Aspects of Christ*.

Professor Denney sets himself the task of answering the question, "What place in his own consciousness *did* Jesus fill in the relations of men to God?" He accepts the limitations placed upon him by the criticism of to-day and appeals to Mark and the "Q" sections; that is, those portions of the text common to Matthew and Luke. It is not necessary that we go into any extensive reproduction of these expositions, but as one reads on from allusion to statement, from statement to allusion, the evidence in favor of the orthodox view of Christ is cumulative: as Christ's Messiahship is not so much stated as exhibited it becomes clear that Jesus himself did hold the higher view of his mission and person. In the baptism we see not a Galilean peasant, not a simple "child of God" like the pious people in the first two chapters of Luke, but "a person clothed with divine power, and conscious that through his sovereignty and service the kingdom of God is to come"; one who is called with a "calling which, if it is his at all, must be his alone." The temptations "show how the kingdom of God is, in the mind of Jesus, essentially bound up with himself." He begins his ministry with the affirmation that the great crisis has come in the dealings of God with men. He calls his disciples to follow him if they would be fishers of men, and to bear in mind that their relation to him transcends all others, and so much so that they must not draw back from ignominy, or even death, if the occasion demand.

<sup>1</sup> References are to the 1908 edition.

They are to rejoice when persecuted for his sake. He sets himself above the law, and makes those imperial claims which are scattered up and down the record in such words as:

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners" (Matt. 9. 13).

"I came not to send peace, but a sword" (Matt. 10. 34).

"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt. 20. 28).

"The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10).

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 7. 21).

"But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are" (Luke 13. 27).

Let us take but three other cases cited by the author. The first is that of the centurion (Matt. 8. 5-13), where we see that Jesus welcomed a faith in himself as having unlimited power. The second is his answer to the high priest's question, "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" And Jesus said, "I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, "What need we further any witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy" (Mark 14. 61-64). The last reference we shall cite is found in Mark 2. 5-12, in which Christ claims the authority to forgive sins; not to announce the forgiveness of sins, as some evasive critics would make it, but the forgiveness of sin; surely a divine prerogative, which he arrogates to himself and then justifies his claim by healing paralysis with a word. As one goes forward over this familiar ground, hearing Christ claim to be above the Scriptures, above the temple, above the Sabbath, greater than sickness, or sin, or death, judge of men here and hereafter, we must feel that a scholar is held by some prepossession, afflicted with scholastic blindness, who can think that Jesus never claimed to be more than a good man. And taking the Scriptures accepted by all critics as historical data we find Jesus claiming the faith of men, calling them into a loyalty to himself. Take a single text:

"Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10. 32).

Who is this man who must confess all the men, the millions in all ages, before God? This passage, if we had no other, reveals to us the uniqueness of the Person of the historical Jesus, and we see at once that it is absurd to class him, as some of his contemporaries did, with Elijah or Jeremiah. He is, as Bossuet says, "super-prophetic"; or, as Simon Peter said, and the ages say, "Christ, the Son of God." Taking the data of the critics, I think we can see that John comes nearer being historical than any of these latter-day historians, spite of all that has been said to the contrary; comes closer to giving us the meaning of the Supreme Person when he says in substance, on the one hand, He was the Word of God, the express image, the expression of the Father; and on the other, He was bread and water and life and light of men.

That is, to sum up the ground we have thus far covered, an honest, fearless, ruthless criticism of the New Testament sources—yes, a criticism that goes back of our New Testament sources in the most radical manner and limits itself to Mark and the "Q" sections—gives us a substantial historical basis for faith; gives us a portrait of Jesus which shows us a man like ourselves, yet without sin; One in whom there was not a "germinal" and "deflected" divinity like ours, but the fullness of God; One who was the Son of man, not lost, but come to seek and to save the lost. That is, we have here the Supreme Person; not a creature of limitations, but one whose Presence fills us with admiration, wonder, and awe.

It is interesting to note that in the providence of God recent studies of the New Testament sources have given us some positive results. They have guaranteed the historicity of Jesus; they have shown that, whatever else may be said about evangelical theology, its portrait of Christ is a likeness. They have made it clear that the New Testament writers and the New Testament Church thought of Christ as holding a unique place in the relations of God and men; that Christ, also, so thought of himself, and, yet again, that it is not possible to separate Jesus from the gospel or the gospel from Jesus, as Jesus is the Gospel. I confess that I am personally glad that scholars of the faith have



accepted the challenge concerning the origin and founder of our religion, and that we may know that the foundations stand secure. Yet it would be wrong for us not to try to see what this fundamental fact involves. Let us, then, for a few moments study this Supreme Person.

It is absurd, from any rational point of view, to stop with the sources as we have been using them. We have used the data level to the understanding and faith of certain types of mind. Now that these lawyers are satisfied, I, for one, want to hear the witnesses; for I want all the evidence. We turn again to the New Testament. Granted the Supreme Person, full of grace and truth, and the whole record takes on new meaning. Paul's letters, glowing, vital, intense, seem wonderfully reasonable. I can understand John now. His record is such a story as might be expected from the experience he had with this Supreme Person. The night meeting with Nicodemus, the conference with the woman at the well, the farewell words which begin, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me," and the New Commission to Simon Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? . . . Feed my lambs"—all these are wondrous records and yet just such effects as are in keeping with such a cause. I read again the parables, and sermons, and the great claims. I listen again to the great words: "I am the Good Shepherd"; "I am the Door"; "I am the Way"; "I am the Light of the World"; "I lay down my life; no man taketh it from me"; "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise"; "I go to prepare a place for you"—marvelous speech, but it is in character! I stand again in the great scenes: with the Wise Men and their gifts in Bethlehem, on the Hill of Beatitudes, by the fevered pillows in Galilee, by the pool of the sick, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, in the courts of the temple, in the shadows of the Garden, in the upper room where the words of the high-priestly prayer are being uttered, beside John at the cross, with the eleven in the room, the doors being shut, on the slope of Olivet—what wonderful scenes, yet congruous, in harmony with the Central Figure! I go through the records of the New Testament. It is a wonderful witness, yet those men and women were being moved upon

by a Mighty Person. Thus we get something of the effect of this Person, something of his meaning; the total effect we cannot get yet, for the book of Acts is not yet completed. The book of Revelation, yes; but the Acts, not yet. But as the records of the Person reach down to the present, we must not stop with Paul in Rome. I can merely call your attention to the witness of history. It would be foolish for me to attempt to sum up this testimony within the limits of this paper, but it would be equally foolish for us as students, men of observation, to stop with "Q" sections or John and Paul. Granted the Person, the later history of his deeds is in scale. The rejuvenation of the Roman empire, the disciplining of the Teutonic people, the leavening of the Anglo-Saxon, the quickening of the Orient—these continental racial facts witness to an apparently inexhaustible vitality. Yet personality is the greatest power we know, and we are dealing with the Supreme Personality. The effects grow more and more amazing. Looked at in the broad, they seem limitless. Men have called Christianity the Gulf Stream flowing along the shores of time. It is a big phrase, but it has back of it the facts. The changed calendar, more eloquently than any words, shows how Christ has plowed his way across the field of the world. He has changed the spiritual climate of our Western world. He is changing the climate of China and Japan. Men of the Old World asked, If a man die shall he live again? The Supreme Person brought immortality to light, and a keen student of history has said that the chief difference between the ancient and the modern man is the light of hope on the countenance of the latter. But effects that seem marvelous when looked at in the broad are no less amazing when studied in the lives of historical persons. I adopt the thought of another:<sup>1</sup> Jesus walked along the shores of the Sea of Galilee and called to men and women, "Follow me"; and, leaving their tasks and homes, James and John, Philip and Andrew, Peter and Zaccheus, and Matthew and Judas (not Iscariot), and Thomas, and a host of others, laid the foundations for the kingdom of God around that sea. Time passes. History widens, and the Christ, walking by the shores of a larger sea, calls to

<sup>1</sup> See Jefferson, *Fundamental Things*, 174ff.

another company of men, and Augustine, Aquinas, Francis, Savonarola, Huss, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, and their kinsmen in the Spirit lay great Christian foundations about the Mediterranean Sea. But Christ is not satisfied. Like the Conqueror from Edom with blood-stained garments and feet, he of the pierced hands presses on, calling, "Follow me, follow me," and such men as John Knox, and the Wesleys, and Whitefield, and Edwards, and Bushnell, and Brooks, and the Beechers, and Spurgeon, and Moody leave all and follow him, reclaiming from darkness the lands lying about that larger sea that we Anglo-Saxons call the Atlantic Ocean. And yet the Christ is not satisfied. He gave himself to be the propitiator not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world. Hence he presses toward the horizon, calling those who have stout enough hearts to follow in his train, and men like Xavier, and Coke, and Carey, and Livingstone, and James Chalmers, and John G. Paton, and Hudson Taylor, and James Thoburn, and John R. Mott, and a multitude no one man can know by name, but whom the Lord doth know, bearing the call have gone far beyond the shores of the Pacific, preaching the Jesus who, wherever he is preached, saves the people from their sins. This is splendid, but in scale. And those who thus have labored about the Sea of Galilee, and the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, and the Pacific, will one day stand on the Sea of Glass, with the multitude of the redeemed, and thank and praise him that ever he called them into so glorious a service.

We do live in a wonderful age. I have no sneer for the sane optimism of to-day. Our world is larger and richer every way than the ancient or medieval world, and yet the most wonderful thing about our modern world, with all of its conflicting forces and mighty influences, is this Supreme Person to whom men come as of old and, submitting to him in penitence and faith, go away radiant, free, cleansed, filled with holy aspiration, with new passion for truth, with a new spirit of good will, with a new love for men. And if we were to write the story of the things Jesus is doing, the biographies of the "twice born," "I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written." Thus, I trust, we get something of the meaning of

Christ. We shall not know his meaning in full until we shall see the total effect of his Person, but that lies beyond our vision now. The seer gives us a hint or two, a glimpse or two, of the Christ of Eternity; that is all. Yet we see that he is the Christ of history; the Christ of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Calvary, Olivet. "I am he that *liveth* and *was dead*." Ah, there are the pierced hands. That word "dead" takes us back to the Syrian days. "I am he that *liveth*"—our Christ is not a memory, but a presence. "And, behold, I am alive forever more"; the Christ of history, who is also the Christ of religion, is the Eternal Christ. How gracious these words are, words not to be avoided, but to be received: "Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe in God, believe also in me." "Fear not; I am the First and the Last. I am he that *liveth*, and *was dead*; and, behold, I am alive forever more; and have the keys of death and Hades." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

James Allen Leisner

## ART. II.—THE HUMOR OF THE BIBLE

HEINRICH HEINE said, "The Bible is the drama of the human race." That is a truer description than many realize who quote it with approval. If they concede its correctness they ought to acknowledge the truth of its implications, and expect the Bible to reflect all the moods of mankind. Yet some are offended by the suggestion that it contains humor. Their reverence for the sublime *motif* of redemption which pervades the Bible has led them to obscure the human element which exists in its various documents. They forget that it is the ancient literature of a great people, a manifold expression of their life, the ripest intellectual fruitage of a race with a genius for religion; and that no tenable theory of its divine inspiration can ignore the historical process by which it was produced. If the literature of any other people were discovered to be totally devoid of humor we should consider it a striking anomaly, and if we were told that this deficiency was the inevitable consequence of the sanctity attaching to the literature itself we should be tempted to suppose that some redactor, jealous of its reputation, had purged it of what he conceived to be its incongruities. Nothing of this sort has occurred with the Bible. Carlyle and Renan held that the Hebrew genius did not possess the gift of humor, a judgment which is refuted by the literary remains of several medieval and modern Jews as well as by notable examples in the Talmud. Doubtless a particular kind of discernment is essential to the proper evaluation of Hebrew humor. There are temperamental idiosyncrasies with which one must reckon in estimating Jewish letters, as is the case with any other literature in which one was not bred. It is no detraction from the excellence of Aristophanes that some of his jokes require elucidation for the mind unfamiliar with the life of the Greeks, and it would be most uncritical to deny the existence of humor in the Bible simply because it is not recognized by all readers. Indeed, an immense amount of laborious dullness has been expended on the vain effort to formulate a definition of humor upon which all the wiseacres of the world can agree. Thus far no universal chart

has been constructed for locating and labeling humorous conceits on the high seas of literature.

Professor Moulton, in discussing the humor of Shakespeare, recalls the story of a man who, "being suddenly called upon to say exactly what was meant by humor, reserved his definition till the next day. The next day he found that he would require a week, at the end of a week, a month. By that time the subject had so grown upon him that he went into the country a whole year to think it out. At the end of the year he sold his business and announced his intention of devoting the rest of his life to the one question. Shortly afterward the man died of melancholy." Here there is not only an illustration of the exasperating manner in which humor eludes definition, but also an appetizing morsel of the thing itself, the taste of which one can relish without being able to give a scientific analysis of its flavor.

Though humor is, perhaps, the least apparent element in the literature of the Bible, rich veins of it are disclosed to one who has a feeling for its subtleties and some knowledge of the language in which it is expressed and of the racial peculiarities out of which it springs. It would be preposterous to class the Bible with facetious books, and one reason for the failure justly to appraise its humor is our proneness to test it by our modern ideas of the comic. This is a fatal and perfectly irrational blunder. The Hebrew consciousness expressed itself in moral and religious modes. It is this which differentiates its literature in large part from that of other races. There is a decided flavor of morality in all genuine humor, but this quality preëminently distinguishes the humor of the Bible. In defending the propriety of employing humor in religious discourse an English clergyman has very justly said: "If you cannot make men ashamed of doing wrong you may often make them afraid of being ridiculous. A man who does not feel that he is sinful may often be convinced that he is absurd." The humor of the Bible serves this precise purpose. Its exposures of the folly of a sinful life are all the more effective because they are in many instances suffused with a humorous quality. The ability to perceive this is not possessed by everyone. Said Hazlitt: "Sir, I am a metaphysician, and nothing makes an impression



upon me but abstract ideas." So there are abnormally serious souls who see only theological values in many Scripture narratives which are actually drenched with humor. In order to recognize and relish this humor one must put off the prepossession that the Bible is uniformly solemn, and divest himself of the conviction that it is a sacrilege to smile at anything in the Scriptures. He will then discover that there is much humor in the stories of the Bible which is not intentional on the part of the writers, but is inseparable from the facts which they record. It is difficult to understand how any person who is susceptible of humorous ideas can read the history of the Israelites in the Wilderness without being provoked to innocent mirth as he observes the foibles and follies of human nature breaking out in the ludicrous performances of this chosen people. The absurd apology of Aaron for yielding to the equally ridiculous plea of the Israelites for tangible gods (Exod. 32. 22-24) would invariably excite the risibilities of pious readers if they were not awed into solemnity by the reflection that the narrative is sacred. A similar effect would be produced by the protest of the people against the everlasting monotony of their bill of fare and their lusting for the varied diet of their Egyptian bondage (Num. 11. 4, 5) if the reader were not restrained from realizing the unconscious humor of a ludicrous situation by an artificial conception of the Bible as literature. The plaint of Israel has been used to symbolize the unspiritual clamor of worldly Christians for the weak and beggarly elements of the world; but is not that a subject suitable for drollery? Many like illustrations in the Old Testament will occur to the mind intent upon finding them, which for lack of space are not here set down. If we turn to the New Testament we discover in the childishness of the disciples shades of humor which were probably unobserved by themselves, but which are obvious enough to others. The ignoble striving of some of the twelve for precedence; the naïve indignation of the rest of the company, who were perhaps just as emulous but less candid; the prating of those fishermen about the sacrifice involved in abandoning their precarious means of livelihood to follow Jesus, and their solicitude respecting the reward they might expect for such an amazing act of self-denial; the absurd and frantic eager-

ness of Peter to thrust himself forward in every conversation, whether he understood the matter or not—these are examples of the inherent humor of a situation which the frank writers of the Gospels have preserved for our instruction, though possibly they saw only the painful aspects of each incident.

The authors of some of the biblical stories, however, must have been fully conscious of the humor playing like sunbeams upon their lines. The book of Jonah is pervaded by a subtle humor from which it seems strange that anyone should be obtuse enough to escape. The superficial persons who make merry over the great fish, which is represented as first swallowing and then disgorging the prophet, and look no farther, miss the finest elements of humor in this entertaining tale. The meshes of their minds are so coarse that the more delicate items slip through. The preposterous mood of Jonah when he witnesses the repentance of Nineveh can scarcely fail to provoke a smile in us if we are sensitive to its pitiful absurdity; the lugubrious wail of the prophet for death because he is a discredited foreteller of events is as fine a stroke at pompous self-esteem as one can find in any literature; and the pungent humor of the divine parable of the gourd is superb. If we found this story in Turgenieff we should unhesitatingly applaud its keen wit, but discovering it in the Bible we pull a long face and solemnly set about to prove its historicity in order to protect its sanctity; not realizing that, even if it were shown to be pure fiction, it would still contain some of the richest spiritual teaching in the Scriptures. Perhaps the most admirable example of folk-lore humor in the Bible, and one of the best in any literature, is the fascinating story of Samson, who is not only portrayed as rioting in practical jokes, but also as being a genuine wit. The disasters which characterize his life and the tragedy with which it concludes only serve to bring out more clearly the frolicsome spirit of the man. Bunyan's lines are pertinent:

Some things are of that nature as to make  
One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.

The pathos of Samson's folly need not deter us from appreciating the humor of his performances. This accretion of tales around the memory of a popular hero is one of the most delicious bits of

literary art in the Bible or out of it, and has furnished poets and dramatists with one of the most fruitful themes upon which they could engage their talents. The wit of Samson's riddle, propounded as a wager at his own wedding-feast, is obvious to all as soon as the circumstances which originated it are apprehended. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." One can see the sunny-haired giant gleefully felicitating himself on the impossibility of his competitors ever guessing the secret of the honey in the lion's carcass. The way in which he paid the wager, when it had been lost through the treachery of his bride, illustrates the man's sense of humor: "And he went down to Ashkelon, and slew thirty men of them, and took their spoil, and gave change of garments unto them which expounded the riddle." One can imagine him smacking his lips over the grim jest of making his enemies pay his debt of honor. The same spirit is manifest in his slaying of a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass. He evidently finds a sardonic delight in the instrument with which he accomplishes this bloody feat, for he makes a pun about it which it is impossible to reproduce in translation. The word *chamor* which he employs has two meanings: an *ass* and a *heap*. A modern Hebrew scholar, Dr. J. Chotzner, has attempted to bring out the humor of the words describing Samson's exultation over his triumph by the following paraphrase:

With the jaw-bone of an ass  
Have I plenteous asses slain;  
Smitten thus it came to pass  
Fell a thousand on the plain.

The drastic quality of Samson's humor appears again in the episode of the three hundred foxes sent scurrying through the corn-fields of the Philistines with fire-brands tied to their tails. One can easily fancy the reckless jester clapping his hands and prancing about with unholy joy as he beholds the conflagration he has produced. In all his feats of prodigious strength and agility the same humorous feeling is discoverable. His snapping the cords with which his enemies have bound him for delivery into the hands of the Philistines, his carrying off the gates of Gaza and depositing them upon the top of the hill before Hebron—in fact, all of the

adventures which signalize his stormy career are shot through with a mischievous spirit of fun. He evidently luxuriates in his vindictive buffoonery. Nor is this wanton gladness absent from his unfortunate experiences with his Philistine paramour. Each time he fools her about the secret of his strength laughter shakes his ponderous frame and mockery pours from his lips. He revels in the deception of which she is the pouting victim. When finally he surrenders to the blandishments of Delilah, and compasses his own ruin by telling the truth about himself, the first impression upon his mind seems to be scarcely more serious than that the biter has been bitten at last. The joke is on him. "He wist not that the Lord was departed from him." When the fatality of his situation dawns upon him his inveterate humor still survives. His position is deplorable enough—a blind slave making sport for his hereditary foes. Nevertheless, he will extract a morbid gratification from his misfortunes. He will add a climax to all the rude jokes he has played upon his enemies by compelling them to die with him. He pulls down the building in which they are making merry and they perish like cattle. The very grotesqueness of it mitigates the gloom of the catastrophe. Tears and smiles lie close together. The writer of the narrative records with ill-concealed satisfaction: "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." The fun is fast and furious in this story, but it embodies moral teaching of the most serious kind. It affirms more impressively than any solemn homilist could do that a pure character and a reasonable spirit are far better than massive strength of body and a mind of surprising ingenuity.

We laugh at Samson, though we realize that he made a fool of himself, knowing that the fool is one of the staple articles in the humorist's wares. Without his kind the wit would find his occupation gone. Were all humanity of flawless wisdom it is difficult to see how the contrasts and incongruities which are so vital to humor could be conceived. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the humorists have always taken kindly to the people of defective sagacity. Said Charles Lamb: "I love a fool as naturally as if I were kith and kin to him. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding." It is this recognition of our community with the fool

which makes the portrayal of his frolicsome antics, his sublime absurdities, and his childish hallucinations so palatable to us all. Seneca deprecated the silly fashion of keeping idiots as servants in aristocratic families of his day, and said: "If ever I want to amuse myself with an idiot I have not far to look for one; I laugh at myself." The Bible deals more severely with fools than does other literature, because its writers are so deeply concerned with the moral aspects of folly. Yet even they base their diagnosis of the fool on irresponsibility, rashness, and lack of common sense characteristic of his class; a kind of egotistical self-sufficiency and absence of self-restraint, coupled with excessive love of talk and itch for disputation; all which traits reach their acutest stage in the crowning stupidity of a foolish life—opposition to the will of God.

It is in the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament—Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and certain psalms and prophecies—that the fool receives the most elaborate attention. The points of humorous criticism to which he is subjected in these writings are so familiar to students of the Bible and so numerous that specific citations in this place are neither necessary nor desirable. Though the author of Ecclesiastes is commonly regarded as sounding a melancholy note, a modern critic has ventured to say of Koheleth: "His humor is mostly of the cheerful order; and far from weeping over the foibles and follies of the human race, he makes merry over them." The subjects which evoke humorous treatment at the hands of the Wisdom writers are generally those on which the humorists of all ages have exercised their genius. The contentious woman, the slothful man, the meddler with other people's affairs, the person with itching ears, the trader who brags of a sharp bargain—these and many more are etched in epigrams which provoke mirth. The vanities of worldliness are delineated in a way to excite smiles of philosophic scorn. With these amusing bits of wisdom may be compared the broader rebukes of arrogance and ambition contained in the Fable of Jotham on the choice of a king by the trees (Judges 9. 8-15), and the Apologue of Joash on the thistle and the cedar (2 Kings 14. 9), all characterized by humor.

It will be objected by some that these exposures of human

folly are so satirical as not properly to be classed as humor, which is uniformly gentle and good-natured. It is significant, however, that Thackeray, who is entitled to be called an authority, and whose definition of humor as "a mixture of love and wit" has been widely accepted, in his lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century actually begins with Swift, whose temper is vitriolic. It is in this first lecture of the series that he says: "The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. . . . He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak." It would seem, then, that the gentle humorist may be severe if his motive is benevolent. There are also degrees in satirical speech. "Satire without humor," it has been said, "is invective." On the other hand, Lowell declares of Chaucer that his "satire . . . is genial with the broad sunshine of humor." The elder Disraeli says of Cervantes, a prince of humorists, that he "excels in that sly satire which hides itself under the cloak of gravity; but this is not the sort of humor which so beautifully plays about the delicacy of Addison's page." Yet Macaulay writes of Addison: "So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that since his time the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and the most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon." According to these experts, satire may apparently be classed with humor when it is not malevolent; a note of distinction to be kept in mind when we test certain passages in the Bible.

The absurdity of idol-worship is a favorite subject of caricature with the prophets, admirable examples of which are to be found in Isa. 44, Jer. 10, and elsewhere. Everybody notices the grim humor of Elijah's suggestion to the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, "Cry aloud; for he is a god. Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Job's famous rejoinder to his tormentors is appreciated by the dullest mind: "No doubt but ye are the people,



and wisdom shall die with you." Other equally humorous bits may be culled from the wonderful book which bears his name. Irony is employed with much effect by the apostle Paul, who is proficient in almost every rhetorical expedient, to whom also a variety of puns may be accredited. There is no resisting this stroke at the self-assurance of some of his followers: "Now ye are full, now ye are rich, ye have reigned as kings without us: and I would to God that ye did reign, that we also might reign with you. . . . We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye are honorable, but we are despised" (1 Cor. 4. 8, 10). Of similar quality is this admonition: "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another" (Gal. 5. 15).

No one questions that Jesus was a master of ironical speech. "Many good works have I showed you from my Father; for which of these do you stone me?" he asks of his enemies. "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets," he admonishes his disciples. Though the scholars tell us that there is no proof that the Pharisees ever did such a ludicrous thing, yet the spirit of it endures to our times, and derision is the only effective method of discouraging it. The parable of the unjust steward is a masterpiece of satire. So perfect is it that it has confused a multitude of commentators who have dangerously wrenched their intelligence in the vain effort to give it an interpretation consistent with the idea that it is a sober piece of teaching. How absurd it makes a false trust in Mammon! When Jesus compares his generation to children playing feast and funeral, and complaining of one another, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept," his criticism must have brought a smile to the faces of those who heard him.

One cannot speak of the humor of Jesus without the utmost delicacy; he must not in the slightest degree abate his reverence for the divine Saviour. Nevertheless, it is to be remembered that the Son of Mary was a whole man, and that to ascribe anything abnormal to his human nature is to do violence to any reasonable and scriptural interpretation of his person. Yet he has been

almost uniformly depicted as a man of sad countenance and solemn manner. The shadows of his life have been permitted to efface the sunshine of his gracious character. It has been forgotten that he repudiated asceticism; that he mingled at feasts where laughter, song, and jest would certainly be encouraged; that he watched with sympathetic interest the merry games of children, and was fond of their prattle; that he used music and dancing to symbolize the joy of God over repentant sinners. We are reminded that the record gives no indication that Jesus ever laughed, though it does once affirm that he rejoiced in spirit. But we are in danger of making too much of that fact. When we recall certain traditions of our Lord from extra-canonical sources, which have been preserved by orthodox Christians of primitive times with the apparent feeling that these might in part be authentic, we are inclined to wonder whether a certain reserve may not have prevented the evangelists from recording humorous incidents and sayings of his life with which they were familiar. Are not we also affected by an artificial veneration and a fragmentary conception of Christ's nature to such an extent that in some measure we dehumanize him? Ought we not to concede to him a natural sense of humor, quickened by the rarest intelligence and refined by his divine spirituality? But we are not left to mere conjecture regarding the humor of Jesus. His recorded utterances are before us bearing incontrovertible evidence that his genial spirit found expression in kindly pleasantries and humorous suggestions. His colloquy with the Syrophœnician woman (Mark 7) is a good-natured challenge of a heathen's right to ask anything of him until he has attended to all the applications of his own people. The mother's rejoinder is unmistakably witty, and is apparently very much relished by Jesus: "Yes, sir; but the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Back of the woman's quick intelligence our Lord sees faith in his actual mission, and he instantly responds to it, and grants her petition. Observe his quaint characterizations of those who carefully cleanse the outside of the cup and platter, forgetting that they drink and feed from the inside of these vessels; of men who carefully strain out a gnat but incontinently swallow a camel. Notice how he hits off the absurdity of trying to serve two masters,

of feeding pearls to swine, of putting a light under a bushel, of proffering a stone instead of bread, or a serpent instead of a fish, or a scorpion instead of an egg, of pitting Beelzebub against himself. What a grotesque thing it is for a camel to attempt to squeeze through the eye of a needle, or for a blind man to try to lead another sightless mortal, with the result that both pitch into the gutter. How preposterous it is for a man with a beam in his eye to offer to remove a mote from his brother's eye. Consider the ludicrous plight of the architect who places a house on the shifting sands, of the general who goes to war without thinking it worth while to estimate the possible resources of his enemy, of the man who makes himself the laughing-stock of the town by commencing to build a tower which he has no means to finish. These are delicious bits of our Lord's humor with a high moral purpose. Think of the quaint shrewdness of admonishing his disciples not to think of the morrow, because that was characteristic of the Gentiles, nor to depend upon the worldly policy of loving their friends, since that was the habit of the publicans. Remember the pathetic humor of his response when the Pharisees warned him that Herod was on his track: "Go ye, and tell that fox, Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected, . . . for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." Recall his quiet remark, probably accompanied by a tremulous smile, when the disciples brought out two old swords with which to confront the world, "It is enough!" Run through his parables, and observe how a rich vein of humor pervades nearly all of the more important ones. What further need is there of illustrations?—though the number of those not mentioned here is very considerable. It is perfectly evident that Hebrew humor did not fail when He came "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write."

*Geo. P. Eckman.*

### ART. III.—CONTRIBUTIONS OF ORIENTAL CHURCHES TO WORLD-WIDE CHRISTIANITY

To many the title of this article will seem strangely preposterous, especially when it is seen that the reference is not to contributions of money, but to gifts of thought, and character, and life. Most Christians in the West have thought so long of the Orient as the place of heathenism, and have grown so accustomed to thinking of the West as the home of Christianity, and its faith and practice as the proper Christian standards for the world, that they will look upon the suggestion as wholly presumptuous or foolish, that Christianity may receive from the East nobler interpretations of some of its essential principles. The West is the giver of money, of ecclesiastical systems, and of theology; the East is the receiver only, and bound to accept Christianity, both in thought and life, as the West thinks and lives it. No greater mistake could be made; and those who support missions to enhance the glory of Western churches by extending their influence in the East and keeping the Orient in religious subjection to Western standards are engaged in a hopeless enterprise. They should remember that Asia is the ancestral home of all the world's great religions, of Christianity as well as of Buddhism; that Christianity was born in the East, and the East is rapidly coming to appreciate that. Keshub Chunder Sen, the great leader of the Brama Somaj, or Theistic Society, of India, and the most original of modern Indians, proclaimed to his followers that Jesus was an Oriental. "Was not Jesus Christ," he said, "an Asiatic? . . . I rejoice, yes, I am proud, that I am an Asiatic. He and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel were Asiatic. In fact Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics in Asia. When I reflect on this, my love for Jesus Christ becomes a hundredfold intensified. In Christ I see not only the exaltedness of humanity, but also the grandeur of which Asiatic nature is susceptible." From the mistake of expecting the Oriental churches to remain in subjection American Christians ought to be saved by their own his-

tory. Most American Protestants received their Christianity from England, whose people are of the same race, speak the same language, inherit the same traditions and cherish the same ideals as their own, but they long ago severed the connection with their founders and have developed their theology and their ecclesiastical systems in entire independence. Equally certain is it that the churches of the East will not long remain in any kind of formal subjection to the churches of the West, composed of persons of a different race, with a different history, who speak different languages, and cherish greatly different presuppositions of life and ideals. We should prepare, therefore, for the independence of the Eastern churches. A few decades, or even a few years ago, when we thought of Asiatics as inferiors, and had little knowledge of their literature, their history, and their life, we thought of them as made to be governed by the West. But the modern history of Japan, and the recent awakening of China and India, show us the greatness of the East, and the folly of the idea that it will long consent to receive its theology or its systems of church government from Western lawgivers. With the awakening of the spirit of political independence there rises the spirit of religious independence. Japan has led the way, the Christians of China are thinking of it, and nothing in the future is more certain than that the churches of India will soon feel the same hopes. The Rev. John P. Jones, who has lived over thirty years in India, in his *India: Its Life and Thought*, says: "The outward form of Christianity, after Western pressure has been taken away from this land, will depend upon the mental makeup and peculiar spiritual aspect of the Indian Christian, and until he is able to furnish and enforce this, which I call the Oriental type of Christianity, he will never be able to make his religion appeal to his brothers and make it an indigenous faith in India." The same may be said of every great people among whom missionaries are working. In every land the native churches will say to them: "You have brought us great gifts, and we shall never forget it; but we can walk alone now, and can set up for ourselves to interpret for our people the Word of God and live our own Christian lives free from Western control." That time has not come for

most lands, but it will come, and then the native Christian church, living a freely developing life, with the same book to guide it that has guided us, and the same Spirit to interpret, will illustrate phases of Christianity which are not conspicuous among ourselves, and will so complete the life of God in the soul—and life—of man. For that glorious day we should pray and work, and the signs of its coming we should hail with joy, for it will mean the universal headship of Christ, the full flowering of the Christian faith in all the world. Here surely is a subject worthy of consideration, and it should be presented to the Christians of America more frequently than it is. Too much attention is concentrated on the evils of the East; we ought to give more of it to the growing church of the East, and strengthen our faith and kindle our hope with the vision of things to come, the contemplation of the future that is even now foreshadowed by the facts of the present. The cherishing of such a hope is most reasonable. Races differ in many respects. In their mental and moral characteristics they have set before themselves different ideals, and are appealed to and won by different motives. This being the case, and Christ having taught a universal faith, and being, as he loved to call himself, the Son of man, and representing all mankind at its best, it is surely reasonable to believe that it will take all races to interpret him fully, and that each race will make its own contribution to the full interpretation of his universal character. It will take all mankind to illustrate fully the fullness of the life of God in the soul of man. The West interprets and illustrates some phases and results of that indwelling; other phases and results will be interpreted and illustrated by the East. Let us look at some of the contributions likely to be made by the greatest peoples of Asia: Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans.

The fundamental religious thought of the Hindus is their conception of the immanence of God. The idea of the immanence of God is not a conception unknown in the West, but here it is accompanied and balanced by the conception of God's transcendence. To the Hindus, however, before becoming Christians, the transcendence of God is meaningless and impossible. Surrendering themselves to the demands of pure logic, they deny the reality



of the finite, as an impossible limitation on the Infinite, and denounce the personality of finite being as an illusion. Their belief in divine immanence is carried to an extreme which precludes transcendence and destroys all distinction between God and man, eliminates all human responsibility, and makes God responsible for all human activities, good and bad alike. It makes the whole scheme of atonement meaningless. The doctrine of divine immanence, held in that sense, makes Christian faith impossible. But as, under the influence of the character of Christ, that extreme doctrine of immanence is corrected and balanced by the truth of divine transcendence—in other words, as the people of India become Christians—there will be a grand result which will be India's supreme contribution to the Christianity of the world. What will that result be? Such a sense of the presence of God in common life as is not usual among Western Christians. In the West we call some departments of life religious and others secular. To the Hindu all are religious, and God shows himself in the smallest and humblest activities of life as well as in the greatest. The West sees God in the strange and unusual, India sees him in everything; and this sense of the presence of God in all things will consecrate the whole of life and immensely enrich our Western religious thinking. Again, Indian Christianity will make a large contribution to world-wide Christianity by the reality with which it will illustrate the passive virtues of religion. In the vigorous, aggressive, and self-assertive West the patience of Christ, his quiet endurance of wrong, his sweet serenity under all circumstances, are praised much, but little practiced. The Rev. John P. Jones says in his *India: Its Life and Thought*:

I am inclined to believe that we of the West have few things of greater importance and deeper religious significance to learn from the East than the appreciation of such graces of life as patience and endurance under evil. We stand always prepared to fight manfully for our convictions and to obtrude them at all points upon friend and foe alike. It is not in the nature of the East to do this. We say that the native of India has no stamina, and call him in opprobrium "the mild Hindu." But let us not forget that he will reveal tenfold more patience than we under trying circumstances, and will turn the other cheek to the enemy when we rush into gross sin in our haste and ire. His is one of the hemispheres of a full-orbed character, ours of the West is the other.

One of the most remarkable books on Jesus ever written in English, *The Oriental Christ*, was written by a Hindu, Protap Chundar Mozoomdar, and one of the most interesting and instructive things about it is the prominence it gives to the gentleness and patience of the Master. As the author was one of the most spiritually minded men of modern India, as well as one of the ablest, his book shows the features of Christ's character which appeal especially to Hindus, and which will be shown most certainly in Indian Christianity. Surely here are lessons which the West greatly needs to learn. We are too much given to thinking of the Western type of Christianity, with its emphasis on externals, its insistence on institutionalism and ecclesiasticism, as the only genuine type and standard of Christian living for the world. But the emergence of India, and the diffusion of its influence, will introduce into Western Christian life another type, one in which gentleness, and patience, and serenity in suffering will be prominent characteristics. Western Christian life will be immensely richer because of the gifts of the churches of India. And how much richer will be the interpretation of Christ when the sublime qualities of the Indian soul are concentrated on him. "No adequate commentary on the Gospel of John will ever be written," said the late Bishop Lightfoot, "till India is converted." The qualities of the Indian mind, when brought into the service of Christ, will be far better fitted to interpret that wonderful book than the mind of the West.

Look now at China. The Right Rev. J. C. Hoare, D.D., Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, who was many years in China before he was elevated to the episcopacy, when asked what contribution to world-wide Christianity might be looked for from the Church of China, said that he looked especially for a great lesson in Christian unity. He believed that owing to the practical nature of the Chinese and their inability to see any vital meaning in the subdivision of Christianity into so many denominations, and the deep and broad sense of brotherhood which prevails among the churches of all names in China, the Church of China might have for its glorious mission the work of illustrating and restoring the oneness of the body of Christ. I do not think

that any man can be really acquainted with Chinese Christians who will not agree with this. China is a large country. Its people speak many and mutually unintelligible dialects, yet the Chinese Christian, traveling in the empire, is everywhere received by other Chinese Christians as a brother in Christ. And as he sees that Christians of other denominations than his own worship the same God, hold the same faith, and are equally ready with his own people to suffer and die for it, he finds it impossible to believe that any special denomination enjoys peculiarly the favor of God. Everywhere he is received as a brother in Christ, and consequently there have already been movements toward the establishing of a Chinese Church. Another contribution of Chinese Christianity will be a new and deeper sense of brotherhood. Descent from a common ancestor establishes the relation of brotherhood. The calling the Emperor the father of his people makes all Chinese one, and among Christians the fact that they are the sons of God gives them a deeper sense of brotherhood than is often felt in the West. Bishop Hoare gives the following characteristics of Chinese Christians as grounds of his confidence that other large contributions will be made by China to the Christianity of the world: First, the steadfastness of the Christians under persecution; their willingness to endure hardship, even death, for the sake of Christ. This was shown in the many persecutions which the Christians in China have endured, and notably in the terrible massacres which marked the Boxer outbreak of 1900. The opinion has widely prevailed that China has been broadly tolerant toward other religions than its own, but the great Sinologue, De Groot, in his *Sectarianism and Religious Persecution in China*, has shown this notion to be purely chimerical. There have been many persecutions in the empire, but through them all the vast majority of the Christians have been faithful. No longer can any man of honor, who is familiar with modern Chinese history, be guilty of the gross calumny which condemns the body of Christians in China as "rice Christians." The more than ten thousand who died for their faith in 1900, though many of them were given the liberty of choosing life by denying Christ, are reply sufficient to the cruel slander. A British official from

North China called on Bishop Hoare in Kong Kong, just after the Boxer storm, and in the course of conversation said:

If anyone had asked me my opinion about missions at the beginning of this year I should have said that missions were humbug and the converts shams, but I have entirely changed my mind now. I have, as you know, been living as Consul at ———. While there I have seen men and women brought down from the interior—some dead, brought down to be buried, others, mangled and wounded, brought down to be healed, or to die in the hospitals. In my official capacity I had the opportunity of making inquiries as to the circumstances of their sufferings. In a large proportion of cases I found that the people had the alternative put to them, "Deny Christ or die," and they had deliberately chosen death. Never again will I say that Chinese converts are shams.

From many other parts of China comes practically the same testimony. The heroism of the early years of Christianity has been shown again in our own day in face of sufferings as great and death as cruel as those earliest confessors of Christianity faced and conquered. It seems to me that the apologetic value of this will some day be seen. It cannot, when known, but have a stimulating effect on Christians the world over. The heroic history of the early days lived over again in our own time will give a needed lesson on the power of Christianity to make character; to make heroes of the most ordinary men and women of our own time. The second characteristic which the widely experienced Bishop notes is the diligence of the Chinese Christians in spreading the gospel. The number of converts in China doubles every seven years. Few persons in America realize how rapidly the Christian community in China is growing. A few years ago the late Bishop Lightfoot showed that, so far as could be argued from available statistics, in the year A. D. 250 the Church in Rome, after more than two centuries from its foundation, numbered some 50,000 Christians, or about one twentieth of the population of the city. He also showed that four hundred years after Christ the church at Antioch, though it had had imperial sanction for sixty years, numbered about 100,000. The present rate of progress in China would lead to far greater results than that in a much shorter period. Now the most effective agents in bringing about that splendid result have been, not the foreign missionaries, but the Chinese Christians themselves. In far the greater number of

cases inquiry shows that the new members were led to the church by Chinese Christians. "The farmer talking with his fellows, the traveling tinker talking in the towns while he mends his pots and pans, the field laborer talking with his friend on his way to work, the woman telling her husband or her neighbors of the new message of salvation which she had learned—these are the evangelists of China by whom the gospel is being spread." It is because of this that there are so many places in China in which there are strong and prosperous churches which have been planted and fostered by native Christians, with but scant supervision on the part of the Western missionary. This lay evangelism, the earnestness with which the ordinary Chinese Christian spreads the glad news of salvation, may teach us of the West a glorious lesson. The typical Christian of the Occident does not often speak of Christ to his unconverted friends, and so the spread of religion among us is left largely to specialists. It is the regular work of settled pastors or the spasmodic effort of special evangelists. The spread of Mohammedanism in the Far East was due chiefly to the preaching of Mohammedan merchants and travelers. Every Moslem, whatever his occupation, was a missionary of his faith. Nothing like that can be said of Western merchants in the Far East, many of whom declare only too plainly that they are not Christians themselves and that they do not wish the people among whom they live to become Christians either.

In Korea we see the same principle at work. The very rapid growth of Christianity in that country is due to unpaid lay evangelism. It is no uncommon thing for the Christians, most of whom are poor indeed and have no money to give, to contribute, in their meetings, many hundreds of days to be specially devoted to the work of spreading the good news of the gospel. What a contribution from the churches of the Far East this spirit of universal lay evangelism will be, making every merchant and traveler, every mechanic and laborer, and professional men of all kinds, feel that their faith is the most precious thing in the world, and the preaching of it, in public or in private, their paramount duty and chief joy.

A third characteristic of Chinese Christianity, one which will

surprise many, is the scrupulous care with which Christians admit persons to their church fellowship and the severity of discipline with which they treat breaches of the life to be expected of the Christian. Life and profession must agree, is the insistent demand of the Christians, and nowhere in the world is that rule more insisted on. Very often it is the Western missionary who pleads with the Chinese elders for leniency to an offender, and the plea is often rejected. I have lived many years in China, and I do not hesitate to say that nowhere have I seen discipline against offenders more rigidly enforced. The Christians live in the midst of a heathen society, and feel it to be absolutely necessary for the existence of the church, and the continued power of their faith, that life and profession be one. A final characteristic worth mentioning is the Chinese spirit of reverence for age and their love of order. Reverence for age and respect for those in authority is an old principle of life in China, and does much toward making the Chinese lovers of order. Here are two great elements of life which the Chinese Church will introduce with unexampled power into Western life, and that they are sorely needed there needs no discussion. From these characteristics we may surely look for large contributions to world-wide Christianity. The Chinese Church will probably not contribute much to Christian thinking; will not do much, if anything, for Christian theology; for the Chinese are preëminently a practical people, and judge of religion by its fruits in life rather than by its seeming intrinsic rationality.

Look now at Japan. "Can any good thing come from Japan?" will be asked by many. "Much good," I do not hesitate to reply, "will come from the church of Japan." As in the case of China, the lessons it will teach us, the contributions it will make, will be chiefly in the sphere of practical life. I shall name but one, but it is one of immense significance and promise: I believe that Christian Japan will be the greatest missionary nation in the world. As this may seem to many the very climax of unreason, let me remind them that no finer examples of missionary zeal have ever been shown than Asiatics have manifested in the propagation of Buddhism. No missionary journeys have ever



been undertaken which showed a finer spirit and a more willing endurance of hardship in the following of religious ends than the pilgrimages to India of the Chinese Buddhist monk, Fahien, in the fourth century, and of another Chinese monk of the same faith, Huen Chang, of the seventh. These long journeys, Fahien having been eighteen years absent from China and Huen Chang seventeen, were undertaken for religious purposes only: the finding of Buddhist books and teachers and taking them back to China for the good of the Chinese people. If Buddhism, which in its earliest form differed, in spite of its high morality, but little from atheism, could inspire such enthusiasm and devotion in Mongolian hearts, the person and teaching of Christ will inspire an enthusiasm and a devotion very much higher. Asiatics are capable of great and noble enthusiasms, and with the above examples before us we may confidently look for a still greater devotion and heroism in the cause of Christ when Asia knows him, for he will evoke their noblest and most loyal enthusiasm as the Buddha could not; and this is all the more sure from the steadily growing habit of Oriental Christians of looking on Christ as an Oriental, one who has shown the high qualities of the Asiatic nature as no other has done. My belief, therefore, that Japan will prove to be the greatest of missionary nations will not appear inherently unreasonable. It will, I believe, give to the West such an example of missionary heroism as the West has rarely seen. And I believe this because of one of the fundamental elements of the Japanese character. There are no people who give themselves, even to death itself, so willingly, so gladly, for the sake of him whom they regard as having the right to command—the Emperor. How wonderful an exhibition of noble loyalty they gave in the war with Russia every reader of the papers of seven years ago knows. A couple of years ago a book devoted chiefly to the fighting before Port Arthur was written by a young lieutenant in the Japanese army. It was soon translated into English with the title of “Human Bullets.” What a wonderful record it was of devotion to the interests of the Mikado. I regard it as a promise and pledge of the heroic devotion of the Japanese people to Christ when they come to look upon him as their spiritual Lord.

When they learn to listen to the Great Commission as spoken by one who had the right to command, they will give themselves to missions as only the choicest spirits of the West have done. Already the Japanese Church has sent a missionary to Formosa, and the same devotion may be looked for from the church of Korea. When the first Korean Presbytery was organized it had only seven elders, and, in response to the missionary call, one of them was sent to organize a mission in the island of Quelpaert, off the eastern Korean coast, and he willingly went. It was like going to a foreign country, but that elder, one of the leading men in the Presbyterian Church in Korea, gladly went. All this, with the heroic story of the early Buddhist missionaries from China, convinces me that when Christ is known and accepted in Asia we shall see a glorious outburst of missionary zeal and service. Japan, dedicated to Christ, will be a matchless missionary agency, ready for any service, however hard, if the call to it come in the name of Christ. There are other characteristics of the Japanese people which will have precious lessons for the West. Among the most notable are patience under affliction, an immediate readiness to proceed to work when the untoward circumstances have passed, and, finally, an unexampled willingness to subordinate personal interests to those of the nation. They will show the same readiness to subordinate personal interests to the interests of the Church, and, above all, to the interests of the Leader of the Church, Christ the Lord.

So from each of these leading churches of Asia will come its own contribution to the fullness of the world-wide kingdom; gifts of interpretation which will exalt Christ in the thought of the world and contributions of noble service which will grandly aid in answering the prayer of Christ that the will of God may be done in all the world as it is done in heaven. Of course all this rests on the supposition that every nation in the Orient will have its own church, develop its own theology, and organize its own ecclesiastical life; and the supposition is, happily, based on a solid foundation. The central guide of Christian theology and of Christian life, the New Testament, is as open to the East as to the West, and in natural powers the East is the West's equal.

The East will have also, as fully as the West, the presence of the interpreting Spirit, which Christ promised, and promised first to Orientals. We may rejoice, then, in the prospect before the church of the world when the church of the Orient lives its own life, freed from Western control. Till then let us remember that Christianity in the East is as far outside of Eastern life as a European government is. The government of England is the finest example the East has known of a government inspired and guided by justice and by a supreme desire to help the people. This is certainly true of India, and yet there, in spite of all that England has done for them, in spite of the blessings of the Pax Britannica, under which every man may live his own life in peace, and cultivate his fields without fear, the Hindus do not love it, and would try to overthrow it to-morrow if they dared. A Western church trying to exercise permanent control in India would be no more loved than a Western government. Every friend of Christian expansion should look gladly to the time when the churches of the Orient become independent of Western control, and, on the basis of the New Testament, and with the guidance of the Spirit of God, begin to live their own life, and in ways suitable to the genius of the East give expression to the life of God in the Eastern soul. The Christianity naturalized in the East will appeal to the Eastern heart with a power with which a Christianity under Western control, an exotic deriving its life from Western gifts and Western men, never can.

The East will some day surrender its sublime powers to the enthroned Christ and enlarge and ennoble the interpretation of him to the world, and then we shall see no longer a Christianity of the West, which is but one hemisphere, but the other hemisphere, that of the East, joined to it, we shall have a whole Christianity, the Christianity of the world, the full expression of the life of God in the soul of man.

*George B. Smyth.*

---

## ART. IV.—“ROGER ASCHAM, THE SCHOOLMASTER”

A RECENT book, *The French Renaissance in England*, by an eminent English scholar, Mr. Sidney Lee, indicates the influence of the French language and literature upon English thought and expression. To one feature of that book attention is called in connection with our present purpose.

The introduction of printing into England, while due, primarily, to an intelligent silk mercer, Mr. William Caxton, was affected and directed not a little by French standards. The facts of history, even in connection with the development of printing, cannot be stared out of court, but there are more than facts which bear testimony showing how French standards controlled English effort in typography. The early English presses, except Caxton's, may have been “small ventures of half-educated mechanics,” neither Oxford nor Cambridge University having a permanent press until 1582; but the French printers were men of intellectual light and leading. In Paris the first printing press was set up by two professors at the Sorbonne, and the new invention of printing, which “instantly fascinated the cultivated intelligence of France,” became the serious pleasure of men who were scholars and teachers. French printing was a fine art, practiced as a learned profession. Such men as the Etiennes, father, son, and grandson; such a man as Geoffrey Tory, and certainly such a man as Etienne Dolet, contributed skill, enthusiasm, and scholarly devotion to the new art. The Etiennes were classical scholars of note; Tory was a flourishing professor of philosophy at Bordeaux, and Dolet, the scholar-printer of Lyons, sealed his glory as a humanist by suffering martyrdom in the cause of intellectual emancipation and the freedom of the press. These men, or perhaps more accurately, since we are speaking of printers, men of this type, gave character to French printing, and influenced, in a direct and helpful way, if not the origin, then surely the development of printing in England. As the thin ranks of the English printers were recruited from time to time we find men coming to England who had French training and followed the French tradition. Wynkyn de Worde,

Caxton's assistant and successor, and Richard Pynson, a French emigrant, whose name holds high place in the annals of English typography, are among those who gave direction to English printing. As in France, where the books that were first printed were of interest and significance to university scholars, so in England, the relation of the new art to the life and work of schools was close and constant. The titles of the books issued from the early presses exhibit the influence of university scholarship. This may have been just as true in Germany and Italy, but its interest lies just now in connection with English effort under French stimulus. The ninety-eight separate titles of Caxton's work show the earmarks of the schools. And this close connection between academic standards and book publication continued for many years. To be sure, religious controversy occupied much of the printer's time, for the days subsequent to the invention of printing may be called terribly religious days; but there were other things, poems, romances, and even plays, printed in somber religious England. John Day, a Puritan printer, the friend of John Fox, author of *The Book of Martyrs*, which very book John Day issued, and whose epitaph seems more of a quip than the expression of serious sorrow:

Here lies the Day that darkness could not blind,  
When Papish fogs had overcast the sun,  
This Day the cruel night did leave behind,  
To view and show what bloody acts were done—

even this man was as versatile as a printer as he was industrious as a Protestant, and to him we are indebted for many and varied books. It would be interesting to classify the kinds of literature which came from the English presses showing, as Mr. Lee suggests, the French influence, and particularly the influence of French schools and schoolmasters, but that cannot now be done. Let it suffice to say that one kind of literature, the literature of pedagogy, such as text books, books about teaching, educational hand books, etc., came in a stream from the printer's font. This is as we might expect; but not enough attention has been given by Mr. Lee, or by anyone else, so far as I know, to this fact.

It is not my purpose to review the literature of pedagogy as related to the development of printing in England, but to take one

of these early printed books that deal with education and examine it in the light of modern school principles and practices. Their number is fairly great, and their character interesting. The early ones, a partial list of which has been formed by various writers, are usually translations; but about the middle of the sixteenth century there appeared three of great value, displaying much originality and having considerable significance for us. These were:

1. Sir T. Elyot: *The Governor*.
2. Thomas Wilson: *The Art of Rhetorique*.
3. Roger Ascham: *The Schoolmaster*.

The last of these, entitled *The Schoolmaster* and written by Roger Ascham somewhere about 1565, and published by John Day in 1570, is a book of more interest than at first appears. It would seem from most estimates of it as if the critics had not read it. To say that "by seeking the practical ends of instruction coldly and dispassionately" "prevents it from being regarded as a work of literary value" is curious criticism. As a program of education it might not satisfy some of our pedagogical innovators, men who despise academic simplicity, who propose, indorse, and urge such courses of study as give promise of qualifying for money making, who regard a college curriculum as if it was a load to be carried in one direction and not discipline for swift and sure going in any direction, and whose utilitarianism is now popular. But to some of us who still think culture and refinement and humanistic appreciations worth seeking and worth finding, even if sometimes unremunerative, this book has value from the point of view of pedagogy as well as interest as literature. It is valuable also for other reasons.

The author was a schoolmaster; but quite an unusual one. The histories of education and the biographical dictionaries provide commonplace information about his birth in 1515; his employments as a teacher of Greek, music, fine penmanship, and archery; his authorship of various books, particularly the book entitled, *Toxophilus*—a treatise on archery, of which one critic is kind enough to write that it "ranks among the classical pieces of English literature," and another book, *The Schoolmaster*, which



I prefer, even on the ground of style, to the *Toxophilus*; his appointment as the teacher of Queen Elizabeth, and his death in 1568. Such a record may be all that a schoolmaster of the sixteenth century deserves, but this interesting man warrants larger consideration. He was a lover of letters, preferring the Italian language next after Greek and Latin; he was "a strong, plain Englishman of Henry's day, with his love for field sports and cock-fighting, his warm, generous heart, his tolerant spirit, his thorough scholarship, his beautiful penmanship: a man to be loved and honored." The spirit of English humanism finds no better expression than in Ascham. Of himself he says: "For it is well knowne, that I both like and love, and have always, and do yet still use, all exercises and pastimes that be fitte for my nature and habilitie. And beside naturall disposition, in judgement, also, I was never either Stoick in doctrine, or Anapablist in religion, to mislike a merie, pleasant and plaiful nature, if no outrage be committed against love, measure, and good order." This reminds one of very few actual schoolmasters, and is not in strict accord with the typical schoolmasters preserved in literature or presented in drama. And yet this humanistic English teacher may not intend to reveal his own character so clearly as he does when he advocates the following course: "I would wish that, beside the knowledge of the tonges and learning, young gentlemen should use, and delite in, all courtlie exercises and gentlemanlike pastimes," such as, "to ride cumlie; to run faire at the tilt or ring; to plaie at all weapones; to shote faire in bow, or surelie in gon; to vout (vault) lustilie; to runne; to leape; to wrestle; to swimme; to daunce cumlie; to sing and play instrumentes cunnynghly; to hawk; to hunt; to playe at tennis, and all pastimes generally," and whose notion of a gentleman seems to be one who can think hard, ride well, speak the truth, and shoot straight. An interesting master, surely; but whose most renowned work, singular as it may appear, was as the teacher of a woman. In connection with his work as Queen Elizabeth's tutor his book, *The Schoolmaster*, was produced. Its origin is no less interesting than its contents. In the frank preface to his book Master Ascham reports a conversation at and after dinner in Windsor Castle. The dinner party was

made up chiefly of her Majesty's privy council, summoned by Queen Elizabeth, possibly, to consider the great plague then raging in London. Sir William Cecil, the Queen's chief secretary, was the host, and gave direction to the table talk by referring to an item of news that had reached him on that 10th day of December, 1563, from Eton. Some of the boys at Eton had run away from school because they were afraid of the popular, approved, and scripturally defended discipline of that time—a discipline that was averse to spoiled children and spared rods. This escapade of the boys, from a fear of being beaten by the masters, who were evidently men who did not have “a strong grip on their subjects,” led the Queen's secretary to criticize school practices in a serious, sensible way. The other persons at the dinner table expressed their opinions, radical or conservative, condemning or approving the theory and practice of education then in vogue. One or two of the opinions are worth quoting; as, for instance, “The schoolhouse should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure, and not of fear and bondage,” evidently a quotation from Plato; or this, that “The best schoolmaster of our time is the greatest beater,” the name of the person being given. But one of those present at the table, the Queen's tutor, Master Roger Ascham, had philosophic penetration enough to see things in their relations, and raised the question as to the purpose of education, the connection of school with school, the bearing of the work of Eton upon the work of the university, and the place and probable influence of educated persons in the forward-going life of England. It is evident that he spoke candidly, with heat enough to make his opinions glow with sincerity, leading to further conversation and conference some time later. Just after dinner, possibly as a cordial, the Queen and her tutor read together in Greek a noble oration of Demosthenes, and when that was over Sir Richard Sackville, who had been quiet at the dinner table, sought out Master Ascham. He poured into his ear confessions of disappointment connected with education, the kind of confessions altogether too common; as, for example, when a man feels that he has been denied good advantages, and thus prevented, it may be, from realizing the promise of his youth and the power of his life on account of inferior teachers,

whose pedagogic horizons were dull and narrow, due to professional incompetence and personal selfishness, and not, as they ought to be, luminous and universal, from a love of learning and the love of blessed human service. Such confessions, let it be repeated, are too common. The world is full of men and women who fail to get the cheer, and charm, and triumph out of life which they deserve, and might have had if it had not been, in no small degree, that they were subjected to teachers who minified their calling, observing only the letter of pedagogical duty instead of the spirit of stupendous privilege as directors of precious young life. Such confession led, as usual, to frank statements on many subjects of mutual interest, and, finally, Sir Richard Sackville asked the Queen's tutor to put down in a book the opinions he entertained on the subject of teaching. This he consented to do. What he did, with many apologies and personal revelations, with discernment rarely keen, and sympathies strangely wide, became, by rare good fortune, one of the early printed books in our English tongue, and remains, by a fortune as rare and good, one of the most vital educational manuals ever written. The value of Ascham's work may be judged from various points of view. It was a labor of love, written with an exalted sense of rendering help; it expresses the mind and heart of a manly scholar whose merit is attested by the fellowship of England's best men and the favor of England's mighty queen; it is a book of pedagogical convictions, some of them at variance with principles and practices common in his time and ours; and it is in many respects as modern as a paradox of Chesterton, or a polished protest from George Bernard Shaw. And on the basis of this latter fact I shall try to indicate its value nearly 350 years after its first publication.

I. The first principle emphasized by Ascham is that the greatest problem in formal education is the problem of a good teacher. We hear much about the ability, the personality, and the consecration of teachers. I could quote to you, if my time and your patience were unlimited, page after page of book after book, published within recent years, dealing with the vocation of teachers, and making it plain by all varieties of direct and indirect discourses, such as complaint, rebuke, exhortations, and

command, by references to antecedents and appeals to posterity, that the chief factor in education is the personality of the teacher. Education is teaching, and the best teaching results in the transformation of personalities by a personality. But in no book is a clearer, more appropriate, or more eloquent statement made on this line than in Ascham's book. Education is not the transfer of facts. Some of the mechanical theories and mechanical practices of modern education, in schools and colleges and universities, would make this mild-mannered English schoolmaster draw a strong bow of protest and drive an arrow of condemnation as straight as any arrow could be driven by the author of *Toxophilus*, if he knew of them. Modern school work sometimes substitutes a partial psychology for the philosophy of sanity which Ascham believed; and that philosophy exalts teaching most highly, as a vital process, regarding every teacher as Promethean in power, privileged to scale the heights of heaven and bring light and life down as a gift to the young. It is undoubtedly true, at least in our country, that popular interest in education has never been so active as now; but may it not be just as true that the philosophic basis of education has never been more flimsy than now? Ascham's book, with its reiterations about the personal qualities of the teacher, about the transfer of life to life, as well as of facts and principles to minds, is certainly not modern in a certain limited sense, but it is emphatically modern as a message of need for our time, presenting principles that we teachers dare not forget if our work be well done. Listen to such passages as these:

At Cambrige also, in S. Johns Colledge, in my tyme, I do know, that, not so much the good statutes, as two gentlemen, of worthie memorie Syr John Cheke, and Doctour Readman, by their onely example of excellency in learning, of godness in living, of diligence in studying, of counsell in exhorting, of good order in all thyng, did breed up, so many learned men, in that one College of S. Johns, at one time, as I beleve, the whole Universitie of Louaine, in many years, was never able to affourd.

Of this teacher, Sir John Cheke, Ascham has many fine things to say, such as this:

I call to remembrance the goodly talks that I have had often tymes, with that gentleman of worthie memorie, my dearest friend, and teacher of all the litle-poare learning I have, Sir John Cheke.

One of the most eloquent passages in *The Schoolmaster* urges this question of responsible personality. After quoting from Isocrates a passage about the city of Athens, this follows:

Athens, by this discipline and good ordering of youth, did breede up, within the circuit of that one Citie, within the compas of one hondred yeare, within the memorie of one man's life, so manie notable Capitaines in warre, for worthinesse, wisdom and learning, as be scarce matchable no not in the state of Rome, in the compas of those seven hondred yeares, when it flourished moste. And because, I will not onelie sale it, but also prove it, the names of them be these: Miltiades, Themistocles, Xantippus, Pericles, Cymon, Alcibiades, Thraasybulus, Conon, Iphicrates, Zenophon, Timotheus, Theopompus, Demetrius, and divers more. . . . And beside nobilitie in warre for excellent and matchles masters in all manner of learninge, in that one Citie, in memorie of one alge, were more learned men, and that in a manner altogether, than all tyme doth remember, than all place doth affourde, than all other tonges do containe.

And, extravagant as the statement seems, Ascham does make out a fair case. We would do well to revise some of our pedagogical principles, judged by actual results of school work as related to the personal quality of teachers.

II. But I must point out several other particulars in which *The Schoolmaster* meets modern conditions. Speaking as a college president I regret to confess that too often the success of college administration is estimated in terms of money-getting, in building up a material equipment, and all that is related to the physical appearance of an institution. There is, however, a little comfort in learning that this was also true in Ascham's day:

Doctor Nico. Medcalfe, that honorable father, was Master of S. Johnes Colledge, when I came thether: A man meanelie learned himselfe, but not meanely affectioned to set forward learning in others. He found that Colledge spending scarce two hundred markes by (the) yeare: he left it spending a thousand markes and more. Which he procured, not with his mony, but by his wisdom; not chargeable bought by him, but liberallie geuen by others by his meane, for the zeale and honor they bare to learning. And that which is worthy of memorie, all thies givers were almost Northenmen: [like Mr. Carnegie], who being liberallie rewarded in the service of their Prince, bestowed it as liberallie for the good of their Contrie. Som men thought therefore, that D. Medcalfe was parciall to Northrenmen, but sure I am of this, that Northrenmen were parciall, in doing more good, and geving more landes to ye forderance of learning, than any other contrie men, in those dayes, did: which deede should have beene, rather an example of goodnes, for other to folowe, than matter of malice, for any to envie, as some there were that did.

III. The newspapers and magazines occasionally comment about certain phases of student life, such as the conduct of students in places where they consort, or the appearance of students, with their extravagant styles and garish colors in dress, their unidiomatic idioms in speech, and many other seemingly modern modes. One may derive a small measure of consolation by reading a few passages from Ascham's book:

And, if som Smithfield Ruffian take up, som strange going: som new mowing with the mouth: som wrichyng with the shoulder, som brave proverbe: som fresh new othe, that is not stale, but will rin [run] round in the mouth: som new disguised garment, or desperate hat, fond in facion, or gaurish in colour, what soever it cost, how small soever his living be, by what shift soever it be gotten, gotten must it be, and used with the first, or els the grace of it, isstale and gone: some part of this gracelesse grace, was discribed by me, in a little rude verse long ago.

To laughe, to lie, to flatter, to face:  
 Foure wales in Court to win men grace.  
 If thou be thrall to none of theise,  
 Away good Peek goos, hens Iohn Cheese:  
 Marke well my word, and marke their dede,  
 And thinke this verse part of thy Creed.

Also in outward behaviour, than began simplicitie in apparell, to be layd aside. Courtlie galantnes to be taken up: frugalitie in diet was privately misliked: Towne going to good cheare openly used. Honest pastimes, loyned with labor, left of in the feldes: unthrifty and idle games haunted corners, and occupied the nightes: contention in youth, no where for learning:

IV. A criticism against The Schoolmaster, man and book, as viewed in the light of our brilliant, democratic day, is that its conception of education is based upon class distinctions, the distinctions of caste, and a social order now happily forever past. There is something in this criticism; but it may be something unexpected. Education as privilege had a different meaning in Ascham's time from its present meaning. The privilege of education was not a popular privilege. The children of the rich, and a few charity scholars, went to the so-called public schools, and after to the universities; then, if they could afford it, on a grand tour to Italy, as part of an exclusive program, not, it is imagined, fitting them for the world's work but for their own narrow, selfish ends. This is where we are misled. The education of the leisure class of



Ascham's time was not a contribution to softness, self-indulgence, and despicable gratifications. They read Ascham and English history wrongly who say so. The leaders of England did belong to an old social order, with indefensible prerogatives and privileges; and these leaders were the products of the schools. They were not, however, soft, lazy, and incapable. The leaders of England have been taught the glory of service; and English schools have done much of this teaching. I could quote you verse after verse of English schoolboy poetry, as well as phrase after phrase of English schoolboy speech, to prove what I mean:

Such were those, dogs of an elder day,  
Who sacked the golden ports,  
And those later who dare grapple their prey  
Beneath the harbor forts.

Some with flag at the fore, sweeping the world—  
To find an equal fight—  
And some who joined war to their trade, and hurled  
Ships of the line in flight.

Whether their fame centuries long should ring  
They cared not over-much,  
But cared greatly to serve God and the King,  
And keep the Nelson touch;

And fought to build Britain above the tide  
Of wars and windy fate;  
And passed content, leaving to us the pride  
Of lives obscurely great.

But the conception of education in our day—the day of no class distinctions, the day of too little honored and sometimes dishonored leadership—may be a conception related to the delusion of falsehood. Education is more than equipment for getting on. Education is more than an economic asset. Education is a discipline that gives something better than speed in competition. Education is not solely a means to a mercenary end. If education be only this, then education is ignoble, not majestic; paltry, not magnanimous.

V. A peculiarity of Ascham's book is its omission of advice about the higher education of women, but this is a peculiarity of phrase, not a peculiarity in the sense of prejudice against such

education, or a denial of a woman's rights. This schoolmaster did not need to discourse learnedly about what should be taught to women, their competence to learn, or their ability to use. He speaks of the higher education of one woman, his royal pupil, in gracious phrase, acknowledging himself as a loyal subject as well as a proud master:

It is your shame (I speake to you all, you yong Ientlemen of England) that one mayd(e) should go beyond you all, in excellencie of learnyng, and knowledge of divers tonges. Pointe forth six of the best giuen Ientlemen of this Court, and all they together, shew not so much good will, spend not so much tyme, bestow not so many houres, dayly, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queenes Maiestie her selfe. Yea I beleve, that beside her perfit redines, in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she redeth here now at Windsore more Greeke every day, than some Prebendarie of this Chirch doth read Latin in a whole weeke. And that which is most praise worthie of all, within the walles of her prive chamber, she hath obteyned that excellencie of learnyng, to understand, speake, and write, both wittely with head, and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the Universities have in many years reached unto. Amongest all the benefites yet God hath blessed me with all, next the knowledge of Christes true Religion, I counte this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me, to be one poore minister in setting forward these excellent giftes of learnyng in this most excellent Prince. Whose onely example, if the rest of our nobilltie would folow, than might England be, for learnyng and wisdom in nobilltie, a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men: The best examples have never such force to move to any goodnes, as the bad, vaine, light and fond, have to all ilnes.

But there is a reference to a scholarly woman in Ascham's book which is deplorably sad. He tells of a visit to Lady Jane Grey in words that are very significant:

And one example, whether love or feare doth worke more in a child, for vertue and lerning, I will gladlie report: which maie be heard with some pleasure, and folowed with more profit. Before I went into Germanie, I came to Grodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whom I was exceding moch behondinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge *Phaedon Platonis* in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som gentlemen wold read a merie tale in *Bocace*. After salutation, and dewtie done, with some other taulke, I asked her, while she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke? smiling she answered me: I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadow to that pleasure, that I find in Plato: Alas good folke, they never felt, what trewe pleasure ment. And howe

came you Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you unto it; selinge, not many women, but verie fewe men have attained thereunto. I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will mervell at. One of the greatest benefites, that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and severe Parentes, and so gentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whethere I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowing, plaining, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number even so perfetle, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yet presentille some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other wales, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till tyme cum, that I must go to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so gentile, so pleasantille, with soch faire allurementes to learning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, what soever I do els, but learning, is ful of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking unto me: And thus my booke, hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bringest dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles unto me. I remember this talke gladly, both bicause it is so worthy of memorie, and bicause also, it was the last talke that ever I had, and the last tyme, that ever I saw that noble and worthie Ladie.

VI. One will be expected, doubtless, to refer at length to the distinctive teaching-principles laid down in Ascham's book, his plan for teaching the Latin language. The second, and longer, half of his *Schoolmaster* is concerned with the double method of translating classical languages—a method at that time novel, at this time unused, but a method which he and a few others have employed to great advantage, although it is condemned by the gerundgrinders who regard grammar as a sort of divine grace, who are as hidebound in method as their books are in fact, and who fail to discern force and life in literature, but only forms. The method of Ascham is referred to in many text books on teaching, and is often referred to in such a way as to indicate a lack of familiarity with it. At the most, it is not now, I regret to say, important, because of the slight concern shown by teachers in the secondary schools to those incomparable mental fertilizers, the study of Latin and Greek.

VII. A striking difference between the English educational programs issued in the sixteenth century and those now in vogue is seen in the emphasis which our English forebears laid upon the

question of religion. The religious nature of man is assumed, but the normal development of that nature without definite instruction is not assumed. Not merely ethics, as a subject for investigation and formulation, but also religious principles, derived from the Christian revelation, must be insisted upon, if youth is to be safeguarded and rightly reared. The persistence of this strain in these early programs is like the presence of a simple melody in a great *concerto*, appealing, compelling, and dominating. And from the point of view of a modern teacher praise must be given to the teachers of the former days, who were pedagogically right. If modern pedagogy is to be a highly specialized form of animal psychology, and if the trained human is to evince fitness, expertness, shrewdness, and genius in secular adjustments—a tendency now existing in many directions—then the product of education will be wolfish selfishness; mere brutal urgency under sleek forms of clever adaptation. Listen to Ascham's profound word as he says, "To wreste out of mens handes the knowledge of Goddes doctrine is without all reason, against common sense, contrarie to the judgment also of them which be the discrettest men and best learned."

Ascham's book reveals the placid man, careful and conscientious, full of benign dignity. The Holbein portrait of Erasmus, the Dutchman who spoke no modern language so well as classical Latin, many persons have seen; and that portrait of a man with an austere face which betrays in its expression a subtle sense of humor, a habit of self-content, and reverence for high thought, represents Humanism at its best. The real Erasmus, the man behind the portrait, and Roger Ascham, the real schoolmaster, the man behind the book, are spiritual kindred, bearing messages of significance to all who know truth, love righteousness, and live becomingly.

Eugene A. Noble

## ART. V.—A FIVE DAYS' TRUANCY

BE it known, to my disgrace, that I never played "hookey" until last Thanksgiving. It is impossible for me to render any adequate excuse for this grievous omission of my adolescence, and I shall not try. However, I have amended, and my first brave dereliction from duty has ended so prosperously that I trust the next may not keep me waiting over long. The much-traveled leisure class and the much-traveling commercial class could not fail to smile in derision at the pleasant excitement in the home of a quiet college professor when he contemplates breaking away from the routine of classes and papers and students to get some first-hand impressions of Sodom or Nineveh. Chicago is Sodom and Nineveh in one—with a touch of Warsaw, Vienna, and the New and Old Jerusalems—and my truancy there extended from Tuesday morning to Saturday night. It seems now incredible that I spent only eighty-four hours in Chicago and twenty-four on the train, for I lived a year. It was a year of life, though—not a year of growing old, but a year of renewal, of re-creation, of intellectual house-cleaning, and refurnishing, and refurbishing. Some furniture I have sent to the bonfire; other fine pieces, used before for company, have been brought into the living room, and there is some brand new—of the mission style, I hope and intend to make it. I am not going to try to tell the whole history of my journey and visit. That were a task to threaten my ink supply, and, besides, I am back at work again, and this is not eternity. Just a word about the friends I visited, and then the story of my homeward trip.

Three friends constituted my excuse for the descent on Chicago. The first is a man of universal scholarship, who is at present teaching in the department of philosophy in the University of Chicago, teaching at night in the University Settlement on Gross Avenue, back of the Stock Yards, and carrying on investigations among the youth that are being consumed by that fiery, sooty, bloody Moloch. With him I slept at the Settlement House, visited the more aristocratic Hull House, hunted up Hod Carriers' Hall

and Brick Layers' Hall to see and talk with the striking Garment Workers who congregated there daily to see and hear some new thing. In one of these places we felt a latent mentality shaking the bars of its penthouse environment in such manner as might well cause the Captains of Competitive Industry to tremble in their seats. From this friend I caught a vision of the Fourth Estate, or Fifth, Sixth, or Seventh Estate, rather. From his intelligent sympathy I realized the deepest, darkest problems of present "poor, sad humanity." Through him I met and talked face to face, "comrade" to "comrade"—how it revived Walt Whitman to be thus addressed!—with socialist men and women whose faces were alight with belief in and zeal for something. Nothing more refreshing is open to our twentieth century than a breath from a soul that really believes. My second friend is a brilliant young minister, in a Presbyterian church, to a complacent, prosperous suburban congregation. With him I discussed a paper he had been working up on *Some Theological Aspects of Pragmatism*, and reviewed his church from basement to study. From him and his busy life, punctuated at that time with evangelistic services, which he detested but perforce attended and, as he said, "assisted at the obsequies," I caught a glimpse of the great body of church people under the lead of Chapman and Alexander who were then engaged in the yearly routine debauch of religiousness. Fondly imagining they were hastening the millennium, they were affecting the real wickedness and the real misery of Chicago no more than being sorry ever affects a festering sore. My third friend is a miracle. Having worked gigantically for nine years to get through seminary and college, and just on the eve of graduation, he fell victim to the *Strenuous Life* imposed by his ideal. Cardiac trouble demanded that he forego all forms of mental as well as hard physical exertion. He must be active, but not forced; his mind must be exercised, but not urged. His early dream of preaching, his later vision of Social Work, which he actually realized for a few months, had to go by the board. After agonizing effort to find work that would meet his conditions, whose conditions he could meet, he finally compromised with health and livelihood by turning waiter. He has a happy wife, three healthy children, and the



prospect of a little farm of his own if his heart stands by him fourteen hours a day for two years longer. With him I talked two afternoons and two nights into the growing hours of the dawn, and from his invincible courage I learned anew the lessons of Epictetus. Nothing outside us is an evil. Within he had nobility, love, religion, aspiration, friendship; without was a life of meniality and cruelly frustrated ambition. But my friend lived a life of the spirit, refuting all materialistic philosophies whatsoever and proving idealism the only truth.

These were my three friends, and I should like to tell more of them. But this is to be a story of my journey home.

All of one long, beautiful November day, flashing through dark freshly plowed wheat fields on rolling prairies, past the Dalles of the Wisconsin and all the whelming and bewildering tricks and sports of nature in erosion, my eyes were blinded to their charm, for I was captivated by that of men—three men who traveled with me. I met the first when I entered the train. My friend the minister introduced me to Doctor A, general official of rank in his church, and that was all I knew of him for an hour or two while we were getting out of Chicago and devoting ourselves to our books—he to Browning and I to Joseph Vance, which I was reading for the second time and taking leisurely. About noon, while awaiting the call to luncheon, we met in the smoking room, and I learned that he was a national organizer of Sunday schools, and was on his way to attend one of the many conventions that demanded much of his time. He was a fluent and engaging talker, and spoke enthusiastically of Sunday school unity as a first step toward church unity. It happens that I have never been particularly impressed with the necessity, or value, or wisdom of church unity, and I mildly implied my doubts, remarking that, broadly speaking, the various churches still represent various temperaments. Although all Presbyterians are not cold to conversions, and all Methodists are not perfervid, still there are always these two types of people, and, call them what you please, they manage to get pretty satisfactorily segregated. Lovers of beauty, history, and the past should be Catholic; devotees of service, progress, and the present should be Protestant. Individuals are frequently

found in the wrong pastures, but, on the whole, the fences serve very well. He came back at me and demolished me, I suppose—though I don't remember what he said—and went to dinner.

Now begins the quick movement!

I had not noticed a good-looking commercial-appearing man who showed some signs of impatience during our conversation, and, after Dr. A had gone, he commenced to bubble over to the other occupant of the room, a young man with round unthinking eyes and undisturbed intelligence. A less promising audience than this pococurantic youth would have been hard to find, but he served as an escape for my new friend. He appeared a likable fellow, and I was sure we could be friends. Besides, the most impeccable intellect would have been sore pressed to interpret the high-pressure snorts and semi-developed, semi-suppressed exhausts that filled the room for a few minutes. One thing was perfectly clear—even to the unreflective Adonis: the stout commercial-looking gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. B because his name did not begin with a B, was not pleased by the conversation he had just heard. As I listened to his angry exhaust I detected the exotic odor of the metaphysics of the business man of the world. A long afternoon was ahead of us; a college professor gets few enough chances to talk freely with the man of affairs; I liked his looks; I would always talk theology and isms at the drop of a hat—and so I addressed him. I admitted my connection with a denominational college, but it was only English that I taught, and so I had a claim on ordinary human intercourse. I asked him if he wouldn't tell me his quarrel with us, and after I had lighted one of his cigars he began. Primarily, he was disgusted with Dr. A for using his brains to organize Sunday schools. Dr. A's vocal and articulatory capacity had impressed him, and he regretted that a man who might be doing some good in the world should be frittering his powers on Sunday schools to teach an outworn and parasitic creed. Then, in a more fundamental way, he was disgusted with me for my defense of denominations. That was the particular red rag. If the Church as a whole was comedy the denominations were howling farce. I abandoned them shamelessly to their fate and

asked him if he had any place for religion. He decidedly had, and in that place was the most beautiful religion in the world—the religion of science. He was agent and technician for a great wire concern and was an expert in certain fields of practical chemistry and physics. By those tokens he had the most reverent regard for the God of Chemistry and Physics, but for any other a most supreme contempt. He was in that delightful early stage of implicit faith in facts—or truth, as he persisted in calling them. (And, by the way, I had rather flattered myself that I had a knack of showing the difference between a fact and a truth; but after I had used all my ammunition he smiled at me, as though appreciating my unsuspected gymnastics, and assured me that it made no difference what you called the thing.) Chemistry was verifiable; religion was not. Why not leave it all alone? I said: "The church is just a set of complex machinery to make the world better. You are a practical man. You believe in and depend upon the vast business machinery, which is artificial and man-made, why object to ecclesiastical machinery?" "O," he smiled, "the dollar is an artificial thing. I rob every man I meet" (he really was a delightful fellow), "and you can't compare the two." The airy inconsequent admission of the frank man of affairs that the code of business and the code of religion are incommensurable is one of the intellectual posers of our time.

Well, we got to liking each other—as men do when they talk frankly. Our intellectual platforms were just as distinct as before, for unless they are joined in the dry dock of early education it is a miracle to tie up on the high seas of maturity, but we felt a better trust in each other. Tolerance grows, not for abstract theories but for concrete men and women. Figures do not lie, but a lot of liars figure; and, conversely, we may distrust the engine but have a supreme faith in the engineer. The Good Will in man cannot fail to grow out of such talks as ours, and some day, please God, the feelings will conquer the dogmas and men will unite to put in chains their tyrants. We are like soldiers attacking a garrison at night-fall. Friend and foe are alike indistinguishable, and we have been defeating ourselves. When good men learn that they all *feel* alike there will be the devil to pay for some honored

abuses, and he will be paid and retired permanently from business on short order.

Well, we drifted into anecdotes and reminiscences. Mr. B told of addressing a college class on some phase of commercial chemistry, and I confessed to having tried to sell some telephone stock several years before. I recommended a book, and he gave me the address of a patent lawyer from whom I could get some samples of clear-cut patent speeches for the study of my rhetoric classes. He told me of selling wire to Jim Hill and I narrated a favorite yarn about Stevenson. Then we shook hands, and he went to supper and I back to Joseph Vance.

A stiff, elderly, Covenanter-looking man had witnessed a part of our linguistic tournament, and had evidenced great uneasiness when Mr. B had remarked, rather belligerently, that Jane Addams was doing as great work for humanity as any man or woman that has ever lived, and might (who knows?) be worshiped as a god in a thousand years. I have a great admiration for Miss Addams myself, and besides understanding the natural pride of a Chicagoan in any civic institution am constitutionally not shockable along that avenue of approach. But not so with Rev. C, the elderly Covenanter-looking gentleman. He approached me now, and after complimenting me on my stand against the forces of Gog and Magog, launched a flow of bottled-up invective against modern science and all forms of Higher Criticism, root, stock, and branch. Very mildly I insinuated that certain forms of Higher Criticism—provided it didn't speak German, or French, or Dutch—were less obnoxious than others, but he was scandalized at my heresy.

Dr. A was now tired of Browning and we started on a second round. I tried to "sick" him on Mr. B, but he had more wisdom, or less temerity, than I, and declined to be "sicked." He had two ideas that he had no use for and wanted to pass them on to someone that might irrigate them. The first was the conviction that the Bible had best be taught as literature in the colleges; under the application, especially, of principles of historical criticism. This was unimpeachable doctrine, and I expressed surprise only that he had discovered real colleges that were teaching exclusively in any other way. The second was a particularly petted hobby, that the Uni-

versities should found a chair for the teaching of Executive Ability. *This was a poser.* I had visions of Chairs of Animal Magnetism, Business Cunning, Loving Kindness, but meanwhile Dr. A was making plain that his scheme was not so chimerical as it appeared. "A man need not be a good executive to teach Executive Ability, any more than a man needs to be a good practical lawyer to teach the rudiments of law." I wondered what kind of a fool Mr. B would think Dr. A if Mr. B happened to be within hearing. And then I had to answer. On the whole, I think my reply rather neat. At least it diverted the issue. I said colleges were already teaching Executive Ability in its atomic units. A sense of the motives that sway men and the channels of appeal make one fundamental requirement, and self-expression is the next. As a rhetoric teacher, in drawing out the personality of a student I am teaching the latter, and History and Psychology reveal the former; so there you are. Let the student put one and one together and he will make an Executive. It satisfied Dr. A, and luckily I did not have to meet Mr. B on the issue, for we were pulling into the Union Depot.

So ended my five days' truancy. I had seen Chicago and realized it vitally; I had touched Ecclesiasticism, new and old, and been granted an illuminating view of honest commercial materialism. When I can afford it I shall run away again.

Thomas P. Bryan

## ART. VI.—MARK TWAIN AS A PREACHER

SITTING one November afternoon with Mark Twain in the library of his beautiful "Stormfield," which crowns one of the Connecticut hills, our conversation turned on Helen Keller. Mr. Clemens said: "One thing about Helen Keller puzzled me for many years. At a reception in Boston I placed my hand on her head. Soon after Miss Sullivan sent for me and said Helen was identifying the people she knew as they spoke to her, but could not tell who the gentleman was who had placed his hand on her head. At Miss Sullivan's request I repeated my greeting and Helen instantly recognized me. The more I thought of this feat the more my wonder grew, and I was never able to solve the problem until one day recently when Helen paid me a visit here. I asked her if she recalled the circumstance. She did, perfectly. I said, 'Helen, how did you recognize me?' She answered, 'I smelt you.'" We all had a good laugh at Mr. Clemens's expense. Miss Clemens insisted that Miss Keller smelt his brand of cigars, but Mr. Clemens fell back on the theory that each person has a peculiar, individual odor which Miss Keller was able in his case to recognize. It is true that the loss of one sense often makes more acute another. We call Mark Twain a genius because of his alertness to see and phrase the humorous side of things; but he was possessed of an equal genius, which has been slower in reaching recognition, to see and phrase the moral value of things. His humor almost invariably takes this moral turn. May I not then call him a preacher? It is something of a leap, I grant you, from the cap and bells of the humorist to the cowl of the preacher, and Mark Twain never made it to the satisfaction of the general public, but he made it for the more thoughtful. And he has made it for posterity. It may be too broad a statement to say that he never wrote to make people laugh; that he always wrote to make them think and feel, but the statement is true in the main. Read his *Heaven or Hell*—the story of a thousand lies—and if you do not have a thousand thinks coming, and almost as many tears as



laughs, your mind must be a vacuum and your feelings in a state of atrophy.

The fact is, the name "Mark Twain" was, is, and I suppose always will be, a synonym for laughter. The muscles of the mouth begin to twitch the moment you open a book bearing the magic words, "Mark Twain." You become so accustomed to the idea of laughter that you are led to the delusion that a humorist can never be serious. Yet Mark Twain was one of the most serious of men. Humor as a subject never interested him, and never did he accept an invitation to respond to a toast on humor. Because of his reputation as a humorist it was not easy for him to get a serious hearing. He published *Joan of Arc* anonymously that it might be taken seriously. He long desired to write a *Life of Christ*, and only desisted for fear of an entire misunderstanding on the part of the public. But he gradually came to his own. At the annual dinner of the Saint Nicholas Society in New York, December 6, 1900, he was referred to by Rev. Donald Sage Mackay in these words.<sup>1</sup>

Mark Twain is as true a preacher of true righteousness as any bishop, priest or minister of any church to-day, because he moves men to forget their faults by cheerful well-doing instead of making them sour and morbid by everlastingly bending their attention to the seamy and sober side of life.

Mr. Clemens's response was not merely facetious: it expressed the longing of the preacher in him:

Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the Saint Nicholas Society—These are, indeed, prosperous days for me. Night before last, in a speech, the Bishop of the Diocese of New York complimented me for my contribution to theology, and to-night the Reverend Doctor Mackay has elected me to the ministry. I thanked Bishop Potter then for his compliment, and I thank Dr. Mackay now for that promotion. I think that both have discerned in me what I long ago discerned, but what I was afraid the world would never learn to recognize.

And yet, as late as 1892, Professor Richardson, in his *American Literature*, dismisses Mark Twain with a few sentences as one of those humorists who have their brief day and are forgotten on the morrow. His advice was to make hay while the sun shone.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mark Twain's Speeches, page 123.

In less than a decade the popular American jester and fun-maker, thus dismissed from the real literati, was to receive his honorary Doctor of Laws from Oxford, and come to his recognition as the first living American man of letters, a unique figure in the literary world. This was not because of his humor, but in spite of it. It was because he was a preacher. He had a message. Literature was his pulpit. While his fame has been spread by the infection of his laughter, his real reputation has been made by the seriousness of his moral purpose.

Like all good preachers he was to some extent a theologian and a philosopher. I do not know that his idea of God would altogether pass current in our schools of theology. He had his own idea, to be sure. We might have to call him a heretic. Even so, he is in good company. Some of our greatest preachers have been heretics—Paul, Luther, Wesley, Robertson, Kingsley, Maurice, Bowne—so I turn to our modern Saint Mark and say, "The goodly company of the apostles salute you!" He did hard, reflective thinking. He was interested always in the unusual and mystical. He was deeply responsive to the religious. Mr. Twichell<sup>1</sup> tells me that one day, when Mark Twain had remained his guest over night, he was so affected by the simple devotion of their family prayers that he sobbed aloud. His daughter Susie knew at fourteen what the public were a long time discovering, that her father had other gifts than the one that made him famous. She gave it as her opinion that he was more of a philosopher than anything.<sup>2</sup> Professor Phelps, of Yale, has called attention to the fact that, when he was a boy of thirteen in the West Middle Grammar School at Hartford, he heard Mark Twain talk to the graduating class on "Methuselah."<sup>3</sup> Thirty years after Professor Phelps produces the idea of that address from memory: "He informed us that Methuselah lived to the ripe age of 967. But he might as well have lived to be several thousand—nothing happened. The speaker told us that we should all live longer than Methuselah. Fifty years of Europe are better than a Cycle of Cathay, and twenty

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, Asylum Hill Congregational Church, for many years Mark Twain's pastor.

<sup>2</sup> Mark Twain's Autobiography, *North American Review*, May 17, 1907.

<sup>3</sup> Mark Twain, by W. Lyon Phelps, in the *North American Review* for July 5, 1907.

years of modern American life are longer, and richer in content, than the old patriarch's thousand. Ours will be the true age in which to live, when more will happen in a day than in a year of the flat existence of our ancestors." We can see Mark Twain's moral and religious philosophy germinating in this speech of thirty years ago. We can see it better in his later injunction for right living: "Diligently train your ideals upward, and still upward, toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbors and the community." Mark Twain wrote out his philosophy of agnosticism, and wanted to read it to a Hartford preachers' meeting, but was deterred by his friends. It might have been better had he done so. That should have been the place for the frank discussion he sought. I suppose Wesley would have classed Mark Twain among those who might die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried to Abraham's bosom.<sup>1</sup>

It is not my purpose, however, to discuss Mark Twain's theology or his philosophy of life. That would be premature, now that his official biographer, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, is engaged in a discussion of these matters at first-hand sources. My point is that, because Mark Twain was a philosopher, what he had to say was worth listening to; that he had a philosophy was largely determining in making him a preacher, in elevating him to his high position in letters. Bernard Shaw calls him primarily a sociologist. Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of South Carolina, says:<sup>2</sup> "Throughout his long life he has been a factor of high ethical influence in our civilization; and the philosopher and the humanitarian look out from the twinkling eyes of the humorist." I use the word preacher as the one word most descriptive of this versatile genius. These messages of vital life that were at first considered passing jokes have found their place in permanent literature. Tom Sawyer at one time was considered too coarse to be admitted to New England public libraries. It has found its place as the great epic of American boyhood. Professor Phelps classes it on the shelf with those distinctive books,

<sup>1</sup> Wesley's Sermons, vol. 1, Preface.

<sup>2</sup> Harper's Magazine, May, 1909.

Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels, and Robinson Crusoe. Kipling said he would rather have written it than all he is the author of. Its companion, Huckleberry Finn, Brander Matthews calls the "Odyssey of the Mississippi, the finest of his books, the deepest in its insights and the widest in its appeal."<sup>1</sup> His works of travel are as valuable for their realistic descriptive powers as for their humor. Roughing It might almost be called a folk chapter in American life. It gives a permanent preservation of a phase of our early nationalism which, but for Mark Twain, might have been lost to us forever. His Prince and Pauper and Connecticut Yankee, as pieces of imaginative writing, stand incomparable in a class by themselves. Joan of Arc was a literary triumph. The humorists of the future will always find his short stories their greatest mine, and his essays will in a few years be more widely read than his stories. They are all vital works. They live. The preacher speaks in them.

And, if Mark Twain be preacher, what is his gospel? I suggest three dominant notes. Most apparent, naturally, is the note of cheer. He was an optimist in his writing, though he was often as pessimistic in his own thinking as a dyspeptic preacher after a labored sermon. We may be thankful, however, that Mark Twain saved his pessimism so largely for home consumption. He devoutly aimed to bring cheer and comfort as "the Oldest Friend of the Human Race." Well did he minister to a "mind diseased," as the preacher should. With the reminder of Howells's verse we may say, His has ever been the gospel that banished care, cheered the lonely, reached the deaf ear untrumpeted, and made the lame dance with delight.<sup>2</sup> But his was scarcely the gospel of laughter; he brought more than laughter, or he missed his point altogether. Laughter is ephemeral, humor is a literary form. We should not condemn the preacher because God has given him the gift of humor. "There is a time to laugh."<sup>3</sup> "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."<sup>4</sup> Even Elijah had his joke.<sup>5</sup> Humor is not a

<sup>1</sup> Introduction to Author's National Edition of Mark Twain's Works—"Biographical Criticism."

<sup>2</sup> Poem, by William Dean Howells, "The American Joke," read at Birthday Dinner to Mark Twain, December 5, 1905.

<sup>3</sup> Ecclesiastes 3. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Proverbs 17. 22.

<sup>5</sup> 1 Kings 18. 27

luxury, but a necessity. It is a lubricant that keeps the machine running, and prevents all sorts of over tension, fanaticism, worry, insanity. Christianity is distinguished from the other religions of the world because of its gladness. It is the business of Christianity to replace the sorrows, miseries, and sins of the world with hope, joy, gladness. Humor as well as pathos has its moral side, and yet the mass of godly people have felt that there was something malefic in humor, and a snore in the congregation would be more easily condoned than a smile.<sup>1</sup> There is a reason: our humorists in the main have been cheap; their humor has been irreverent. Mark Twain entered a field thus unhallowed, and sanctified it. What I mean is this: Most humorists have suffered from the intoxication of irreverence. They largely depended for their effects on illegitimate spelling, or juggling the language, or attacking ideals instead of creating them. They chose the wrong side in all public matters. As Mr. Howells has pointed out: "They were on the side of slavery, of drunkenness, and of irreligion. The friends of civilization were their prey. Their spirit was thoroughly vulgar and base. Before John Phoenix there was scarcely any American humorist—not of the distinctly literary sort—with whom one could smile and keep one's self-respect."<sup>2</sup> Mark Twain brought humor into a new atmosphere. He refined it. He did not sift out any of the fun, but his fun was never at the expense of the weak, the unfriended, the helpless. It was kindly, like his heart. It was just, too. He could be irreverent. But you must define irreverence; he did not lampoon anything essentially sacred in religion or life. His the irreverence for the worship of out-worn customs, ancient myths, fool ideas; for pretense, sham, injustice, and hypocrisy. Thus his irreverent Yankee laughs out of court the "good old times" delusions of ancient chivalry with its kingcraft, priestcraft, and caste. And *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* is a splendid burlesque of the cocksure religiosity of a good many simple-minded mortals of our own day. His humor, as Mr. Howells has said, "sprang from a certain understanding of common sense, a passionate love of justice, and a generous scorn

<sup>1</sup> *Imperial Thinking*, by William L. Watkinson, page 141, "The Efficacy of Joy."

<sup>2</sup> Mark Twain, by William Dean Howells, *Century Magazine* for September, 1882.

of what is petty and mean."<sup>1</sup> Here is surely the message of the preacher.

Mark Twain's gospel not only cheers up, but builds up. Democracy was a dominant note. A book like *The Prince and the Pauper*, as his little daughter Susie (always his keenest critic) well wrote, best represented him. This book, as well as the *Connecticut Yankee in the Court of King Arthur*, fairly scintillates with democracy. No conventional democracy his. He wanted substance, not form. Take this sentence at random:

You see, my kind of loyalty is loyalty to one's country, not to the institutions or the office holders. The country is the real thing; the substantial thing; the eternal thing. It is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to. Institutions are extraneous; they are its mere clothing; and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease, and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags, that is a loyalty of unreason. It is pure absurdity. It belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it.

He stood broadly for the extension of human rights and the curtailment of privilege. He pointed out many inconsistencies in our practice, such as that of selecting for jurors only those men who swear they have no opinions. He made ringing speeches for Seth Low and against Tammany's corruption in the New York city campaign of 1901.<sup>2</sup> His wit was always at good advantage before legislative bodies. In protesting against an apparent water supply graft bill at Albany in 1901, he facetiously advised the Senate "not to worry themselves over a measure like that to furnish water to the city of New York, for," he added, "we never drink it."<sup>3</sup> In defending the Seymour Bill before the Assembly—a bill to legalize the practice of osteopathy, he concluded: "I was born in the 'Banner State,' and by the 'Banner State' I mean Missouri. Osteopathy was born in the same State, and both of us are getting along reasonably well. At a time during my younger days my attention was attracted to a picture of a house which bore the inscription, 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors.' I could attach no other meaning to it than that Christ was actually quarreling with

<sup>1</sup> *My Mark Twain*, by Howells, page 130.

<sup>2</sup> *Mark Twain's Speeches*, pages 114 and 118.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, page 256.



the doctors. So I asked an old slave, who was a sort of a herb doctor in a small way—unlicensed, of course—what the meaning of the picture was. 'What has he done?' I asked. And the colored man replied: 'Humph, he ain't got no license.'"<sup>1</sup>

Mark Twain taught democracy in his own home. It was a charmed circle. His servants lived with him a generation. His coachman, Patrick McAleer, for instance, was with him thirty-six years. In one of his last speeches, a lay sermon given at the Majestic Theater, New York, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, on "What Is a Gentleman?" he tells the story of this coachman's splendid qualities, and concludes, "I have been asked for my idea of an ideal gentleman, and I give it to you: Patrick McAleer."<sup>2</sup> He was himself a product of democratic Missouri soil. He came to know every type of man, woman, and child, black and white, in the valley of the Mississippi. He knew the type that went West to the gold mines in the "sixties." He knew all the sectional types thoroughly, and sympathetically. It has been well said, "One cannot know America without Mark Twain." It may also be said that if we were to select two of the most typical products of democracy in the last hundred years we could hardly do better than name Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain.

The other dominant note in Mark Twain's gospel is truth. With all the drollery, incongruity, cyclopean extravagance, which characterized his humor there was the content of truth. There was the note of reality. There was the sense of justice. This did not make him more than any other man free from error, imposition, or even prejudice. It did make him always open to the light. A fine study of his own development of appreciation can be seen in comparing his speech on Stanley and Livingstone at the White Friars' Club, London, August 6, 1872, with a speech he delivered in introducing Mr. Stanley in Boston fourteen years later. The first speech was replete with a lot of playful, but rather frivolous, jibes at the missionary subject in general. The one in Boston, while it contained humor, was humor in his best vein and more, it was a dignified appreciation of a great man. It was a speech of

<sup>1</sup> Mark Twain's Speeches, page 252.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., page 136.

real power. In it were such sentences as these: "When I contrast what I have achieved in my measurably brief life with what he has achieved in his possibly briefer one, the effect is to sweep utterly away the ten-story edifice of my own self-appreciation and leave nothing behind but the cellar. When you compare these achievements of his with the achievements of really great men who exist in history, the comparison, I believe, is in his favor. I am not here to disparage Columbus. He is a product of institutions which exist in no other country on earth—institutions that bring out all that is best and most heroic in a man. I introduce Henry M. Stanley."<sup>1</sup>

Some one asks, What about his attack on our missionaries in China? Only this: he was, like many another observer from the outside, sincerely mistaken. His appreciation of missionaries, though, is evident to anyone who has read King Leopold's Soliloquy. Here he buttresses his whole philippic by the testimony of missionaries. He was mistaken certainly at times. What preacher has not been? But a man as promptly and absolutely truthful, Howells says he never knew.<sup>2</sup>

Mark Twain was the fearless champion of the right. He tore the mask from hypocrisy. He threw his lance into snobbery, affectation, and cant. He made "the galled jade wince." He cleared the atmosphere and made humor wholesome. He left the frivolous high and dry, because his humor was altogether too full of gray matter for their appreciation. He fearlessly defended "John Chinaman" on the Pacific Coast when almost every hand was lifted against him. His essay on the Jew is a masterpiece in apologetics. His impassioned defense of Harriet Shelley would have done credit to the best barrister before the English bar. His soliloquy of King Leopold was such a terrific onslaught against that atrocious ruler that magazine after magazine refused the manuscript for fear of the long arm of Leopold.

Whether it is his sweet and romantic picture of *The Prince and the Pauper*, his homely and realistic picture of *Huckleberry Finn*, his critical and illuminating defense of General Grant's

<sup>1</sup> Mark Twain's Speeches, pages 154 and 157.

<sup>2</sup> My Mark Twain, by Howells, page 30.

English, his facetious and kindly introduction to "English as she is Spoke," his lampoon at Christian Science, his eloquent literary monument to Joan of Arc, we feel the ring of sincerity, and through the humor we see the historian's perspective, the philosopher's grasp, the moralist's vision, the preacher's passion, and the lover's heart.

A preacher is judged best, not by what he says, but by what he is. Book after book has been written to apologize for English men of letters, ten talented men, who should have been the guardians of goodness, but were the outlaws of moral order. We do not have to apologize for Mark Twain. His marital life forms one of the sweetest romances of history. To those who knew her, Mrs. Clemens was the most beautiful type of American womanhood. Her husband said of her, "Perfect truth, perfect candor, perfect honesty were born with her. She was the most perfect character I ever knew." Mr. Clemens's life was filled with incidents of kindness, tenderness, and generosity to others. One interesting instance was when he saved General Grant from signing a contract for the publishing of his *Memoirs* by promising to give him a three times larger percentage and publish it himself. This he did, and had the privilege of proudly handing over to the General the largest check that had ever been paid an author! Not greater in real value than many other acts of his life, but more prominent, from the nature of the case, was his attitude at the time of the failure of the publishing house in which he held the controlling interest. He might have done as a church in Brooklyn did—paid ten cents on the dollar, and sang the doxology—but he didn't. His lawyer advised him to go into bankruptcy, telling him the cargo had gone to the bottom, and that, having done everything possible to keep it afloat, he was no longer responsible for the loss. He might have followed this advice—but he didn't. He was sixty. He had been looking forward to retiring from activities and enjoying the rest of his life about the fireside with his family—but that was not to be. He said the people who invested in and trusted the American Publishing Company did so because of his name. There was something dearer to him than aught else—his honor. So, at the time of life when he was rightly entitled to a

rest, he took up his arduous duties once more and, with his loyal wife, made that famous tour of the world, went through years of poverty, lectured, and wrote, and published, until he had paid a hundred cents on the dollar and left no blot on the escutcheon. This tour proved again that he who loses his life shall find it. It was the beginning of a new and undying fame for Mark Twain. But his dream of "the fireside" was never to be realized. Sickness, suffering, excruciating pain was soon the lot of his wife. He never recovered from her death, though he lived six eventful years after. They were years of gloom to him. I have recently read a letter he wrote on the day of his wife's death; another written thirteen days later; still another a year after. Such tender pathos, such absolute laying bare the heart, such infinite longing, and all couched in such exquisite literary form, I have never seen in the letters of any other man. A year ago last Christmas occurred Jean's tragic death, leaving only his eldest daughter, Clara, married, and then in Germany. His death followed three months after.

It is not always given a man to sing his sweetest song when he is dying. But the Swan Song with which Mark Twain closed his literary labors, "The Death of Jean,"<sup>1</sup> begun at Stormfield on Christmas Eve, continued on Christmas Day, and concluded the day after, was the noblest, the sweetest, the most pathetic pean that ever escaped from his noble heart to find immortality at the end of his pen. His masterpiece. A prose poem. It was his bleeding heart:

And I wrote, and learnt with years,  
That on a parchment washed with tears  
And in heart's-blood every poem must be written.

How strange that one who set the whole world laughing should himself die under the shadow of deepest sorrow. And yet how often we find that those who have done most for the world's redemption have suffered most! All the great forces in life and civilization tending for human and social uplift are redemptive. And thus in the faithfulness of his stewardship as man of letters,

---

<sup>1</sup> "In Memory of Jean," by Mark Twain, *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1911.

as a guardian of cheer, and democracy, and truth, and a follower himself in the light of his own highest ideals, Mark Twain became a part of that redemptive force which is bringing to earth the kingdom of heaven.

The words he adapted for the stone over the grave of his heart's treasure, Susie, may well be placed over his own and those of his beloved wife and other loved ones who sleep with him:

Warm summer sun,  
Shine kindly here.  
Warm southern wind,  
Blow softly here.  
Green sod above,  
Lie light, lie light.  
Good night, dear heart.  
Good night. Good night.

*End Twain at Heaven.*

## ART. VII.—ROUND ABOUT UNTO ILLYRICUM

DALMATIA is a country little known to the modern world. It is out of the beaten track of the tourist. Most travelers on the Adriatic visit the Italian shore, especially Venice, while the eastern coast is but vaguely remembered. The attention of the public is now being drawn to this attractive region for its charm of landscape and its remarkable history. Here are hundreds of beautiful islands, wild fiords, landlocked bays, fortresses perched on beetling crags, beautiful cities, majestic mountains. The Balkan States are notorious chiefly because of their turbulence, for they are peopled with a liberty-loving race which for generations, in the clear air of their mountains, has steadily resisted the oppression of the Turk or the encroachments of Austria. It is within this territory that the Roman Illyricum lay, and it is here that to-day the historian, the archæologist, and the traveler find a fascinating field of study. Cut a section down through the history of this region, and the strata revealed are Roman, Byzantine, Hungarian, Venetian, and Austrian, while English, French, and the Turks have at times played a prominent part. Rome dominated this region for centuries—Roman roads, Roman aqueducts, Roman inscriptions, Roman theaters bear evidence of the sway of the Cæsars. The Byzantine influence on the artistic development is everywhere seen in the curiously carved capitals in many of the public buildings. The winged lion of Saint Mark, the conspicuous campanile, the beautiful arcade, the graceful loggia, the delicate window tracery bear witness to Venice. Frowning fortresses, crowning surf-beaten rocks, tell of sturdy resistance to Venetian and Turk. Splendid modern roads and massive stone quays and docks indicate the work of Austria during her hundred years of control. Here is a strange commingling of the Occident and the Orient. A few miles from the coast, as at Mostar and Sarajevo, we are in the midst of the minarets and bazaars of Cairo. Here is a relatively fresh field for the historian. Its history is not yet written—or, rather, it is being rewritten. The standard work on Illyricum, Farlati's *Illyricum Sacrum*, was



published in Venice in 1780. It is now obsolete. Within the century and a quarter since this publication the spade of the archæologist has been at work and the lovers of architecture have been ransacking the quaint old cities. New material is at hand. The best work in English is three handsome volumes by Jackson, an English architect, published in 1887—Dalmatia, Istria, and the Quarnero. The Guida di Spalato e Salona, published in 1894 by Professors Jelič, Bulić, and Sutar, and the Bulletino e Storia Dalmata, by Bulić, are better sources for the antiquities of this region. Two vague allusions introduce the readers of the New Testament to this country. In Rom. 15. 19 Paul writes: "From Jerusalem round about to Illyricum I have fully preached the gospel of Christ." In 2 Tim. 4. 10 he writes: "Demas forsook me and went to Thessalonica, Crescens to Gaul, Titus to Dalmatia." Did Paul evangelize Illyricum? So Jerome would have us understand, just as Thomas had preached the gospel in India and Peter at Rome. But this conclusion is scarcely warranted from *mekri tou Illyrikou*. It is, however, claimed by some, on untenable geographical grounds, that Paul was not shipwrecked on the island of Melita in the Mediterranean, but on the island of Melita (now Meleda) off the Dalmatian coast, and that thence he preached the gospel in that country. As to the passage in 2 Timothy (even if it must be admitted that this epistle was written about the time of Domitian), we may rest in the conclusion that Christianity was preached in Dalmatia in the first century. Yet we have no satisfactory knowledge of the extension of the church in this country until we come to the early Christian records, and to the witnesses turned up by the spade of the excavator. Some of these ancient records, especially the martyrologies, are constructed to prove a theory and must be overhauled in the light of modern historical research. Professor Jacques Zeiller, professor in the Swiss University of Freiburg, has recently given an illuminating discussion of the Christian origins in the Roman province of Dalmatia, wherein he shows how conjecture has played a great part in the construction of the early history of Christianity in this region. According to the traditions in Salona and Spalato, Christianity was preached in Salona, after the coming of Titus,

by Domnius, who was the real founder and first bishop of the church. They hold that Domnius was martyred under Trajan at the beginning of the second century. Thus the church of Dalmatia would rival the two other great centers of the Adriatic region, Aquileia and Ravenna, which trace their origin to the disciples of Peter—the first to Mark and the second to Apollinaris. All we know of Domnius is that he was Bishop of Salona, and that he submitted to martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, in 304, not in the reign of Trajan. To the student of Christian archaeology this entire country offers a great field of research. From the early Christian remains in Aquileia in the north, throughout the entire extent of the coast, as far as Cattaro, are found abundant witnesses to the Christian art and life, especially from the third to the sixth centuries. There are notable churches, with ancient sculpture, and mosaics, and inscriptions, as at Parenzo, Pirano, Pola, Zara, Spalato, Ragusa, Sebenico, and Traù, and—above all—the open-air cemetery and the extensive remains of Salona.

The country is easy to reach. The Austrian Lloyd Company has fine vessels running from Trieste to Cattaro, a distance of about four hundred miles, stopping at the principal cities of Istria and Dalmatia. It was in this region that I spent a part of last summer (1910), attracted especially by the explorations in the ruins of the Roman city of Salona. Leaving Trieste at eight o'clock in the morning, we arrive at Spalato, the principal city of Dalmatia, about midnight. Beautiful for situation, on ground sloping to the sea and backed by majestic mountains, Spalato at once introduces you to some of the notable monuments of the third and fourth centuries of Rome, for here, immediately on the shore, facing the sea, the Emperor Diocletian built his noted palace, covering a space of nearly ten acres. This was his childhood home and here, we are told, on his abdication, in 297, he retired, preferring to raise cabbages rather than wrestle with the problems of state. About four miles to the northwest was the large Roman city of Salona, with a population of six hundred thousand. When the Avars swept down upon it in the early part of the seventh century, they completely destroyed it. The inhabitants fled to the neighboring islands and the adjacent country.

Many of them took refuge within the walls of the old palace on the shore, and here they built a city—naming it after the palace—"Spalato." The town eventually outgrew the palace walls and spread on all sides, but the old palace town is still intact, and the ancient palace walls, and gates, and temples are preserved, though the old walls are built in with modern masonry. The sixteen towers which once marked the walls have vanished, but the peristyle court now forms the town square or piazza, and its blackened and defaced Corinthian columns, which support an entablature, are noble in their ruins. The temple of Jupiter has been transformed into a Christian cathedral, one of the exterior decorations of which is a lion clutching a lamb in his jaws; an expressive illustration of the relation of Diocletian to the Christian Church of his day. The temple of Æsculapius is used as the baptistery. This is a small rectangular structure, about twenty-five feet long, with a fine porch and beautiful vaulted ceiling. The church is octagonal, less than fifty feet in diameter, and with a conical roof. It is maintained by some that this building was not a temple, but was intended to be the mausoleum of the emperor. If this be true here is illustrated a revenge of history, that the very structure which the fierce hater of the Christians designed as a resting place for his bones should be dedicated to the services of the triumphant Christianity. A splendid sarcophagus is said to contain the remains of the first bishop, Domnius, but this is in conflict with the fact that the remains of the saint were taken to Rome, deposited in Saint John Lateran, and a chapel named for him. The notable carved doors, each panel of which represents an event in the passion of our Lord, remind one of the celebrated doors of the Church of Saint Sabina at Rome, and are regarded as among the finest wood carving of the middle ages.

Salona is situated on a beautiful bay. In the fifth and sixth centuries it suffered severely from incursions of the barbarians, but in the seventh century the fury of the Avars completely demolished it. Much of the city still lies buried under the modern vineyards, though since 1825 the Austrians have been gradually uncovering this ancient site. The present director of the excava-

tions is Professor Monsignor Bulić, an archæologist of fine ability, worthy to stand beside the brilliant De Rossi, to whom the world owes such a debt for our knowledge of the catacombs. For ages the ruins have been ransacked. Many of the houses of the modern inhabitants are built with stone from Salona. Splendid marbles and mosaics have been carried off to Venice and to other Italian cities. As far as Vienna and Pesth the plunder has been transported. Italian governors have rewarded their friends with shiploads of the costly marbles of Salona. The ruins are reached by carriage from Spalato in about an hour. En route we see the modern water supply carried over the great arches built by Diocletian. The ancient walls with their gates and bastions may be clearly seen. Here and there are ruins of baths, and of the various public structures, such as the amphitheater. Notwithstanding the fury of the barbarian, the ruthless greed of the wealthy vandal, and the plundering of the peasant, vast remains awaited the spade of the explorer, for here was located a great metropolis of the Roman world more than a mile each way. Baedeker states that not much has been found that is valuable, but a visit to the spot and a study of the museum of Spalato, where the "finds" are stored and catalogued, will reveal a great wealth of material in more than two thousand inscriptions, many notable sarcophagi, multitudes of objects from domestic life, besides several notable churches, and the greatest open-air cemetery of the early Christian Church. Just south of the north line of the city wall we come to the recently excavated ruins of a large basilica with its baptistery. The latter was first uncovered, and a few years later the main edifice was brought to light. It is unlike any other baptistery known to Christian archæology. We notice a fine octagonal chamber, the roof of which was supported by columns of rare marble. Semicircular niches occupy the walls. A canopy supported on four columns of red marble was placed over the font, which latter is a rectangular basin below the floor, entered by means of marble steps. Pipes supply the font. The floor is of fine mosaic and the walls were lined with marble. A large room adjoining was used possibly for the removal of the garments, while a second chamber, much larger, was used for

the ceremony of chrism, which concluded the rite of baptism. This room had also a fine mosaic floor, containing the picture of two stags drinking from a font, with the text from *Psa. 42. 1: Sic cervus desiderat ad fontes aquarum sic desiderat anima mea ad te Deus*. Here, evidently, the rite of baptism was administered by immersion. The date of this structure is about the fifth century. We have evidence, however, that this was not the uniform custom in this region, for in Aquileia is a slab of the fourth century in which water is poured upon the subject.<sup>1</sup> The basilica was evidently a large and fine structure, 165x85 feet, with three naves, transept, and narthex, or vestibule. It is not all yet uncovered, but sufficient is cleared away to show the character and style of the building. In the ambulatory about the choir is a very fine mosaic, which is preserved *in situ*, being merely covered up by sand so that the *tesserae* may not be injured by the feet of visitors. It is believed that further excavation may discover that there was an *atrium* leading to the vestibule, as was often the case in the early Christian churches. In excavating the basilica an interesting inscription was discovered, indicating a member of the Manichean sect: *Bassa Parthenos Lvdia Manichea*.

It is not known that the Manicheans had representatives at Salona, but we know that about the fourth century their doctrines had attracted considerable attention, fascinating even Augustine. They were driven from Rome and undoubtedly took refuge in the provinces. This may account for the presence of this slab in Salona in Dalmatia.

About three hundred feet north of the city wall, and hence outside of the city, we come to the Christian cemetery which is the most remarkable of all the early Christian cemeteries outside of Rome. It is not subterranean, but above ground. We notice as we enter through the ruined gateway an inscription: *Cemeterium legis sanctae christianae in predio Asclepieae*. By this we are to understand that this cemetery was in the estate of Asclepiea, a Roman matron. Before us lies a confused mass of stone monuments, a vast collection of huge stone sarcophagi and fragments of sarcophagi, some inscribed and others bare of any

<sup>1</sup> Bennett's *Christian Archaeology*, p. 442.

lettering or decoration. Not one of these has escaped the fury of the barbarian. While some have great holes smashed into them, the majority have been shattered to fragments, which lie all around over a vast area. These limestone coffins seem almost as massive as the sarcophagi of the Pharaohs. They are cut out of one solid block, measuring from 7 to 8 feet in length, with covers cut in gable form, with acroteria. Occasionally there is a "bisomum," or a "trisomum," with two or three separate inscriptions. Some are placed on what seem to be family lots; others occupy beneath the ground a rude vault of their own; several family vaults are seen, the entrance to which is closed by a stone sliding into a groove. The oldest tomb, that of Lucius Ulpianus and his family, was composed of an underground vault and a chamber above it in the open. The interior was richly decorated, paved with marble, and painted in floral designs. This is assigned by Professor Bulić to the end of the first century or the beginning of the second.

The apparent confusion of these monuments may be somewhat reduced if we follow the plan as worked out by the Austrian Commission under the guidance of Professor Bulić. In the center of the necropolis are the ruins of a cemetery basilica, the foundation walls and several columns still in position. This church was evidently built over the remains of a previous edifice, for fragments of the former structure are seen imbedded in the walls. The later church belongs to the sixth century; the earlier church to about the fourth century. The foundation walls of the latter may be easily traced. We discover that this edifice was of peculiar form, there being no less than ten apsidal chapels on three sides. In these chapels were placed the sarcophagi of the martyrs. When the new church was erected, three of these chapels were removed and the sarcophagi were placed in the space under the *confessio* of the new structure. No less than three distinct strata of burials are noted: first, those of the time of Lucius Ulpianus, the supposed founder of the cemetery—the latter part of the first century and the beginning of the second—before any church was erected; second, those of the period up to and including the middle of the fourth century; third, those interred from



the middle of the fourth century to the destruction of the city in 639. It is doubtful whether the extreme antiquity of the earliest strata can be maintained, for most of the epigraphic material does not indicate a period much earlier than the third or fourth century. What claims to be earlier is so utterly shattered, and is so pieced out with conjecture, through an effort to follow the current traditions, that the proofs are slender indeed. However, as revealing to us conditions of the third or fourth century, the material is priceless. It is noticeable that there are comparatively few Christian symbols on these monuments, such as we are accustomed to meet in the catacombs and in the early Christian cemetery at Aquileia, about 250 miles to the north of Salona. In the catacombs we find the fish, the anchor, the lamb, the palm, the orant, the alpha and omega, the dove, Moses striking the rock, the story of Jonah. We miss also some of the formulæ so frequent in Rome, *in pace*, *requiescit*, *dormit*, *in eterno*. The symbol most frequent is the Constantine monogram and the cross. The character of the inscriptions is quite in contrast with what we know of the earliest Christian inscriptions at Rome. There often we find merely the name, with a symbol or the formula *in pace*, with no indication as to the individual. The inscriptions at Salona tend to describe the deceased and to deal with the *cursus honorum*, or his social status. The common burial formula is *Depositus*, *Depositio*. We find also the use of the "Indiction" as a means of dating the tomb. Since Rome began to use the indiction, about 312, this leads always to a definite year; each indiction marking a period of fifteen years, when a new census was taken, it was a simple matter to note the number and add the result to 312. The style of the epigraphy is somewhat crude. Nearly all the inscriptions are in Latin, with now and then one in Greek. The letters are usually very large. Occasionally Greek and Latin hexameters are noted. The Latin differs decidedly from the classical type, as may be seen by the varied spelling and bad syntax. Individual tombs are of great interest. One large double sarcophagus is that of Constantius and his wife. Constantius, as the inscription tells us, was ex-proconsul to Africa after the time of the consulate of Gratian. He is described as

*vir clarissimus*, as is also Gratian, who was an equestrian, or *eques*.

DEPOSITVS CONSTANTIV  
IVSVCEXPROCONSUL  
EAFRICAEDIEPRIDNO  
NIVLPOSTCONSDNCRA  
TIANIAUC. IIIETE  
QUITIVC

The inscription to his wife is in hexameter, in nine lines. She is described as *mater parvorum* and as *eximie carissima semper et una*, and also *adscita martyribus*. Although there are here no distinctive Christian symbols, Constantius and his wife were no doubt Christians, because they were buried in the sacred locality of the Christian martyrs; hence the expression *adscita martyribus*. It seems to have been a great honor to be buried in the region where were placed the remains of the martyrs. The description of the noble Honoria as "mother of little ones" and "as exceedingly dear" is striking for its rarity as a Christian epitaph.

I took a squeeze of a beautiful inscription from a sarcophagus in which were interred the remains of a young girl—Eusebia. It is in Greek hexameter, and reads: "Thou beholdest the tomb of the pure Eusebia. For two years, while yet a maiden, she lived in perfect faith; the third year she left this life without a taste of evil. She is enthroned among the saints."

In the northern part of the necropolis there are the ruins of a wine press and an oil press which, it is supposed, belonged to the original estate of Asclepia. In the chapel erected in this region was buried Anastasius the fuller, the servant of Asclepia, who figures in the martyrology of the fourth century. In the Passion of Anastasius, which is from the end of the fourth century, it is related that some servants of Asclepia were drowned by order of Diocletian, in the first persecution; that she had the bodies recovered, and after the fury of the persecution had subsided erected this chapel where they were buried. Under the floor of this chapel was found a finely sculptured sarcophagus of the "Good Shepherd," which was probably the tomb of Asclepia

and her husband. A very large coffin, in a rude vault of its own, under the *confessio* of the basilica, contains the inscription:

PRIMUS EPISCOPUS NEPOS DOMNION ES  
MARTORES

This is not to be understood as "the first bishop," for the first bishop of Salona was Domnius. His name is Primus, who, according to the lists of the bishops of Salona, served somewhere between 304 and 370. We come across the tomb of Domnius elsewhere. It is near the apse of the latest church and beneath the floor. It is a solid vault in three compartments, put together in fine workmanship. Here, according to the inscription, was buried, with two other martyrs, the original Domnius, martyr of Diocletian and first bishop of Salona. The inscription reads:

DEPOSITIO DOMNIONIS EPISCOPI IIII IDUS  
APRILES

About one mile to the northwest lies another early Christian cemetery, the necropolis of Merusinac. It is of the same general character as the one at Salona, though much smaller and with fewer important tombs. A letter recently received from Professor Bulić states that the Austrian Archaeological Commission is about to begin work upon the part of Salona which still lies buried. The result will be awaited with great interest.

The entire field is a rich one, but peculiarly difficult, owing to the complete demolition of this great city. In one of the sections of the museum at Spalato there are literally thousands of fragments from Salona, which are being studied with infinite patience and skill. Occasionally an inscription is completely assembled from these fragments, or a piece of statuary gradually takes shape, as bit by bit it is searched out of the mass of broken marble. The results of this work, from year to year, are published by Professor Bulić in the *Bulletino e Storia Dalmata*, and thus gradually there is being built up a body of information concerning the early Christian Church in Dalmatia.

*Amos W. Patten*

ART. VIII.—“NOR SOUL HELPS FLESH MORE NOW  
THAN FLESH HELPS SOUL”

IF in this day a youth or a maid is caught writing poetry, consternation reigns in the family, and the family doctor is called in. He diagnoses the case as poverty of the blood, or depleted vitality, or, if the patient is disappointingly normal, hints at an incipient love affair. Deprived of this resource, he makes light of the matter, classing it with other ailments which young flesh is heir to—such as measles, mumps, or membranous croup. It would be hard to think of a more terrible malediction than to wish that your enemy's child might be a poet. Poetry as a profession, like undertaking, is all very well so long as it is kept outside the family. Naturally enough, the children early come to look upon versifying as abnormal. Their early twitterings are kept from the ears of their friends. The boy soon learns that in the code of boyhood poetry is girlish; it is associated with gush; and his parents are usually content that he shall adopt the code. Is it any wonder that he is bewildered when he comes to college and finds the part which poetical literature plays in his courses? Is it any wonder if he assumes a sophisticated attitude toward his professors, regarding them as more or less genial imbeciles riding a harmless hobby? If he happens to have an open mind, and is converted to a belief in the greatness of the art, is it any wonder that he is likely to look upon great poems as permanent and accomplished facts—admirable enough, but as little to be understood, as to their origin, as the hills and rivers, and as little to be imitated? He would be a bold man who to-day should advocate a course in the writing of poetry as a necessary part of a liberal education. Yet, aside from any positive benefits, such a course would have the negative benefit of the custom said to prevail among confectioners, who let all new employees, during the first week, eat all the candy they want. Many a young would-be Milton, subjected to a merciless drill in the mechanics of verse, would be glad to remain inglorious.

There is a discrepancy between our word and our deed as

regards poetry. We laud it as the greatest of the arts, we proclaim the poets to be the teachers of the race, but we look askance upon the fledgling muse. The nightingale may prove a daw. Even for the nightingale there is the question of bread and butter. We endure the Hadean torments of five-finger exercises, and hang our children's drawings of hands and ears on the walls of our garret rooms with serenity of mind, undisturbed by any forebodings that the perpetrators are doomed to become artists or musicians. Such activities on their part develop the art-instinct, train the hand, and ear, and eye; teach observation, educate the perception of beauty. Here in America the trail of the pedagogue is over us all. To say that the *chief* value of instruction in free-hand drawing, or in the elements of music, is the acquirement of an ability to enjoy, sounds like heresy. If we once became convinced that instruction in drawing or piano has no particular value but the very great one of helping the student to understand and enjoy pictures and music, the chances are that most of us would stop paying our money for it. To be sure, most of the popular instruction in piano and drawing has about as much relation to the graphic arts and music as bookkeeping has to high finance; yet in these instances we at least grant our children a peep into the workshop of the arts named; we put into their hands the implements and give them at least a hint at the design. But what of poetry? This art, which it costs nothing to acquire, we view with trepidation. We boast to our friends that our child shows musical or artistic talent, but maintain a great silence regarding any poetic gifts he may show. We may give him poetry to read, and he may like it for its sing-song, as he likes the rhythm of a ride on the merry-go-round; but that it is an art, that it is the product of the "practical application of knowledge or natural ability"—to use the dictionary definition—never enters his head. And does it ever enter ours?

The poets may come and go, but we of the reading public go on forever. We are already the inheritors of a priceless treasure; it lies with us whether we use it or not. There is a prevalent lack of any real conviction that the study of poetry is necessary, or even important. We no longer look upon it as

worthy of all the athleticism of a vigorous mind. It is perfectly possible to *read* and *enjoy* a fine poem without a thought of its form and structure, the artistic will which evoked it, the artistic intelligence which pervades it, just as it is possible to read and enjoy it without understanding a word of it. This will not seem an extreme statement to any teacher who has seen a class of ambitious and thoughtful students gasp over the verbal beauty of a Sonnet from the Portuguese without the remotest idea of what it all means. Indeed, it is hardly temerarious to say that most of us adults do the same thing to our dying day. We share the popular delusion that art technique is dry. We enjoy poetry as we do botany *until* we are called upon to learn the lingo of stamens, and pistils, and petioles. These things are too high—or too dry—for us. We leave them to others. We class poetry as an intellectual luxury with the bodily indulgence of strawberries in winter. We men are content to leave it to the women, who, we think, have a natural bent to it as to religion. As to our poetical instruction in the schools, we have suffered of late years a reaction, as in other branches of teaching, from the grubbing and groping methods of our ancestors, when our grandfather and grandmother were called upon to parse line by line the first book of *Paradise Lost*, and, as a consequence, harbored an aversion to the work until their demise. We have gone to the other extreme of reading whole libraries of poetry to and with our children, thinking to generate a love for the art, and hoping that they will continue the reading into their adult years. There can be no doubt that this method is better than the other; yet the conviction is growing that, as usual, the safer road lies between. Our critics are telling us a great deal about the present low estate of poetry. Some blame the poets, some the public, some the schools, some the art itself. The poets are paying too much attention to form; they have nothing to say; we do not teach the subject properly in our schools; we of the public do not read the poetry we already have, and so the poets have no incentive to write—these are some of the opinions that are being expressed. Critics of a more philosophical turn suggest that painting and music have usurped the domain of poetry—as if they are two impinging or tangent



circles and their place of contact a microscopic point, all that is left for the sister art that lies between. Still others declare that science has killed poetry by robbing it of its material. All this we have heard and more, and yet the poets, as usual, go on writing simply because they can no more stop than they can cease breathing. And they are too busy to proselytize. It is not easy for one whose hand and heart are dyed in the color of his trade to catch the point of view of those for whom that trade is not a matter of livelihood, much less of life and death. Probably an art can seem vital only to one who practices it, or who, because of inborn love, has steeped his heart in it. For these nothing that has to do with it is uninteresting. Matters of little enough moment to the outsider are for them vital. Artists have too much to do creating to find time to make converts. For them the only fact in life is production; the why and how have to be mastered, not preached. If as artists they are not great, that is not their fault. An inscrutable Providence ordains that some eras shall be poetic and some shall not. To attempt to account for the periodic scarcity of poets is as vain as to try to diagnose a shortage in the wheat crop, and as amusing for the statistician. All speculation crystallizes itself into the one self-evident proposition that we have no great poetry because we have no great poets.

For years the body of the muse has been subjected to vivisection with a view to finding out the seat of her soul. The process has taught us much, doubtless; if nothing else, that her soul is past finding out because it is simply the soul of life and art. But in the course of these researches have we not made the mistake of anatomists who, in the furore of tracking the life-principle to its lair, sometimes forget that the body is quite as admirable and wonderful a phenomenon as the object of their search? Mr. Stedman, in his best known volume of criticism, found it necessary to keep constantly in mind the twofold estimate to which every poet must submit. Again and again in estimating the work of a poet he spoke of those qualities which give delight to poets and those other and different qualities which give delight to the reader. Mr. Stedman was both poet and critic, and he felt, as few critics have done, that the popular estimate—the imme-

diat and temporary estimate, of course—is wrong at times simply because it is based upon wrong principles. It was this which made him suspicious of a large part of Browning's poetry, admirable enough as literature but questionable as art, and which made him dwell with such loving solicitude upon the poetry of Landor; slight enough as literature, perhaps, but so inimitable as art. The distinction has often been made, notably by Theodore Watts in his *Encyclopædia Britannica* article, between the two uses, general and specific, of the word *poetry*; the one, of the poetic spirit which diffuses itself through every activity of man and defies definition and analysis; the other, of poetry in the concrete, as an art having certain definite laws and conventions. It is to be doubted if a true poet ever thinks, or has any right to think, of poetry in the general sense, except in moments of revery and abstraction; it is poetry *as an art* that concerns him. The poetic spirit is innate, the poetic art is cultivated; and for any poet to determine to express the former and disregard the latter is for him to doom himself to failure. It must be remembered that poets have no monopoly in the poetic spirit, although they have in the poetic art. The Poetic Spirit is a coy goddess who has to be caught and bound before she will sing. She peeps out of the most unlikely places and warbles her native wood-notes from strange groves. We catch her tones in a picture, a phrase of music, a sentence of prose. But it is only through the vocal shell of a perfect art-form that she lifts her voice up sweet and clear and sings her melody to the end. On the other hand, it is quite as true—although the fact has not been generally noted—that we apply the term *thought* to poetry in a twofold sense. To the true artist the word "thought" used of poetry means applied thought, thought expended upon expression, thought directed to the end of perfect, complete, ultimate art.

To keep in sight Perfection, and adore  
The vision, is the artist's best delight;  
His bitterest pang, that he can do no more  
Than keep her long'd-for loveliness in sight.

But as the word is generally used it means pure thought; the thought stated, propounded, by the poem. We hear it often

said of our poets of the present day that they are too much occupied with form. Nothing could be farther from the truth. No poet can ever be over-occupied with form if he has really the divine yearning to speak and the divine gift of speaking well. Again, we complain that they have nothing to say. Here again are we not wrong? Nothing is more killing to the fine flower of poetry than the frosts of jocularity or of indifference, unless it is the fog of a benighted pedantry. When we shall stop treating our poets as if they were philosophers and asking of them philosophical systems, who knows but that we shall have a new spring-time and that the songsters may be incited to sing once more? The appreciation of poetry consists largely in the conviction and constant reiteration to one's self that it is an art. The poet may be philosopher, scientist, mathematician; he may use, in his poetry, the knowledge and wisdom derived from these other interests; but unless he is first, and chiefly, an artist he had better keep to prose. Perhaps it is heresy to say that a great deal of the poetry which has brought about the formation of societies for its study would never have received that dubious compliment if it had been written in prose. The poet who thinks that he is called upon to formulate a philosophy in meter has missed his calling; and, what is more to our purpose here, we, if we expect it of him, have missed our calling as readers. Not only the sonnet, but every poem is a "moment's monument," though it takes twenty years to write. This is the method of poetry. The troubles of poets have never been of matter or manner, but of that mental or moral vigor, that elevation of soul, that inexplicable union of faculties, which for want of a better name we call inspiration. This is the proposition with which we started when we said that we have no great poetry because we have no great poets. Yet we must not forget that this oversoul of inspiration, this "poetic moment," or whatever else we call it, is the universal unknown increment which enters into all attempts to assess the value of art. It lies back of all the arts. It is the effect of which what we call genius is the cause.

We are touching upon matters about which the critical battle has endlessly raged. The various advocates of form, subject-

matter, language, inspiration, as the essential component of poetry, are as far from agreement as ever. Victory flies afar from any camp. The special point which concerns us here is that in the course of this Thousand Years' War we have been too often inclined to consider poetry as almost anything but what it is, an art; and have been guilty of applying to it almost any tests but the legitimate ones, the artistic. We have devised philosophical, and esthetic, and scientific systems of criticism; psychological, physical, evolutionary, laboratorial methods of weighing and gauging its peculiarities. We have felt the muse's pulse, and looked at her tongue, and have often given the patient up, only to have her spring from her bed, or grave, and astound us with a new burst of song. Meanwhile we go on amusing ourselves by trying to account for the unaccountable. We find poets who have all the marks which can be named that a poet should have, whose poetry nevertheless is dying or defunct; and, on the other hand, poets who violate about all the laws of manner and have little enough of matter whose poetry, notwithstanding, breathes a haunting charm, throbs with the red blood of life, sings with a larklike lift, enthralls us with a loveliness as ineffable and as inexplicable as that of a plot of anemones or the face of a girl. In its presence our wiredrawn theories are abashed. Like a politician caught peculating, we have nothing to say. Surely, in what we have said thus far we have done full justice to inspiration, and may be forgiven if we add that the more one reads poetry the more one is inclined to conclude that, in most instances, inspiration is a convenient myth; that most of the qualities usually ascribed to it are the results of hard work, of an austere will, of a tireless selective judgment which refuses to be contented with second-best. It is the little poets who rely upon inspiration; who expect their song to grow like a plant or spout like a fountain. And when we read their verse we have no sense of the "applied" thought; the austerity of art is lacking.

Time, the extortioner, from richest beauty  
Takes heavy toll and wrings rapacious duty.  
Austere of feature if thou carve thy rhyme,  
Perchance 'twill pay the lesser tax to Time.

One who reads great poetry reverently is more and more prompted to exclaim, "Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul." If the inspiration or thought—or what you please—is the soul, the poetic form is the flesh. More and more it is borne in upon us that the poetic forms, and laws, and conventions have an astonishing share in *the inspiration*, the invention (in the best sense), not only of separate passages but of poems as wholes. Whenever a poet who has not been misled by German influence to confuse the poetic spirit with the poetic art has written upon poetry he has instinctively dwelt upon this thought. Leigh Hunt has this to say: "Verse to the true poet is no clog. It is idly called a trammel and a difficulty. It is a help. It springs from the same enthusiasm as the rest of his impulses, and is necessary to their satisfaction and effect. . . . Verse is no dominator over the poet, except inasmuch as the bond is reciprocal, and the poet dominates over the verse. . . . Verse is the final proof to the poet that his mastery over his art is complete." The mistake touched upon here, that verse is a sort of necessary evil, an arbitrary clog imposed upon the poet by a froward fate, has led to no end of misunderstanding of poetry, and seems to lie at the bottom of most of the foolishness which has been spoken of it. The notion that form is necessarily formalism is responsible for most of the blunders of the critics and the mother of most of the freakish and eccentric productions of the artists.

It has been one of the convenient commonplaces of the literary historian to say that emphasis upon form is the mark of a period of decadence, and he points to the age of Pope, with its translations of Horace, Ovid, Vida, and Boileau, its own metrical Arts of Poetry, its voluntary slavery to the heroic couplet, and its interminable insistence upon the manner of saying rather than upon the thing said, as an example to prove his assertion; not seeing that in such periods the decadence lies not in the adoption of a cut-and-dried technique but in the death of all true poetic inspiration. Surely, poetic form is a higher thing than the yardstick and bullet-mold system of turning out pentameter couplets. In the men who did so there could have been little of that insatiable curiosity and never-ending love of experiment which are

characteristic of the artist and innovator. The fact which is usually missed in all such discussions, and the recognition of which is essential to our purpose here, is that every great period of poetic production has been also a period of intense interest in poetic form—yes, if we must use the word, in prosody. It may be said with equal force, and with very small allowance for exceptions, that every great poet has passed through a period of intense interest in technique. If it is necessary to name instances we can refer to the age of Elizabeth, with its score or more of treatises on the subject, its endless experiments in quantity and accent, its kaleidoscopic array of meters, stanzas, and modes; and to Shakespeare, who, as Professor Saintsbury has recently shown so well, tried his hand at practically every one of them and remained an experimenter as long as he used the pen. Modern criticism, following in the wake of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Arnold, and the German critics, has exalted the matter of poetry at the expense of the manner, apparently not realizing that the poets, true to their instinct, have gone on experimenting in all the rhythms, meters, rhyme-schemes under the sun; adopting foreign forms, reviving others long since forgotten, inventing new. Much of this has been little more than fun, it may be, yet surely "out of this old cometh new corn from year to year." To the poet poetic technique, whether he thinks of it in terms of foot and verse or not, is a vitally and perennially interesting thing. Whether he studies the theory of metrics and works out new theories of his own, like Patmore and Lanier, or practices it incessantly, like Tennyson and Swinburne, or tries to throw the whole cargo overboard, like Whitman, the truth of the matter is that he is a creature of his artistic conventions and can no more disregard them than can the musician his scales, harmony, and counterpoint. To say that poetry is a formal art is only another way of saying that it is an art. The remarkable fact is that it should need saying at all.

We began with a reference to the popular distrust of poetry. This distrust, if it really exists, is the result of economic causes. We are all willing that our children should like poetry if they will only promise not to become poets. The trouble is that we do not give them a fair chance to find out whether they like poetry



or not, because we do not usually present this type of literature to them as poetry. Many people, young and old, with all the impulses toward a love of poetry, seem to be creatures moving about in worlds not realized simply because they have not acquired or been given a point of view. The intellectual and emotional history of a lover of poetry is much like that of a poet. He at first experiments in form, and the form may for a time be tyrannical. He is inquisitive concerning foot and verse, pause and stanza. He wants to know the practical artistic value of these. He is amused and pleased to discover the different movement of the same meter as handled by different poets. He begins to see method in all this. He traces melodies peculiar to the various rhythms; harmonies which are the fruit of certain systems of rhyming. A normal boy or girl in the teens is interested in poetic forms as well as in the emotions they arouse. He is perfectly able to acquire the rudiments, and more, of the art. But he cannot be expected to make all the discoveries himself. Give him the start and the implements and no one can foresee the extent of his researches. But to expect him to appreciate poetry, to weigh it, to assess its value intrinsically and comparatively, when he has merely read a great deal or heard it read, however well, is as vain as to expect him to acquire a critical feeling for pictures by sitting in an art gallery. With all deference to the pedagogic insistence upon the value of reading poetry aloud, we must confess that it can scarcely lead to love of poetry as poetry—as an art. It can result at best only in a bovine and somnolent sense of vague pleasure of a sort with the popular enjoyment of the opera. It assuredly does not lead to appreciation in the best sense of that much-abused word. Those who read poetry intelligently like it. While, like the other arts, it is to be appreciated emotionally, sheer emotion unguided by judgment is not enough. And the judgment should be directed to appraising its forms and artistic methods rather than to estimating its value as thought material. In this day poetry is the Cinderella of the arts. Her beauty is her only dower. Do not we owe it to her to clear our minds of some of the current false notions about her? With the richest fund of poetic material about us, in an air snapping with the electricity of new ideas and stretching to wider

horizons, might we not hasten the dawn of the poetic era that is bound to come by informing ourselves and our children of the real, the true, ends and aims of the art which is rightfully called the divine? The point upon which we have been dwelling, perhaps too long, is that there can be no high enjoyment of an art unless we treat it as an art; that each art is an expression in certain forms and in certain modes of the thought; and that the thought is never comprehended fully until the expression is perfectly realized. The artist is primarily concerned with the expression, and is satisfied with it, or is not, to the extent that it approaches or does not approximate perfection. We, as readers, miss more than a moiety of the pleasure art has for us if we do not adopt the artist's standards. The only way in which to comprehend his standards is to learn his technique. We hear it asked continually, and not always by the immature, why such and such a poet did not say in prose what he had to say. It is hard to think of any really valid reason unless we can refer the inquirer to the form of the poem. If this in its conclusive perfection does not prove a sufficient answer there is nothing to say; because there is no doubt that a man with a genius for prose can say anything, and perfectly and adequately, that has ever been said in the other medium. The same answer will suffice for those who say that they prefer to take their ideas, information, wisdom, in the unvarnished and uninvolved form of prose. If this declaration is the result of long study and thought such persons are beyond redemption. They will never like poetry. But if it is the result of thoughtless youth or untaught age there is still hope that acquaintance with the why and wherefore of the art, a realization of its methods and aims, may make them see the foolishness of such a view.

What has been said, of course, applies to all of the arts. It has been a plea for a fair popular attitude toward art. We have spoken much of form, yet it will surely be seen that we use the word in its highest sense; not as applied merely to the structure of line and stanza, but as it relates to the architectonic structure. If poetry is an art, it is written for a higher purpose and with a broader view than to lull us into a temporary forgetfulness of the

world; it is not an opiate but a stimulant. If it gratifies the senses it also arouses the mind. The artist has focused all his intellectual forces upon producing it; he has a right to demand that we shall do him the justice of exercising a corresponding intellectual force in the reading. If his poetry will not bear this, it will die. But how can we expect to apprehend his aims and accomplishment if we do not recognize the aims and ends of his art? How can we hope that our children shall appreciate the beauty of which an art is capable if we do not teach them the grammar of the art? When all is said, the artist is a thinker who has chosen a certain medium for the expression of his thought, and the one thing which separates him from other thinkers is the mode of expression which he has adopted. The expression is the all-important thing. He may live as a thinker on the strength of his thought, but he can live as a poet only on the strength of his expression.

If in the Work must needs stand manifest  
The Person, be his features, therein shown,  
Like a man's thought in a god's words express'd—  
His own, and somehow greater than his own.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>The three stanzas quoted are from Mr. William Watson's Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature—the reflections of one of the truest poet-artists of the time.

*Robert M. Gay,*

## ART. IX.—SOCIAL THEORIES AND CHRISTIANITY'S PROGRAM

SOCIALISM is disturbed humanity's protest against existing conditions. It has its life through dissatisfaction with the present social order. Examining those mighty institutions created by mankind for its own benefit, it pronounces them insufficient to serve the highest interests of all. It views with sincere alarm the deepening abysses that sever the human family into antagonistic classes with clashing aspirations. It poses as an arch-critic, pointing the finger of scorn and warning at the failures, the contradictions, the disease of modern society. Cognizant of present-day social defects, it makes high claim to being the deliverer for leading mankind out of bondage into a new liberty. Nor is Socialism's message superficial or superfluous. Very easy is it for us to overestimate "the astounding miracle of our social order." Amazing, indeed, are the majestic institutions bequeathed by an heroic past to the rich present. Great is modern society! But contentment with present conditions is not always a virtue. Passivity readily degenerates into death. Stubborn allegiance to the institutions of the past may involve national disaster in the future. Mankind dare not cease striving to better its social order until the "ideal state" has been ushered in. Especially imperative will such an attitude of mind be when the existing order is burdened with serious economic evils; when long-standing grievances breed discontent and hatred, and when the very struggle for existence is fraught with so serious misfortunes. Well may we rejoice when any sober-minded nation becomes zealous over the common welfare of its people. Radical changes may follow such serious-minded thinking, but all such transformations of our social institutions are likely to be toward prosperity and freedom.

The Socialist claims to be a thinker, not a faddist. His arguments are burning convictions. Finding society diseased, he is ready to prescribe a remedy. His program calls for nothing less than a complete reorganization of the popular institutions of

civilization. He argues that a social order sheltering such cruel injustices and misfortunes and inequalities as does ours condemns itself as fit for execution. His list of grievances is a long one. He is aware of the degradation of the masses, their hopelessness of outlook, their savage struggle for a bare living, the heartlessness of economic systems. Increasingly conscious is he of the tendency toward concentration of wealth and its "licentious use," toward centralization of production and limitation of opportunity. Very bitterly does he denounce the "cruel system of competition," inevitably resulting in commercial slavery, and in repeated industrial crises with their demoralizing periods of stagnation, working untold misfortune to the helpless "wage-slave." He claims that individualism, with its base creed of selfishness, is conserved by its own fruits, and that governments hitherto heedless to the cries of the oppressed must seek for better methods in administering the complicated interests of humanity. But Socialism will be given the reins of government only as it is able first to prove the reasonableness of its theories. Society will not rashly overturn its present institutions, however defective they may be in parts, unless certain advantage is sure to result from such a sweeping reorganization. Yet just here Socialism is most confident, loudly making its strongest assertions and most glowing promises concerning the evils it would eradicate and the blessings it would inaugurate. Nor can anyone deny that in some of its items Socialism has a well-defined plan and most laudable purpose. The fundamental problems which it endeavors to consider are not only economic, but philanthropic and ethical as well. It poses primarily as the champion of the masses, arguing that government must aim at reaching and uplifting the least and lowest and most hopeless member of society. It must teach him the grand and solemn meaning of life, and by opening the door of opportunity lead into a fuller and nobler manhood. Just this spirit was what animated Proudhon's broad definition of Socialism as "aspiration toward the improvement of society." The same conception moved James Russell Lowell to say concerning it, "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and community of interests; sympathy; the giving to the hands not so large a share

as to the brain, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce; means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction." The richest blessings it would bring to those who now stand in greatest jeopardy. Kidd says that true Socialism has always one definite object in view: "the final suspension of that personal struggle for existence which has always been waged, not only from the beginning of society, but, in one form or another, from the very beginning of life." Through it would be established "that morally perfect state in which government, law, and police would be unnecessary," and in which, as Bellamy says, there would be "no police and no criminals, since society rests on its own base and is in as little need of support as the everlasting hills." According to the teaching of St. Simon, Marx, Engels, Lassalle, and Blanc, the "common people," as the most needy members of modern society, would be the chief beneficiaries in the new regime. Socialism's chief strength consists in its endeavor to guard those inalienable private rights which to disregard inevitably ushers in rankest injustice and unrighteousness. As Graham says, "the real question of Socialism is essentially an ethical one, involving the whole great question of justice; not justice in the narrow sense, but in the most comprehensive as well as deepest sense. The present system, industrial and social, the reformer says, is organized injustice." Cavines similarly finds serious defects in our industrial order, and says that "these conditions are not easily reconcilable with any standard of right generally accepted among men." So also Sidgwick writes, "If the Socialist's method of providing for the progress of industry could be trusted to work without any counterbalancing drawbacks, the perpetuation of the inequalities of distribution that we see to be inevitably bound up with the existing system would be difficult to reconcile with our sense of justice." In so far, therefore, as Socialism is moved by these worthy conceptions does it meet with the unqualified approval of all. But, despite its very evident merits, and the victories that it has won in many of its minor contentions, Socialism has never found so large a number of thoughtful opponents as to-day. These base their objections to it on its imprac-



ticability, and on its inability to inaugurate just those sweeping improvements concerning which it makes its loudest promises. Individualism utters its solemn warning against any such wholesale transformation as the reformers would institute. If collectivism promises an era of justice and brotherhood through the abolition of the competitive system and of private ownership of land and capital, "the two great requisites of production," then individualism responds that, however commendable some of Socialism's theories may be, untold confusion of disaster and retrogression would result from the acceptance of its entire system.

Nor is it an easy task to determine which of the two schools of thought is established on the best arguments. The fundamental problem of civilization has been, and will ever be, how to secure equal justice to both the individual and the social group. As Donisthorpe has said, "The whole history of civilization is a record of the struggle to establish a relation between society and its units, between the whole and its parts, which is not absolute Socialism nor absolute anarchy, but a state in which, by absolute action and reaction of each upon each, such an adaptation shall take place that the welfare of the whole and that of the units shall become coincident, and not antagonistic. The result will be perfect law and perfect liberty." But in the discussion it is necessary to bear in mind, as Fairbanks shows, two fundamental questions: "On the one hand is the question of fact as to whether, from the scientific viewpoint, the individual or the group is the bearer of culture or the unit of society; on the other hand is the question of worth—whether the individual or the social whole has ultimate value, and which should be developed at the expense of the other in case the two come into conflict." Individualism is able to make a strong defense of its theories. It argues that "every man, as a self-contained individual, independent of other individuals, must be free to exercise his powers in any way he chooses." Nor must be forgotten the extent of the social function which the few perform in progressive communities. Mallock heralds the "great man" as the true leader of civilization, and protests against "merging the great man in the aggregate." Society, he claims, is not made up of "equal units." "The scattered few are more pro-

ficient than the majority, and if some men were not more proficient than others society would lag in its progress." The characteristic of a genius is that he blesses the world not only by what he himself does, but by what he helps others to do. As James Stuart Mill writes: "The initiative of all wise or noble things comes from individuals. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following. Retrogression comes as soon as the individual ceases to feel the influence of higher impulses." The inference from the theory, therefore, is this: Ministering thus profoundly to the needs of mankind, the individual ought to be considered as having the largest social value, and to be entitled to peculiar rewards. Extraordinary service ought to meet with extraordinary remunerations; otherwise incentive will be lacking to call forth from capable men the largest achievements. Centralization of industrial and social power must therefore be expected, even though such concentration may be subject to minor criticisms.

But to all of these contentions Socialism makes keen response. Appealing to history, it proves that individualism inevitably degenerates into license and tyranny. Its cardinal doctrines are topheavy. Ross offers a sharp criticism when he says that the theory "emphasizes the individual unduly in regard to his purpose and will," since the facts of social life are by no means the results of man's voluntary choice, but are indirectly forced upon him. As Fairbanks declares, the social group in its governmental functions must be considered immeasurably superior to the individual. The sphere of influence of the "great man" in the social well-being may be greatly overestimated. Other subtle forces are at work besides those having their existence through the will of any individual, however influential. The social group itself is a most potent factor. Ross shows his masterly grasp of sociological problems when he points out to what extent "the gulf between the aims of the individual and the aims of his fellows is bridged from both sides," through the rise in mankind of the powerful factors of "sympathy," "sociability," and "justice." Not through individual initiative have these resulted, but as the consequence of man's gregarious instincts, when his "social deeps" are agitated

and some of his "acquired ferocity is bred out of him." These "natural motives" most powerfully guard and control, for the collective interests, the will and conscience of the individual. Consequently, the social group, and not the self-seeking individual, ought to be made the chief recipient of the rewards of civilization. Rank injustice is done to multitudes when the wealth which the many directly and indirectly help to produce becomes the private possession of the few. New principles must consequently be put into practice concerning the production and distribution of wealth; collective management must supersede private control. In the radical transformation, the State must claim and exercise a new right of interference and control. As Adolph Wagner says, "The universal law must be that of the increasing function of government. Its duties will be those of superintendent, statistician, and arbitrator." Only thus will occur that longed-for alleviation of the ills of humanity. Individualism is doomed. Mankind seeks for a substitute that will guarantee, not the interests and welfare of the few, but the happiness and prosperity of the many.

But equally certain is it that extreme Socialism is increasingly regarded with suspicion and fear. Constructively it is notoriously weak. Alert thinkers put no confidence in its claims and its promises. Its theories are unpractical and its plans are wildly infeasible. As Ely says, "Socialism is too pessimistic about the present, too hopeful about the future." Several vital objections invalidate its pretentious claims. An extreme paternalism would inevitably cripple private enterprise and energy so long as human nature remains what it is. Competition forces men into activity. It compels every man to realize that the continuance of his existence is dependent upon his own labor. For a careful thinker, it is difficult to understand how a system of collectivism would not result in an enormous system of parasitism. One part of society would inevitably live upon the labor of the other. Socialism would fail to supply "any thoroughly efficient stimulus for the whole of the population to exert itself to the highest degree when the main wants of life are secure." How, also, could the vast intricacies of the sphere of labor be so simplified that each man could find his own proper place as worker according to his abil-

ities and reasonable preferences? The competitive system automatically determines this. It decrees that each must work to live, but it grants to each, also, the inestimable boon of choosing his own occupation. Each laborer, according to his abilities and energies, finds his own levels. This simple adjustment Socialism would hopelessly disturb. What reason is there to expect that official labor administration would not degenerate into unbearable tyranny? Such a national executive board of administration as Gronlund advocates would have absolute authority to determine the occupation and working hours of each person. What an impossible task! What tyrannical infringement upon private freedom and the pursuit of happiness! A veritable slavery in its hardest form would be the sure outcome. What a price to pay for some questionable benefits! As Flint says, "The organization of society thus to be obtained would be dearly bought, whatever might be the material advantage gained." What theory wilder than that which advocates that a human, fallible board of administrators be given jurisdiction over the minutest details of our private lives! Socialism deceives itself when it asserts that "payment in labor checks," or in "leisure hours," or "more agreeable duties" would not be just as burdensome to gain as under our present regime, since energy and faithfulness and honesty are never the same in any two individuals. Ely well sums up the case thus: "Competition affords a stimulus which human nature needs, because competition rewards men for achievement and saves us from many of the evils to which otherwise we would fall prey." Also an immense gratuitous problem would arise were the state to be made, as Socialism demands, "not only the sole landlord, but also the sole employer of labor, the sole distributor of commodities, and the sole director of the wills and the supplier of the wants of its members." This so-called solution of the social problem would foster a giant and hideous system of slavery, intrigue, dishonesty, deceit, and bureaucratic oppression. Government would degenerate into a military despotism. As Flint declares, "Socialism attempts to cure evils by universalizing them, by depriving every workman of his tools, by leaving him not a bit of private property, and by giving him no voice in the direc-

tion of his labor except a vote in the choice of his taskmaster." Ely summarizes the salient objections to such a regime when he mentions the tendencies to revolutionary dissatisfaction which a socialism in actual practice would produce; the difficulties in the way of organizing several important factors of production, notably agriculture; difficulties in the way of determining any standard of distributive justice that would be generally acceptable and would, at the same time, enlist the whole-hearted services of the most gifted members of society.

To several weighty conclusions we may steadfastly hold: Even though the principle of extreme individualism must be discarded as erroneous and dangerous, the abundant beneficial aspects of competition must be recognized. Private enterprise is not an unmixed curse. Socialism, on the other hand, is lamentably weak in its practical, constructive aspects. Unspeakable confusion would inevitably result from the effort to reorganize society according to its program. Neither Individualism nor Socialism is theoretically correct in the radical form in which they are usually presented. Indeed, to place them in antithesis is a fundamental error. Unmistakable truth abides in both schools of thought. With each succeeding generation mankind must move away from that order in which the unrestrained individual is supreme to that condition wherein the rights of the social unit are of primary concern, but in which the reasonable freedom of all is protected. Society must not be so organized as to become the prey of the few; neither should the saving, worthy few be submerged by the many. Not Individualism or Socialism alone is true, but Individualism *and* Socialism together. The two schemes must go hand in hand. The "happy mean" must be put into practice after having been theoretically learned. So say the mere theorists. But these fundamentally fail to recognize that tangible improvement in the social order is impossible until some third principle be brought into play that will have power to reconcile the two divergent schools of thought and make their dreams things of substance. How can the conclusions to which the sanest sociologists have come be put into execution? This is the strategic question! Deeper motives must actuate humanity than a mere knowl-

edge of theoretical conclusions. Mankind must be willing to act on its knowledge. The deed must follow the ideal. The saving good must be put in practice. Humanity must not only think out its own salvation, but work it out. Conclusions must become operative. Then social redemption will follow, and both individualist and socialist will behold the entrance of the new kingdom. And just at this point does Christianity, in all of its majestic power, make connection with social theories. It claims to be able to speak the final word. Well would it be for modern nations to remember, as Kidd says, that Christianity also has its social program, and that it alone is sufficient to usher in that new order for which all mankind waits. Permanent cure for the distressing ills of modern society can be found only in the transforming principles of Christianity.

We hear much in these days about "Christian Socialism." By many the claim is made that Socialism and Christianity are identical, and that every intelligent consistent Christian must believe in Socialism. St. Simon, the "founder of modern Socialism," argued eloquently, therefore, for the application of Christian principles to all social problems. Kingsley, Maurice, Hughes, Von Ketteler, Stöcker, see no hopes for society unless it be established on a Christian basis. Carlyle declared that "the abyss lay before society unless the Great Man appeared to save it," and Tennyson wrote, "Before Earth reaches her best a God must mingle with the game." But many object to thus identifying the two. Even though superficially alike, they are intrinsically different. To speak of "Christian Socialism" may be an error. But undeniably there is a "*Social Christianity*." The religion of Jesus of Nazareth is broad as the needs and possibilities of humankind. Christianity is foe to all evils of modern society. It aims at the uplifting and ennobling of the masses. It purposes a social transformation and redemption. But in all of its methods it radically differs from Socialism. With unswerving fidelity it champions certain momentous principles. Therefore it connects with modern times, and has a social message to all nations. Christianity has ever been the advocate of the application of the highest social standards to all human relations. In the name of jus-



tice it thus becomes the arch-revolutionist, attacking all forms of oppression and unrighteousness. Against tyranny, pauperism, crime, it is ever a champion. The ideal of "human brotherhood" is synchronous with the birth of Christianity. To the spirit of discord and division it is the bold enemy. The bitterness of class antagonisms and selfishness must vanish where it rules. It disallows hardhearted indifference to the degradation and misfortunes of mankind. By inculcating sympathy and helpfulness it makes the fortunate, the strong, the happy responsible for the betterment of the lot of the heavy-laden. Most emphatically does it declare, "No man liveth unto himself." Ever has it been the chief inspiration toward the framing of laws that minister to the public welfare. No matter of chance is it, as Kidd says, that gradually laws are becoming Christianized. Joseph Chamberlain spoke as a Christian statesman when, referring to the social improvements witnessed by the last half-century, he marveled at the vast progress made in the decrease of crime and pauperism, the larger opportunities for education of the lower classes, the opposition to excessive toil and overwork, the repealing of the laws against labor unions, and the care of the public health. But let us not forget that in this transformation the place of leadership was held by such men as Shaftesbury and Gladstone, proud believers in Christianity and in the social salvation that it was capable of bringing. Nor have we reason to doubt that, as a Christian sense of justice animates not only our legislators but their constituents as well, gradually there will continue to be framed laws that will prevent the heartless selfishness of individualism, with its iniquitous systems of accumulation and centralization of wealth. Surely at no distant date may we expect laws that will regulate competition by humanizing it; that will aim at some kind of social equality by providing at the expense of the rich the best opportunities for the education and improvement of the poor. A thoughtless socialism views these momentous achievements as matters of course, mechanically resulting through some blind process of evolution. It forgets that practical Christianity commands men to "regard each other as brothers, and to coöperate for mutual helpfulness and happiness." Christianity's purpose

is indeed "to substitute love of neighbor for love of self by framing institutions that make the substitution possible" and in which altruism is assured. Our present social order may be at fault, but we agree with Fladden when he says, "Instead of pulling down the existing order, the thing to do is to enlarge its foundations. The reform needed is not the destruction, but the Christianization of the present order." Were vital Christianity put into operation, almost all of socialistic agitation would be unnecessary. It asks for an opportunity to apply its principles.

Again, Christianity differs from Socialism concerning its starting-point in reform. The latter system begins with the group, and believes in reform exclusively by the wholesale. It begins with society "at the top, and works downward" until it reaches the individual man. Christianity reverses the process. Understanding human nature better, it begins with the individual. By radically transforming his nature it substitutes good-will and sympathy for selfishness and indifference. It converts him into an influential, conscientious unit in the larger group, consciously and unconsciously laboring for the social betterment of all. Nor can there be any doubt as to the wisdom of this process. The only way permanently to save society is to save its individuals. Justice, kindness, brotherhood are empty terms until they become concrete in individuals, vitalized by the Christian spirit. Indeed, as Socialism itself claims, the fundamental problems of reform are ethical in import. Nor can these ever be solved until moral standards be given a ruling place in the life of each human being. But ethical ideals become dominant in social life in proportion to the number of separate units controlled by them. In overlooking, therefore, the strategic significance of the transformed individual, Socialism destroys the possibilities of accomplishing the miracle of an established ideal society. Christianity, on the contrary, lays mightiest stress upon the character of each man. It is keener enough to see that most of the grievous ills now harassing society will disappear when a sufficient number of Christianized individuals exist to control public sentiment. Then can the truths of Christ work out through these as centers of light until all of humanity's gloom is dispelled. Nor must we overlook the fact that

Socialism demands for its successful operation just those ethical qualities which Christianity alone has power to create. It takes for granted that were land nationalized, or wealth democratized, or competition removed, or society leveled, then immediately greed and injustice, hard-heartedness and tyranny would disappear. What a baseless hope! History disproves it. Reason rejects it. Men's hearts would still be the same despite improved environment. The un-Christian spirit, even under the new regime, would show new obsessions and break forth into new tyrannies. Brotherhood and justice are the miracles of God's indwelling in men's souls. Only he can change their purposes and motives and make them willing to surrender self-interest to the welfare of all. Without the restraints and propulsions that Christianity offers Socialism would be wildest anarchy. Nor will Individualism loosen its grip of greed until Christianity writes its creed of altruism. Only when Christianity becomes regnant can we hope for such a nation as Socialism sees in its dreams. Our need is, as Taylor states, for "men who feel that life does not consist in the abundance of material possessions, who regard stewardship as nobler than ownership, who see in the ultimate outcome of all true work issues reaching beyond the limits of the present dispensation, and who act faithfully and strenuously on these beliefs." No nobler, more far-reaching work, therefore, can be done than that accomplished by Christianity, when, recognizing that society is composed of persons capable of living in right or wrong relations toward each other, it insists upon the "changed heart" for each human being. Humanity is loth to acknowledge how many of its social ills are the black harvest growing from the guilt and iniquity in particular men. Socialism's charge must be denied, that the present social order in itself is responsible for crime and degradation and pauperism. Our worst social ills are those breeding in the unregenerate heart. These will disappear only when each person recognizes the sacred solemnity of life, and seeks to bring himself into conformity with Christ. The primary need of this age, as of every age, is more Christianity. Paternalism in government is no substitute for individual righteousness. Less insistence upon improved externals, and more

stress upon inward holiness, would usher in a greater new era than even the wildest reformer advocates. Nor by this is meant that any Christian can be indifferent to political and industrial progress. Anything that brings in that broad "Kingdom of God" that is synonymous with blessedness and righteousness and contentment among men must ever be of primary concern to every follower of Christ. But "His Kingdom" can come only as each one of the children of men is willing through his deeds to say, "Thy will be done."

In another respect also does Christianity make its priceless contribution toward the social betterment. To each human being does it point out his social obligations, imposing upon each the duty of ministering to the welfare of others. Spencer, in his *Data of Ethics*, argues for that kind of State in which there shall be a reconciliation "between the interests of each citizen and the interests of citizens at large, tending ever toward a condition in which the two become merged in one, and in which the feelings answering to them respectively fall into complete accord." But by what agency can such a State come into existence? Only Christianity has power requisite for such a herculean task. It alone uproots "egotism" and substitutes "service." Theoretical Individualism and Socialism are in a sad dilemma. They behold the ideal State afar off, but are powerless to bring men into it. Christianity knows how to make "self-interest and benevolence balance." Its ruling motto is, "He that seeketh his own life shall lose it." Socialism is strong destructively. Only too often do its criticisms blossom forth into bitterness and partisanship and lawlessness. Christianity is as wise a critic but a truer conservator. It guarantees the good of all by abolishing the selfishness of each. As Kidd declares, "Something more is necessary to bring about the ideal condition of society than to draw a ring fence around our borders, to suspend the competitive forces, to organize society on a socialistic basis, and to see that conduct is dictated by enlightened self-interest." The altruism that Spencer advocates will not result through some upward moving process of evolution inherent in society itself. Society left to itself sickens and dies. Christianity is custodian of the sacred panacea. In the name of

God it heralds to all the world, "Each man must be his brother's keeper."

Too often Christianity has been interpreted in an ingloriously narrow spirit. Too often it has been indifferent to its high privileges and careless of its heavy obligations. Too often its voice has been silent against existing social injustice. Too often it has been disobedient to its heavenly visions. But it awakes, thinks, feels, acts. All human interests begin anew to feel its holy influence. It condemns the killing selfishness of an unrestrained policy of "laissez-faire." It champions coöperation and profit-sharing and equality of opportunity. It becomes sponsor for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. It is the vindicator of wrongs. It stands guard against injustice and inhumanity. It sees in man the image of God and endeavors to make him a worthy child of the Highest.

From the standpoint of Christianity must we therefore make our social forecast. The greatest factor in the settlement of social problems must be Christianity. Socialism will be discarded not because it is revolutionary, but because it is insufficient. A prodigious impress have its arguments made upon the heart and mind of humanity, reacting powerfully upon Christianity in demanding new standards of righteousness and good will. Nor is its work yet accomplished. By uncovering the ills that weaken humanity it arouses the sleeping Christian conscience and awakens the spirit of broadest Christian statesmanship, but the final task is intrusted to Christianity. It must bring in the golden age. Who can doubt its all-sufficiency? What miracles in social regeneration it will work when opportunity is given to put its far-reaching precepts into practice! Humanity's unrest will be quieted when all recognize that Christ came to be man's social Saviour as well as his spiritual Redeemer.

Philip H. Frick.

## ART. X.—THE STATE: HOLY AND CATHOLIC

IF sanctity and catholicity are notes of the true church, they are also notes of the true state; for, if the members of the church realize character-ideals by attaining personal holiness and developing the catholic spirit, so, also, as subjects of the state, they realize the civic ideals by perfect obedience to the moral law and by perfect love of fellow men. The true church and the true state are never far apart: he is the enemy of both church and state who advocates their divorce. In the Divine Mind they are one: the church is not sovereign over the state; much less is the church the subject of the state. Theoretically, ideally, every subject of the state is potentially a member of the church; that is to say, he *cannot* and *does* not *fully* function as a citizen unless he realizes the truth of his existence as a subject of that spiritual kingdom of God which is the true church. The first office of the church, therefore, is to define and enforce the civic duty of the state's subjects and of the powers that be. Hebrew prophet and Christian apostle long ago discerned this with aggressive vision, and declared it with dominant and aggressive self-assertiveness, and, of course, were speedily branded by corrupt rulers as trouble-makers, impracticals, idealists, dreamers, disturbers of the peace. Had they confined themselves to the limp, prosaic "pastoral offices" of preaching, visiting the sick, teaching the youth, they had not been sawn asunder, burned at the stake, and driven to the darkness of caves and dens of the earth; but they were impelled by high sense of duty to command kings in the name of God and summon peoples in the name of justice. Whenever the "man of God" has failed to see this, or when, seeing this, he has shrunk from the task of demanding that the state shall fulfill its functions as a moral organism, that is to say, as a moral person, subject to the same laws as those which govern the individual life; when the "man of God" fails of this supreme office, he becomes a jejune timeserver, earning his reward in the salary paid by an apostate church.

If, in the United States, in the second decade of the twentieth



century, the church lacks power, it is because it abandons politics to the agnostic, atheistic, corrupt, sordid campaign manager whose sole measure of success is the triumph of his party. On the great, vital questions of government, which are specifically the subject matter of the true preacher of righteousness, the church is dumb, lacking unity. In the first place it has no authoritative message, and retreats from the field of politics, having no program of legislation, no scheme of administration, no canons of judgment—a negative organization which the practical politician safely ignores. There is no “church” vote, although there is a “saloon” vote. At intervals, and more frequently during the first decade of the twentieth century, the church has been adroitly forced into open conflict with the saloon in the open arena of political campaigns against the dramshop, but it still remains true that the typical churchman resents the parson’s activity in politics. Even in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the august founder of which consistently meddled, as he said, in politics, nothing is quite so immediately fatal to a preacher’s personal popularity as open identification with a new political organization, or employment of his pulpit for the purpose of propagating the principles of governmental reform. The parson is expected to keep peace with men who, in actual life, affiliated with pagans in the administration of government in the city, State, and nation, compromising with them for the sake of some “party.” A Methodist votes without protest a ticket which is nominated by a gang of gamblers, profane swearers, grafters, whoremongers, and indorses a platform which systematically ignores his “religion—and vehemently denounces his pastor for “sensationalism” if he presumes to attack the flagrant bribery which gains the adherence of the floating vote. One of the most devout and devoted preachers whom I have ever known, a man of consummate spirituality, who, in the discharge of his prophetic office, felt it right to denounce bribery and other forms of political corruption in his city, was astounded to discover that he had made enemies of his own official members—who, besides contributing to his support, had bought votes and otherwise corrupted the franchise. Hostility to him became so vicious that he found it necessary to request another appointment! Instead

of bringing the bribers and grafters to trial, in order to maintain the moral integrity of the church, it was found to be less difficult to remove the preacher. What is the result? The state has everywhere become secularized to the point of crassest agnosticism, atheism, and paganism, and the church has lowered its standards of holiness until Christian perfection has become a "fad," and abandoned its ideals of catholicity until the caste spirit has rendered impossible a true apostolate to all sorts and conditions of men. Few preachers now emphasize sanctification as the ultimate of Christian discipleship, and fewer still proclaim the Pauline principle of universal unity in Christ.

The "revival" will come when the ministry shall assert that the state is not foreign to the church, and that the member of the church is morally bound to articulate politically as a believer in the *political Christship* of Jesus. Whether as a voter, a councilman, a member of the Assembly or of the Congress, the churchman is under obligation to act without compromise as one who is directly responsible to Almighty God. He cannot vote for battleships, because "war is hell." He will not tolerate the liquor traffic, because it is the sum of all villainies. Always he will discern the right and advocate it. Always he will see the wrong and antagonize it. Before his eyes hovers the vision of a state which enacts laws in harmony with Law, and his will acts in accord with that apocalypse whose most glorious prophecy was of a world kingdom which had become the kingdom of the Lord and his anointed. This may be a dream, but it is the dream of that apostle of Jesus who, in the isle of his solitude, saw in the future the founding of a nation in which liberty, equality, brotherhood, and coöperation shall supplant slavery, caste, inequity, and ruthless competition. Emerson says: "The only consideration of the state is persons." "The highest end of government is the culture of men." But the only consideration of the church is *persons*—and the highest end of the church is the culture of men; which is to say that the state and the church are one in their ends: they are so essentially identical that the functions of the one may be defined in the terms of the other. Therefore, if the church does not require a confession of belief in the holy catholic state as

a condition of baptism, it is because it is implied in belief in the holy catholic church. The good Christian is a good citizen: his vow embodies itself in a vote. To transmute religion into politics is the end of his moral activity, and to conserve politics in religion is his supremest function.

Ideal church in an ideal state is more than a free church in a free state; it means that distinctions between the two institutions of God, instead of being differentiated without antagonism, are lost in a true democratic nation organized for the communal administration of law. John Wesley's "Methodist Societies" were tentative efforts to fuse religion and the common life, to found an order in which the social, political, industrial, and economic interests should be controlled by the law of perfect love. In them appeared a prophecy of the ultimate church-state, in which freedom and fellowship shall become supreme, in which each man shall govern himself in love of man and love of God.

*G. M. Hammell*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

---

### NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

---

BISHOP WILLIAM F. ANDERSON characterizes the Bible thus: "The charter of all true liberty; the forerunner of civilization; the mold of institutions and governments; the fashioner of law; the secret of national progress; the guide of history; the ornament and mainspring of literature; the friend of science; the inspiration of philosophies; the text-book of ethics; the light of the intellect; the answer to the deepest human heart-hungerings; the soul of the strong heart life; the illuminator of darkness; the foe to superstition; the enemy of oppression; the uprooter of sin; the regulator of all high and worthy standards; the comfort in sorrow; the strength in weakness; the pathway in perplexity; the escape from temptation; the steadier in the day of power; the embodiment of all lofty ideals; the begetter of life; the promise of the future; the star of death's night; the revealer of God; the guide and hope and inspiration of man."

---

### GLIMPSES OF THE SOUL OF GILDER

WRITE "Richard Watson Gilder" on any page and you turn the rest of that page into the setting for a jewel. To coin the air into the syllables of his name is to transmute oxygen and nitrogen into additional gold currency for the world. Special reasons exist for inscribing that name on the pages of this REVIEW. To it he was an occasional contributor of articles, and for them he always refused to accept pay. Of Methodist parentage and education, his soul was true till death to the faith of his fathers. Marrying a Protestant Episcopalian and worshiping with her did not make his ancestral church less dear to him. Even Professor George E. Woodberry detects and comments on the persistence of the essentially Wesleyan note in his poetry:

Much of Gilder's verse is exhortatory; there are many hymns and private prayers. It will surprise those who are not familiar with his poetry as a whole to find how preoccupied it is with religious questions. God, Christ, immortality, sin, and sorrow—these are constant in his brooding; and amid

the strangely mingled veins, there is always something that harks back to the old faith, the childish nurture, the large hope. In some things he was nigh to Wesley, and it shows in the various voices of his verse, in his belief in the beneficence of sorrow, which is most Christian, in his philanthropy, in his humilities, in his fervency. The chrism of his birth is on him, and, however enfranchised, he always speaks as a child of his old church.

Because what Woodberry says is true it may be meet, right, and our bounden duty to make memorial mention of Gilder as one of Methodism's choicest products; and we may without impropriety write of him here in a way which might not be suitable elsewhere, but which even non-Methodist readers will not regard as improper on these pages.

To speak of the soul of Gilder is eminently fit and proper, for above all things else he "believed in soul, was very sure of God," made the most of his own soul, and of the souls of others. At a gathering of physical scientists, talking with some of them, he said, "I'm interested chiefly in things of the spirit; my study is the soul." "Well," laughed one of them, "you may search me." Gilder's reply to this is in his verses entitled "Souls," published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, voicing his incredulity that high souls perish like beasts of the field or the jungle. It was utterly incredible to him that all the high potencies that throbbed in human souls, and the intensive fires that made them men, not stones nor stars nor trees nor creeping things, and gave identity to every soul, making it individual and alone among myriads, could slip out of being and be lost, eternally extinguished and blotted out. Before he himself went he gave order: "Call me not dead when I have gone into the company of the ever-living."

In most cases ancestry counts for much. When young David went forth against Goliath, King Saul said to Abner, the captain of the host, "Inquire thou whose son the stripling is." Captain Abner failed to ascertain and report; but the king attached so much importance to the matter that when the stripling came back from the fight and stood before the king with the giant's head in his hand, Saul said, "Whose son art thou, young man?" And David answered, "I am the son of thy servant Jesse, the Bethlehemite." In the royal mind this was of some significance. And whatever the dogmatic or dubitating scientists may teach concerning heredity, the question, "Whose son is he?" is always pertinent and the answer is often enlightening, partly because parentage generally determines early environment, partly also because the propensities and master-passions of the father are as apt to surge in the blood of the son as parental features are to reappear in the face of offspring.

Richard Watson Gilder was the son of Rev. William H. Gilder, a member of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was the natural and normal product of a ministerial home. The Christian virtues, integrities, and graces were the guardian angels, intimate comrades of his childhood. His youth grew in knowledge and wisdom under the inspiration and tutelage of ideals high and pure and large—ideals intellectual, ethical, and altruistic. Loudest of all inviting voices and most alluring of all lures in the surroundings of his young life was the call of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, to whose fine fosterings his soul was so responsive, docile, and dutiful that they gave tone and color to his whole life, their influence becoming more and more overmastering as his years passed into their declining decades.

Not only the quality of Gilder's soul but the particular bent of his activity was early determined by heredity and environment. Studying and thinking for purposes of effective expression is the constant intellectual occupation of the minister, the chief mental industry that goes on in his home; and the children growing up therein are likely to be influenced toward the study and practice of expression either in oratory, or in literature, or in art. Examples of this are numerous, and a little cluster of three of them happens to lie at this moment directly in our path. In middle New Jersey, within a circle describable by a radius of twenty-five miles, and within the eight years between 1836 and 1844, were born three boys in the homes of as many Methodist ministers. Rev. John Buckley, at Rahway, named his boy James Monroe; Rev. William H. Gilder, at Bordentown, named his Richard Watson; Rev. Benjamin Kelley called his William Valentine. Those three boys came, in the course of time, to occupy for many years editorial chairs within rifle-shot of each other in New York city, the first in the office of *The Christian Advocate*, the second in that of the *Century Magazine*, the third as editor of the *METHODIST REVIEW*. The mention of this coincidence will interest parsonages and is sufficiently relevant here to be pardoned by other homes if pardon need be asked. Richard Watson Gilder took to writing very early, carried printer's types in his pocket instead of marbles, and at the age of thirteen was editing and printing with his own hands a tiny paper. Taking this direction so early, his life, however diverted at times by circumstances, invariably returned to the course into which it finally settled. The number of literary careers dating from ministerial homes is large and not a few of them important; a most notable instance of



which is now before the public in the literary prominence of the three sons of Archbishop Benson.

Among Gilder's most amiable and engaging traits were his loving pride in his parentage and his loyalty thereto. Of this a couple of incidents on notable occasions afford a glimpse.

A few years ago the New York Methodist Social Union arranged an evening of ministers' sons; no others spoke; Gilder was one of the speakers. His own Methodist ancestry seemed to him a theme as suitable to that occasion as it was congenial to his own heart; and he talked about it as simply and informally as if at an old-home reunion of relatives and familiars. The subject also chanced to be at that moment uppermost in his mind, for the reason that he had been recently in Philadelphia looking up the records of his grandfather, who was John Gilder, a builder (whose name and occupation, chiming together, were enough to set rhyming agoing in the family). This grandfather built Girard College and with his own hands laid its corner stone, so that the anti-clerical spirit of Stephen Girard, if it saw anything earthly, saw the corner stone of his college put in place by a Methodist class leader, which must have been almost as grievous to the prejudiced soul of Stephen as if it had been laid by an ordained minister of the gospel. Grandfather Gilder, besides being a religious leader, was an enterprising and progressive civic force, an active and influential member of the City Council. (At this point in the story which Richard Watson Gilder told the Social Union, he paused to interject a wondering query as to how much the Philadelphia City Council is nowadays under the leadership of Methodist class leaders.) The old records of the City Council show that John Gilder was one of the chief advocates for permitting the introduction of illuminating gas into Philadelphia, against the stout opposition of timid unprogressives who argued in agreement with Sir Humphrey Davy that so inflammable and explosive a substance would surely blow up the city and destroy a multitude of lives. This grandfather spent his last years in the home of his son, Rev. William H. Gilder, then principal of Saint Thomas School at Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., where the boy, Richard Watson, regarded the good old man with veneration, and heard many sacred words and devout expressions fall from his aged lips, especially in the chamber where the godly patriarch breathed his last, and when his reverent mind, wandering on the verge of life eternal, was full of Bible words and prayer meeting and class meeting talk. Gilder related how his grandfather, like the father of William Hazlitt, the

English essayist, "went on talking of glory, honor, and immortality to the last." When Richard Watson Gilder, speaking at the age of sixty to the New York Social Union at the Savoy, had finished with dear old John Gilder and was about to refer to his own father next in order, his voice was in danger of breaking into a sob, and he was prevented by his emotions from going further on that subject. Then and there we felt the throb of Gilder's soul, filial, tender, loyal, and affectionate.

A similar manifestation was witnessed at Wesleyan University in commencement week, 1903, when the college celebrated the bicentennial of John Wesley's birth. The exercises on Tuesday evening consisted of a masterly portraiture of Wesley as a Man by Professor C. T. Winchester, and a poem by Gilder, whose participation in that particular celebration was most fitting because of his Methodist ancestry and his name, Richard Watson; while his presence at Wesleyan University on any occasion was natural enough, because it was his father's college and would have been his own, too, had not the Civil War and his father's death deprived him of a college course. With Dr. J. M. Buckley offering the prayer and the writer of this record presiding, this also was to a fourfold extent an evening of ministers' sons. Before the exercises began, Gilder said to the chairman of the evening, "If I break down please take my manuscript and finish the reading for me"; to which the uncomprehending chairman blindly responded, "There will be no need of that, I am sure," and thereafter sat wondering what the poet's request could have meant. After more than sixty lines in praise of Wesley, Gilder came, in the reading of his poem, to a remembrance of his own father, who was chaplain of the Fortieth New York Regiment and who died of smallpox at Brandy Station, Virginia, in 1864, while ministering to the spiritual and physical needs of his soldiers, suffering with that loathsome disease in the regimental hospital. Gilder's tribute to Wesley closed with this prayer:

Send us again, O Spirit of all Truth!  
High messengers of dauntless faith and power  
Like him whose memory this day we praise,  
We cherish and we praise with burning hearts.  
Let kindle, as before, from his bright torch,  
Myriads of messengers aflame with Thee  
To darkest places bearing light divine!  
As did one soul, whom here I fain would sing,  
Since here in youth his gentle spirit took  
New fire from Wesley's glow.

And then came this filial tribute:

How oft have I,  
A little child, harkened my father's voice  
Preaching the Word in country homes remote,  
Or wayside schools, where only two or three  
Were gathered. Lo, again that voice I hear,  
Like Wesley's, raised in those sweet fervent hymns  
Made sacred by how many saints of God  
Who breathed their souls out on the well-loved tones.  
Again I see those eager, circling faces;  
I hear once more the solemn-urging words  
That tell the things of God in simple phrase;  
Again the deep-voiced, reverent prayer ascends,  
Bringing to the still summer afternoon  
A sense of the eternal. As he preached  
He lived; unselfish, famelessly heroic.  
For even in mid-career, with life still full,  
His was the glorious privilege and choice  
Deliberately to give that life away  
For country and for comrades; for he knew  
No rule but duty, no reward but Christ.

When the poet in his reading reached this tender reference to his father his voice grew tremulous, almost inaudible except to those in the front seats. Emotion came near choking his utterance entirely; the now comprehending chairman leaned forward on the edge of his seat, ready to obey Gilder's request; but in a few moments the reader controlled the inward tumult, recovered his force of utterance, and proceeded with distinctness. Then and there we felt once more the sensitiveness, the surging affectionateness of Gilder's soul, deep and tidal like the sea. This filial tribute calls to mind Matthew Arnold's homage to his father's memory in "Rugby Chapel":

But thou wouldst not *alone*  
Be loved, my father! not *alone*  
Conquer and come to thy goal,  
Leaving the rest in the wild.

Therefore to thee it was given  
Many to save with thyself;  
And, at the end of thy day,  
O faithful shepherd! to come  
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

It recalls also from Jean Ingelow's "Brothers and a Sermon," that good old village pastor, "so anxious not to heaven alone." The spirit and faith of his father fired the soul of Richard Watson Gilder. He,

too, was, in his way, a preacher and prophet. To one who praised "The Gay Life" he cried warning and alarm:

"Gay"!—as the hot crater's crust all lightning-lit—  
But one tread more, and horror of the pit!  
"Gay"? Yes, for a moment, and then weeping sorrow,  
With wild remorse to meet the dawning morrow.

Through his parentage he received by heredity and caught by contagion the passion for saving and serving men, a passion which came from the heart of Christ into the soul of Wesley and made him mighty. J. R. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, after noticing the effect of the Methodist revival upon religion and morals, goes on to say: "A yet nobler result of the religious revival was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor. A passionate impulse of human sympathy with the wronged and afflicted raised hospitals, endowed charities, built churches, sent missionaries to the heathen." When Gilder was ill in bed from sheer exhaustion after the overstrain of his year's unsparing labor in investigating the condition of the tenements in the slums, we told him that what ailed him was that he was his father's son, troubled with a Christian conscience and burdened with an inescapable sense of responsibility for the welfare of his fellow men and for the saving of the world. This he freely admitted, and said emphatically that the explanation was perfectly true, ascribing the impelling motives of his life to his father and his father's faith.

It might be interesting to hear the readers of Gilder's poetry guess which of the Nine Muses was the main source of his inspiration and presided over his literary work. About this probably he himself knew best, and we happen to have his own word for it. Once, when we wrote him expressing appreciation of his most recent poem, and our wonder that a man of sixty, carrying so many and varied responsibilities, engaged in so many practical movements, and leading all the time so stirring and strenuous a life, could produce so much good poetry, he wrote in reply: "The good old Methodist Lord, who, I sometimes think, is, after all, my chief Muse, has been very good to me of late." And he went on to say that more poems had come to him in the two preceding years than in any equal period of his life. Addressing a thousand college girls at Wellesley, this man, who was the embodiment of exquisite sensitiveness, critical literary and artistic taste, and refined culture, talked of "the good old-fash-

ioned power of salvation." In temperament, tone, and conviction Gilder was true Wesleyan. Under a gentle manner and soft voice was a white heat of spiritual emotion, a depth of tender sympathy, a copious flow of sweet and noble feeling. The genial sunlit, warm-hearted, and fervent faith which sweetened, brightened, and ennobled the home of his childhood was congenial as well as congenital.

A newspaper man had a glimpse of the soul of Gilder one evening in one of the thronged streets of the lower East Side. The column-long account in the New York Sun was headed "A Poet in the Slums." It pictured the editor of the Century Magazine mounted on a dray that was standing idle in the street and discoursing earnestly to the motley polyglot crowd that swarms at night in those "smelly" streets. The gaping crowd, halted by the unwonted spectacle, listened wonderingly to this poet trying to impart to them some of his own ideas and ideals for their enlightenment and uplift. From the refined comfort of his home this artist-soul, after a day of toil, had come down into repulsive conditions for the sake of poor, ignorant mortals, impelled thereto by the divine notion, the benign Christian superstition, that he was his brother's keeper, and that the strange, unfortunate folk in the slums were his brothers. The reporter did not concern himself much with the poet's message to the proletariat, but seemed chiefly impressed with the pathetic futility, almost absurdity, of the effort, since what was said must be mostly unintelligible to the tenement house crowd, toward whom the poet was reaching across a great gulf. Yet the Sun reporter could have nothing but respect and admiration for the high-souled gentleman who was capable of such a mission, and his account closed with a note almost reverential. However futile this sentimental altruistic expedition into Slumdom seemed to the bright young newspaper man, the "Poet in the Slums" came to be the slum's best friend and the most potent practical force that ever undertook the reform of abuses and relief of miseries for the benefit of the suffering tenement house population in New York. In 1894 exposures of the shameful and cruel conditions of many tenements led to the appointment by Governor Flower of a commission to investigate these conditions and report, the governor naming Richard Watson Gilder as chairman. It wrought a revolutionary and lasting reform, and is known to this day as the Gilder Commission, because the chairmanship and the chief burden and credit of its work was his.

Some picturesque reporter might have written up "A Poet as

Fireman," picturing Gilder in fireman's helmet and water-proof suit, running to fires with the engines, at all hours of the night, till he became almost an idol with the fire department, which had orders to call him for every fire in the tenement region between bed time and morning, in order that he might study for himself conditions and causes of the all-too-frequent and disastrous fires there. When a visitor from England in 1911, familiar with the slums of English cities, tells us, after going through the slumdom of our American metropolis, that our slums are paradise compared with the dark, gloomy, sunless courts and alleys known to him in the East End of London, he is unwittingly paying tribute of praise to Richard Watson Gilder, to whom more than to any other one man the tenement regions owe their light and air and sanitary conditions and children's play grounds. This "Poet in the Slums" was a miracle-working good angel to the friendless and defenseless. His heart "mothered" the children of the slums, and his splendid rage fought fiercely against plutocratic greed and the hinderers of reform even when, and most of all when, the infernal opposition came from that richest of ecclesiastical landlords, the Trinity Corporation. We cannot help longing for a statue from the hand of his friend, Saint Gaudens, of the slender figure of this "Poet in the Slums" mounted on a dray like a street-preacher, or rushing into a blazing tenement in fireman's uniform. To serve and to save, in a spirit not less than Christ-like, was the impulse and the purpose of his life. And all this was largely due to the Christian hands that rocked, and the prayers that diffused their holy fragrance around, his cradle.

Gilder had the soul of a noble citizen. New York was the city of his heart, and in many a line he sang with enthusiasm of the

City of glorious days,  
Of hope and labor and mirth,  
With room and to spare on thy splendid bays  
For the ships of all the earth.

Dear was the murmuring Delaware that afar through his childhood flowed, and dear the four little crystal rivers that gave name to his Tyringham farm amid the green Berkshire hills; but, to the heart of this great citizen, no music was ever "half so sweet as the thunder of Broadway." "This is the end of the town that I love best," sang Gilder of Washington Square and its neighborhood when he lived there in a vine-fronted house, in a region having literary associations and a Latin Quarter. There, where Fifth Avenue starts out of the



little park on its long and increasingly magnificent northward reach, stands now a great white arch, shaped not very unlike the Arc de Triomphe which crests the Champs Elysée. Reared to commemorate the Father of his Country, it may be regarded as also in some degree a memorial of Gilder, since it was placed there through his initiative, advocacy, and active urgency. That arch of stone is a lasting token both of Gilder's love for art which he did much to foster, and of his love for his town, which he did his best to make the City Beautiful and Righteous. To call him a superb and ideal citizen is no exaggeration. Certainly no other man of letters ever resident in New York served the city so unselfishly, variously, valiantly, and memorably; none has left so deep and durable a mark on its face and fortunes; not Washington Irving, nor R. H. Stoddard, nor E. C. Stedman, nor even George William Curtis. Carrying the welfare of the city on his heart, he could not sit with folded hands, merely wishing that ill might cease, but must needs off with his coat for hard work to right whatever was going wrong. And to this end he was "ready to preach, or pray, or fight, or sing a song," whichever would serve the good cause most. When he saw that this huge Town was a place

Where love of God had turned to lust of gold,  
And civic pride in private greed grew cold;  
Where foul corruption stained the judge's gown,  
And where the base-born broods, like beasts of prey,  
Ravaged the treasure-house by night and day,

then heroic rage flamed in his soul; his gentle fingers clinched into a fist; his song turned into a sword, with which he smote in splendid fury. Once, in the heat of a political struggle, the vulgar and malignant yellow journal which had instigated the murder of the gentle and Christianly McKinley by cartooning him persistently as a hideous and hateful monster, too abominable to live, sneered at Gilder as a mild "imitation of a young girl"; offering thus unconscious homage to his fineness and spotlessness, and posing his slender, spiritual, patriotic figure in contrast with the thick-necked, heavy-jawed huskies who were bullying and brutalizing and looting the town.

Nothing is more wise for a city than to monument its most worthy and useful sons. A suitable Gilder Memorial should be inevitable. From Columbia University comes the proposal of a fund of \$100,000 to endow scholarships in that institution to train men for the "Promotion of Good Citizenship." This, while not unsuitable, seems a somewhat cloistered memorial, removed from public sight,

for a career so public and stirring. Nearer the people he served most, and the scenes of his most humane labors, is the suggestion that a bust of Gilder should look down on one of the Children's Playgrounds which he secured.

But would not a monument in some most central and public place do more for the city's credit and for the instruction and uplift of future generations? As good old Peter Cooper sits forever benignly in bronze in Cooper Square, so a statue of Richard Watson Gilder might well ornament Madison Square; and the fitness of things might be served if it should replace the inartistic and uninspiring effigy now occupying the southeast corner, recalling little more than imperious, strutting, and petulant leadership of a splitting and rancorous faction in one political party in a period already and desirably wellnigh forgotten—a figure whose conspicuous presence is to the community a mystery and a mortification.

To those who love a man it is not his fame that makes him dear. One friend remembers most in Gilder his smile, his daily living, and his eyes. In days when he misses him most, he wishes the long day through for a sight of Gilder's smile. When he heard poets chanting over Gilder's dust, "his shining deeds, his star-strewn way," what seemed lovelier than all in his recollection was just Gilder's pure and simple living day by day. And this friend's tribute to Gilder closed thus:

Nor spires nor creeds have ever yet  
Fashioned for me a paradise;  
But all my unfaith I forget,  
Remembering his eyes.

In self-communication, the most wonderful medium of expression is the face. In human nature's canon, the book of Revelation is at the front, not at the back; the face is an apocalypse, revealing the soul and reflecting its visions; the most expressive feature being the eye, the special organ through which the spirit leans out on the window sill and looks at us. At the Gilder Memorial in Mendelssohn Hall, New York city, where Charles E. Hughes, Hamilton W. Mabie, Jacob Riis, Talcott Williams, and Nicholas Murray Butler spoke, only once was mention made of Gilder's eye and then in quoted words not over-apt, "His mild and magnificent eye." His was not an "eye in a fine frenzy rolling." It was too grave and sober for even the slightest touch of poetic frenzy; though sometimes in the midst of animated practical conversation his eyes went dreamy in an instant, as if they

saw past us and beyond to some land that is very far off or had vision of some King in His beauty. The only eyes that Gilder's made us think of were those of Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, as we saw them many years ago in his Florentine studio, while he went about among his works explaining them to us. His Greek Slave was not so fine as the sculptor's eye, almost bovine in size and serenity—large, benign, tranquil, ruminating, full of meditative seriousness and spiritual calm. Charles Reade declared he had never seen such eyes as Hawthorne's, and Bayard Taylor spoke of them as the only eyes he had ever known to really flash fire. An old gypsy woman, meeting young Hawthorne on a woodland path in his student days, gazed with wonder on his handsome face and into his dark blue eyes, and asked, "Are you a man or an angel?" In his poem beginning "Call me not dead," Gilder thinks that, if he should meet Keats wandering in starry places, he would know him by his eyes, though he had never seen Keats. We who have often looked into Gilder's eyes could, by them alone, easily know him among thousands of thousands in the starry places. And the soul that half revealed and half concealed itself in them was fit comrade for the highest of "the bright intelligences fair in circle round the blessed gates."

A living soul and a quickening spirit, a potent, pervasive, and inciting force was Richard Watson Gilder, always and everywhere the presence of a good diffused.

He cried "Nay, nay!" to the worldling's way;  
To the heart's clear dream he whispered "Yea!"

In Browning's words, he held hard by truth and his great soul; did out his duty; and

Through such souls alone  
God stooping shows sufficient of his light  
For men in the dark to rise by.

## THE ARENA

## PRISONERS OF HOPE

## PART ONE

ONCE upon a time, there was a Man who was a thinker, and who saw concrete things in their relation to truth, which is the greatest thing of all. Now, the Man was an idealist and an optimist, or he thought that he had been; but, sometimes, when he saw things that were hard and cruel and materialistic, he wondered whether he were still an idealist and an optimist.

One day, as he crossed the great river, he saw a cripple, haggard and helpless, crouched in the lee of the iron wall of the big bridge, waiting mutely for pennies to be tossed into his cap. Within a yard of him, on the other side of the iron partition, the heavy engines, roaring and steaming, rushed the long trains over the bridge, to and from the city. It was an engine which had hurt him one day by starting while he lay on his back beneath a car, oiling its wheels. The crowd passed by carelessly till the Man came. He stopped to speak and to give a coin. Yet, in spite of suffering and of indifference, in the eyes of the cripple there was a light of hope; it tinged his mute appeal with grace and redeemed his face from sordidness.

Now, where the bridge ended, the great city began. And, on one of the busiest streets, in a corner between two shops where the wealthy and the fashionable went to buy Parisian products, the Man saw a poor paralytic selling shoe laces. All day he sat there, helpless, stationary as the wall itself. At night, a neighbor from a far-off tenement district used to come and carry him home in a wheelbarrow. Few noticed him, so common had the sight become. Yet, in the depths of his eyes, too, there shone a light; and hope saved him from despair.

Far up on the western hill, beyond the city, above the river, the Man went to a hospital wherein were gathered the maimed, the halt, the blind, the forsaken, who must, perforce, eat the bitter bread of charity; wherein were pain and sorrow, and death forever coming. And one old woman said, wearily, anxiously: "Pray for me, that I may have an easy death." Yet, while all of this was true, and while some wore out their tired, nerve-racked days in anguish of soul, in the eyes of most there was a light of hope, even in the eyes of the troubled one who prayed for an easy death. And life was not all wretchedness and distress, even for the incurables, for hope was there.

The Man called on an aged clergyman, a veteran in the service of the church, whose income was as nothing, a mere stipend. For the clergyman had spent his life for the church, without adequate compensation, and the little he had saved by scanty living had been lost in a broken bank. He was even too weak and too poor to go any longer to the church he

loved; yet there was a calm, confident hopefulness in his manner which gave him the look of one who endures, as seeing the invisible. Hope it was which gave to all of these the power to wait and to suffer.

#### PART TWO

There was a student whom the Man knew. He was a type of all real students, for he was a seeker after truth. In the laboratory and in the library, on the open field and in the lecture room, he sought to know truth as living, breathing men in all ages have sought it. Poet, philosopher, scientist, all brought their share of abstract truth to him; and he worked with his books as a man works for his life. Why? For the hope that was in him that he, also, might, some day, enrich and beautify the world by his conception of life and of what it means.

A teacher, too, there was, the type of all true teachers, whose life was one of service to high ideals, of devotedness in the midst of disappointment, to what ought to be the issues of life. To his students, as thinking men, he gave his vision of life. And, when they were careless, forgetful, flippant, hope still lurked in the corners of his heart and lighted his face. For, here and there, among the frivolous, he thought he saw an eager face. And he taught gladly.

And then there was a minister whom the Man knew. He, like the student and the teacher, did his work in much of uncertainty and of disappointment, and some lack of appreciation, but with the same hope which they had of bringing something of truth, of life, of beauty to at least a few.

The great surgeon of the city, to whom the Man went one day, was pacing his office floor in an agony of suspense. "If I could only know that the child would live!" he cried. "But, O, the bitterness of uncertainty! I never take up my knife without a great hope of helping; but, if I could only be sure! I can only hope." Just then a nurse came in softly and said, "The little girl is sleeping," and the surgeon's face lighted up exquisitely.

#### PART THREE

The Man saw a beautiful girl betrothed. Blushing, tremulous, half hesitant, knowing the vagueness of the things before her, she would have faltered, even at the altar, if it had not been for hope. And later, when she was, while still young, a widow and an orphan, there was sweetness in her bitterness, for hope was alive, the hope which is eternal and divine, which sees beyond the bounds of human life, and realizes the invisible.

And the Man said:

"I see it all now. These are all 'prisoners of hope.' The cripple, the paralytic, the dying woman, the veteran clergyman, the student, the teacher, the minister, the surgeon, the bride, the widow, all are 'prisoners of hope,' bound by the sordid or the unfortunate, by the exacting or the uncertain, by the terrifying or the disheartening conditions of a life too little comprehended; all are prisoners as long as this life lasts. But hope is with them. And hope is the saving of every one of them from all

that hurts and baffles them. The little baby, reaching out unconscious hands to the sunshine, hopes, and does not know that he hopes. The man who has passed into the beyond has a smile upon his face, a smile like that of which glimpses are seen in all brave, struggling faces, for he has found that which he had hoped for, the full realization of life, unfettered at last."

And the Man knew that, in a chastened, but confident way, he was forever an idealist and an optimist; and this because of all those, in the great present and in the great past, who had been "prisoners of hope," and because of those who should also, in the great future, forever and ever, be "prisoners of hope," reaching out through concrete cruelties and hardness and disappointment, and through joy and success as well, to the great thing, up to which abstract truth leads, to the meaning of life itself, revealed by hope.

GRACE L. ROBINSON.

Rensselaer, N. Y.

#### BIBLICAL FIGURES OF SPEECH

THE Bible contains the most unbiased history. The evil is recorded along with the good without fear or favor. Hebrew prophecy, when put alongside the literary productions of all ages, is unique. The poetry of the Bible is sublime. The poets of the world may well bow down at the feet of him who penned,

The heavens declare the glory of God;  
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.  
Day unto day uttereth speech,  
And night unto night showeth knowledge.  
There is no speech nor language;  
Their voice is not heard.  
Their line is gone out through all the earth,  
And their words to the end of the world,

and thus throughout the beautiful psalm, closing with that personal prayer which should be breathed by every earnest heart:

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart  
Be acceptable in thy sight,  
O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

Search the pages of the books of the world, and in your search include the latest rhetoric, and you will find that not a single new figure of speech has been added to language since John, the beloved disciple, laid down his inspired pen. Not only does the Bible give to us all the figures of speech that have been used in the past and are being woven into language at the present, but it also gives us the finest specimens on record.

If one is looking for the epigram, the book of Proverbs is filled with them from beginning to end. If we are in search of the most sublime interrogation, we must turn to the fortieth chapter of Isaiah and climb with the author those interrogatory steps as the great prophet mounts higher and higher in his conception of Jehovah: "Who hath measured the waters in



the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the spirit of Jehovah, or being his counselor hath taught him? With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of justice, and taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding?

To whom will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him? . . . Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? It is he that sitteth above the circle of the earth. . . . The everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding."

The antithesis that most strikingly arrests the attention of man as a free moral agent is that in Deut. 30. 15, given by the first inspired writer: "See, I have set before thee this day life and good, death and evil." That figure of speech called the parable really has a touch of divinity. The parables that are worthy the name fell from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake. If you doubt it, try to write one. Strange as it may seem, the most cutting ridicule and sarcasm clothed in irony fell from the lips of the gentle Jesus as he effectively silenced the Pharisees.

Is it the simile we are seeking? Listen to David in the one hundred and third psalm as he takes his flight:

For as the heavens are high above the earth,  
So great is his loving-kindness toward them that fear him.  
As far as the east is from the west,  
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

After the psalmist has taken us upward and outward and onward in his grand flight to describe the mercy and forgiveness of God, he rests us in the loving arms of our heavenly Father with the most beautiful simile on record:

Like as a father pitieth his children,  
So Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.

If it is the metaphor you are seeking, you may stand again in the presence of the psalmist as he pens that metaphor of all metaphors, "Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want." Search all literature and you fail to find one that excels.

The synecdoche that has provoked the best thought of all ages was voiced by the prophet of Uz, as well as by the sweet singer of Israel, and quoted by the inspired writer of the book of Hebrews: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" while the exclamation reaches a climax as the prophet pronounces woe after woe upon the drunkards of Ephraim.

Would you have a sentence embodying the hyperbole? Strange, again, it seems that we must listen to the Master and hear him give the hyperbole that has never been excelled. Imagine the hook-nosed Jew going through the process: "Ye blind guides, that strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel!"

Personification is a strong figure of speech. To behold this figure in

the greatness of its strength, we must stand with Paul as he looks into the conquered sepulcher and gives to the world the grandest message of all ages, clothed in the figure of personification: "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The greatest apostrophe? Where shall we find it? Again we turn a listening ear to the voice of King David. This time he is not "walking beside the still waters," nor beholding the glory of God in the heavens and his handiwork displayed in the firmament, but is, figuratively speaking, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. The son of his youth lies cold in death. The forgiving heart of the great king overflows as he climbs to his chamber of prayer, and he gives to the literary world the apostrophe of all apostrophes: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

We stand enraptured in the presence of the metonymy. We turn the pages of literature in search of the choicest gem. To find it, you must take ship and sail to the Isle of Patmos and lend a listening ear to John the Revelator. He swings his great telescope of vision and looks away into the future and sees the onward march of the King of kings and the Lord of lords. He is shown the hope of every Christian heart and the culmination of all Christian effort. The picture is photographed on his inspired soul and he gives it to us in the gem of all metonymy: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." Nothing like it in all literature.

Should the rhetorical mind be in search of the climax, that figure or speech that is unsurpassed in language, he must listen to the voice of Isaiah speak cheerfully to Judah as his telescope of prophecy pierced seven dark centuries and he has caught a glimpse of the star of Bethlehem. Listen to the great prophet as he reaches a climax that has never been surpassed: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." This climax in prophecy is the climax in literature as well. Pause a moment and consider the fulfillment as seen through the eyes of the four Gospel writers. Matthew sees him as the Wonderful, Counselor, Mark describes him as the mighty God, Luke brings him so near that we see the everlasting Father, while John exalts him as the Prince of Peace—a climax in prophecy and a climax in the fulfillment.

The Bible is a wonderful book considered from the standpoint of figures of speech. Food therein for the most cultured of men. It is worth the reading for this alone, and yet in the reading we must not overlook the culminating purpose of it all as recorded in the closing words of John: "But these are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in his name."

J. A. ALFORD.

Helena, Mont.

### THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

#### IS THERE A DEARTH OF ELOQUENCE?

ONE of our ablest magazines had a striking editorial, entitled "The Dearth of Eloquence," called out by the study of Washington's Birthday oratory. Speaking on the addresses delivered on that occasion, the writer says:

Not a few of them spoke well. Two or three said something worth cutting out of the paper. But if there was in any one of the speeches delivered that day a single paragraph of the sort that stirs the blood and thrills the nerves as only true oratory can—if there was a single paragraph distinctly and nobly eloquent—we have missed it, and are sorry. For we should decidedly like that sensation. It is a long time since we felt it. Diligent reading of pretty nearly every line of the debates during the special session last spring and summer failed to yield it.

Further, speaking of the men who have ability and facility in our public life, whose work, while the writer does not depreciate it, he regards as inferior to that of men of the past, he says:

But that brings us near the end of the list of names that can even be considered in this connection; and if one turns from the best speech ever made by any one of these we have mentioned to a page or two of Webster's Bunker Hill Oration, or the Reply to Hayne, or to what we have of Patrick Henry, or to Fisher Ames on the Jay Treaty, or even to Clay, who does not read well—to any one, in fact, of the time-tested orators—the men of to-day simply cannot stand the comparison. They may satisfy the intelligence and not offend good taste, but they do not powerfully arouse the emotions, they rarely appeal at all to the esthetic sense—to the sense of oratory as a great and noble art, perhaps the greatest of all arts. Macaulay, reviewing Mitford's Greece, and coming to Demosthenes, admits his faults, but is lost in admiration of "that irresistible eloquence which at the distance of more than two thousand years stirs our blood and brings tears into our eyes." Is there an American now living whose oratory is likely to stir anybody's blood or to bring tears into anybody's eyes two hundred years hence, or a hundred years hence, or twenty years hence? Is there an Englishman, either, for that matter? Extraordinary and exciting as was the recent campaign on that side, it brought out not a single echo of the "Jong roll" of Gladstone, nothing even that suggested the deep feeling and the noble simplicity of Bright. There are in England, as with us, questions at issue which are surely great enough to provoke great oratory, but the great orators do not appear. Explanations in plenty suggest themselves; but explanations do not compensate; they do not even always explain.

This is worthy of consideration on the part of thoughtful people who are interested in the advancement of the race. From the beginning of history orators have been appreciated and they have always exerted a great influence on national life. It is considered a rich asset of a party

when it has found a real orator, one who in substance and form can hold and influence the public mind.

The article, however, suggests the question whether the same is not true with regard to preaching. It is felt by many that pulpit power has greatly waned during the last quarter of a century. It is not claimed that there are no great speakers, no cultivated men occupying our pulpits; it is not claimed that there are no forceful speakers; but it is no mere pessimistic view when one says that the preachers of the present generation have not the power over their audiences of those of the past generations. We are aware that it is argued that the intelligence of the people has greatly advanced, there is more equality between speaker and people, and, therefore, the impressions of public address are less effective than they would be in times when intelligence was not so widely diffused. We do not think, however, that this solves the problem.

Let us take as a test thirty years ago. We are in England; one is proposing on Sabbath morning to select some great preacher whom he would hear for the day. What a host of names would rise up before him of commanding power and yet of different forms of oratory! He would inquire about going to Saint Paul's to hear Canon Liddon, or to Westminster Abbey to hear Dean Stanley, or to Spurgeon's Tabernacle to hear the celebrated evangelistic preacher, or to hear Stopford Brooke, or Canon Farrar at Saint Margaret's; and so we might go on with the names of those who would excite extraordinary interest and whom to hear would be regarded as a great privilege. One goes to London to-day; there are great preachers, we could name them, and perhaps there are many whom the writer of this does not know, but it seems to him that he would hardly feel that he had the range of selection with regard to eminent preachers that he had at the time indicated above.

It may be said that the speakers of the past are magnified and that these of the present day will have as much luster in succeeding generations as those have now. We may not say what will be, but at present we join with the writer of the editorial mentioned above with regard to secular eloquence, that to our view, while there are many great pulpit orators, proportionately to numbers, they are not as many as there were at the period mentioned. If we assume this to be true the question arises, What is the cause? And one of the great causes, in the mind of the writer, is the lack of a great grip on fundamental truths; the lack of a positive message. This is an age of intellectual confusion in theological lines; of individualism in which each man is asserting the peculiarities that grow out of his own attitude toward truth. He is not the possessor, as a rule, of the mighty convictions which made the mighty men and must always make them. The great orator and the great man cannot be made from negations; he must have a message which he feels in the very core of his being; such a message as Savonarola, as Augustine, as Wesley felt; a message which is all-absorbing, and which he realizes that the world must hear if it would be saved.

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

## THE ODES OF SOLOMON

DR. J. RENDEL HARRIS has once more, by a second, enlarged edition of the Odes of Solomon, recently discovered by him, rendered valuable service to the students of archæology and early church history. These Odes were found not in the original, but in a Syriac translation. The manuscript is supposed to be from the region of the Tigris, and is probably between 300 and 400 years old. Though the first and last leaves are missing, the manuscript is otherwise in a splendid state of preservation. It contains not only the Odes, but also the Psalms of Solomon. Owing to the missing first leaf, the first and second Odes, as well as the initial words of the third, are wanting. Fortunately, however, the first Ode is reproduced from the *Pistis Sophia*, an old apocalyptic Gnostic book in the Coptic (Thebaic) language, written in the third century of our era.

The Odes of Solomon, referred to in more than one list of sacred books in the early centuries, and quoted at some length in *Pistis Sophia*, where we have, in more or less complete form, Odes 1, 5, 6, 22, and 25, had been classed for a long time as one of the lost books. The Odes are referred to by Lactantius, a Latin writer of the fourth century, and are mentioned in the *Synopsis Sanctæ Scripturæ* by Anthanasius. Nicephorus, Patriarch of Constantinople, about the beginning of the ninth century, placed the Psalms and Odes of Solomon in his *Stichometry*, between the apocryphal books, *Ecclesiasticus* and *Esther*, where they are said to contain 2,100 verses.

The Psalms of Solomon have been known to Bible students for a long time. Ryle and James have published an excellent edition of them under the title: *Psalms of the Pharisees, Commonly Called the Psalms of Solomon*. (Cambridge University Press, 1891.)

Now, these Psalms, eighteen in number, are preserved to us in a Greek copy; without doubt from an original Hebrew or Aramaic. As already said, the last leaf of our Syriac manuscript is wanting; thus the end of the seventeenth and the entire eighteenth Psalm are lost. This is of no capital loss, as we have them preserved in the Greek version. It is very generally supposed (the argument being based on internal evidence) that the Psalms of Solomon must have been written about the time when Pompey invaded Syria and captured Jerusalem, circa B. C. 63. This is not the place to discuss these Psalms, so we shall, with the simple statement that seventeen of them are found in the Syriac manuscript, pass on to the discussion of the Odes.

As stated above, the first Ode is not found in the Syriac collection, but restored in translation from the *Pistis Sophia*, where it is designated as the nineteenth Ode. This is explained by Harris on the supposition that in the collection of Solomonian Psalms known to the author of the *Pistis Sophia* the eighteen Psalms of Solomon stood first, and not, as in the

Syriac collection, in the last place. The original collection must have contained forty-two Odes and eighteen Psalms. Of these we have all but two in our Syriac manuscript.

Dr. Harris has published both Odes and Psalms in a scholarly volume, with text and translation into English, with copious notes and commentary and a brilliant introduction. The entire work is done in so lucid a style that laymen may read it with profit and pleasure.

It is natural that so important a find should be of international interest. Germany, as could be expected, has produced more than one translation and has discussed the manuscript in many of its learned publications. Professors Ungnad and Staerk have given us an excellent translation with many notes, etc., with some corrections by Dr. Harris. This little brochure, owing to its scholarly nature and low price (less than twenty-five cents), will prove a benediction to students and others, who cannot afford to invest \$5 in Dr. Harris's great edition.

There is another translation into German by Johannes Fleming. This is edited by Professor Harnack, and published in Gebhardt and Harnack's *Texte und untersuchungen*, Leipzig, 1910.

It is a pleasure to say that these three translations, though independent of each other, and though differing in some minor points, are in the main quite similar. Thus there can be no doubt that we have in these translations a very faithful and accurate reproduction of the original. No doubt, however, but that further study of the Odes—and there is a great deal of it at present—will throw some new light upon them.

The origin and date of the Odes are mooted questions, for upon these points Harris and Harnack disagree. Charles, Spitta, Staerk, and others follow Harnack, while Gunkel, Wellhausen, and others less known agree with Harris, who regards them as the product of some Jewish Christian sect, written in the last quarter of the first century, and thus coetaneous with several of the canonical books of the New Testament. They are, for the most part, from one hand, probably a man of Gentile birth, but well indoctrinated in Jewish thought. Speaking of the unity of the collection, Dr. Harris says: "The very elevation of the thoughts of the Odes is an index of a single personality. Even if we cannot identify him, we are sure that the writer was a rare spirit, and rare spirits do not agree with multiplied authorship. When our odist is at his best, he is certainly one, and not many. A good way to test for unity of authorship is to group together those Odes which have the same ideas similarly expressed." Take again the following: "The language suits the first century better than the second, and the Church in Palestine better than that in Asia Minor, Greece, or Egypt."

Harnack, true to his German instinct and training, maintains that the Odes are of composite origin, the principal part (*die Grundschrift*) being the work of some Jew living between B. C. 50 and A. D. 67, with many and lengthy interpolations by some Christian editor, about A. D. 100.

Professor Cheyne, not to be outdone by the Berlin professor, suggests another redistribution, thus: 1. The original Jewish Odes; 2. The Christian Interpolations; 3. Christian Odes and Fragments of Odes.



Whether Harris and his followers, or Harnack and his disciples, have the more correct view is a matter that will become clearer with closer study. But, whichever opinion will prevail, one thing is certain: The study of these Odes will throw much additional light upon the evolution of the Christian faith and doctrines, and will show, in a new light, the very intimate relation between the best type of Jewish mystics and the leaders of some of the Judæo-Christian sects in apostolic times. The reader of these will find remarkable correspondence between, not only the thoughts and sentiments, but also with the very words and terms found in the writings of John, such as the total surrender to the will of God, so as to secure peace and harmony to the soul of man. Now this is important, for it has been argued, with some show of learning, that John could not have written the fourth Gospel, because the ideas therein expressed must have belonged to a later age than the first century of the Christian era. These Odes, written as early as the days of Saint John, silence very effectually such criticism; for many of the ideas objected to were current in Jewish circles even before the time of the beloved disciple. He gave expression to them because he had been saturated with such teachings all his lifetime. John, having become a disciple of Jesus, simply clothed his doctrines in language familiar to the school of thought in which he had grown up.

Though there are but very few direct quotations, either from the Old Testament or from the New Testament, or yet from the Jewish apocryphal writings, there is a community of ideas and expressions. "We have clear statements that Christ is the Word; that he is before the foundation of the world; that he bestows living water abundantly; and that he is the door to everything; that he stands to his people in the relation of Lover and Beloved." Then again the familiar New Testament words—hope, love, joy, grace, faith, life, light, and immortality—are found in many Odes.

Then there are abundant and unmistakable references to Jesus Christ. We read that the Son of the Most High appeared in the perfection of his Father; . . . the Messiah is truly one, and he was known before the foundation of the world (41. 14ff.). He destroyed perdition from before him (4). He that is joined to him that is immortal, will also himself become immortal; and he who has pleasure in the living One will become living (3. 10f.).

"In regard to the points of early Christian belief which occur in the Odes, it is clear that the crucifixion is definitely alluded to, less clearly the resurrection; but what surprises is the extraordinary emphasis upon the virgin birth and the descent into Hades. The former of these is in a state of evolution beyond the Canonical Gospels; the birth is explained as painless." We can do no better than reproduce the nineteenth Ode, which, owing to its grotesqueness of thought and language, is acknowledged on all hands to be a later addition:

"1. A cup of milk was offered to me: and I drank it in the sweetness of the delight of the Lord. 2. The Son is the cup, and he who was milked is the Father. 3. And the Holy Spirit milked him: because his breasts

were full, and it was necessary for him that his milk should be sufficiently released. 4. And the Holy Spirit opened his bosom and mingled the milk from the two breasts of the Father; and gave the mixture to the world without their knowing. 5. And they who receive in its fullness are the ones on the right hand. 6. [The Spirit] opened the womb of the Virgin, and she received conception and brought forth; and the Virgin became a mother with many mercies. 7. And she travailed and brought forth a Son, without incurring pain. 8. And because she was not sufficiently prepared, and she had not sought a midwife (for he brought her to bear), she brought forth as if she were a man of her own will. 9. And she brought him forth openly, and acquired him with great dignity. 10. And loved him in his swaddling clothes, and guarded him kindly, and showed him in majesty. Hallelujah."

This strange piece of poetry stands by itself, and when compared with the rest of the Odes it becomes very evident that we have here the musings of a later age. It is impossible to believe that it can be from the pen of him who wrote the other Odes. Indeed, as in all devotional books, it is difficult to classify or group all these Odes, as, for instance, 22, 23, 38, and 39. In these the thought is disconnected and the language highly apocryphal or apolyptical, without a single thread to connect them with any period of history. To some degree, this is true of almost all the other Odes, with the exception of Odes four and six; for in these we seem to have a definite allusion to the temple at Jerusalem. Almost the entire collection is a beautiful manual of devotion, worthy of a place beside the choicest hymnology of any period. "There is not a sad note, and there is hardly a vindictive note in the whole collection. And on the theological side the leading characteristic is experience and not dogma; and experience is much harder to date than dogma and shows fewer of the weather marks of evolution." The author, whoever he may have been, was a genuine child of God, and lived in intimate communion with heaven. He has but little to say of Jewish rites and ceremonies of the Sabbath, festivals, or circumcision. He is equally silent regarding the Christian sacraments and practices.

If the work is mainly of Jewish origin, as Harnack maintains, it shows very clearly the depth of religious feeling in the century before the appearance of our Saviour. But whether the Odes are in the main Jewish or Christian, they are profoundly religious, devout enough to be the product of the first century of our era.

The first Ode, as reproduced from the *Pistis Sophia*, reads as follows:

"1. The Lord is on my head like a crown, and I shall not be without him. 2. They wove for me a crown of truth, and it caused the branches to bud in me. 3. For it is not like a withered crown which buddeth not: but thou livest upon my head, and thou hast blossomed upon my head. 4. Thy fruits are full-grown and perfect, they are full of thy salvation."

Several of the Odes remind us, at least in style and structure, of the *Pilgrim Psalms* or *Songs of Degrees* (120ff.):

"As the hands move over the harp, and the strings speak, so speaks in my members the Spirit of the Lord" (6).

"As the eyes of a son to his father, so are my eyes, O Lord, at all times toward Thee" (14).

"As the sun is a joy to them that seek for its daybreak, so is my joy the Lord, because he is my Sun, and his rays have lifted me up" (151).

In conclusion, we may call attention to Professor Menzies's theory. He explains the apparently Christian allusions from the standpoint of Judaism. He makes the "son" of the Odes as "the ideal Israel, in harmony with the doctrine of the Old Testament that Israel is God's first-born Son," and the language that of a Jewish proselyte, and would call the collection *The Psalms of the Proselytes*.

Dean Bernard, on the other hand, regards the Odes as purely Christian, the songs of newly baptized persons, written about A. D. 150, or a little later. It is needless to say that Dr. Harris adheres to his original view, and thinks that Harnack, Menzies, and Bernard are wrong.

In all criticism of the Odes it seems that there is a general consensus of opinion: The Odes are beautiful in language and profoundly spiritual. No one can appreciate the beauty of style, simplicity of language, and the depth of religious fervor and sentiment, without reading the entire collection. For that reason it is gratifying to know that Dr. Harris has published an English translation containing most of these Odes. (Nisbet & Co., London.)

---

#### A NEW STATUE OF AUGUSTUS

THE soil of Rome and the surrounding region is a veritable storehouse of ancient art and historical treasures. It is easy to see how long new discoveries may continue to be made when one remembers that the level of the ancient city is now buried beneath an accumulation of the centuries which amounts to no less than twenty-five feet in the Forum, thirteen feet on the Corso, and three feet even so far out as the site of the Methodist Building on the *Semita Alta*, now the *Via Ventì Settembre*, on the Quirinal Hill. Until all the vast area and depth shall have been dug up and removed new discoveries may be made at any time.

Only about two years ago the primitive walls of the city of the Palatine were laid bare. Now the most recent important discovery is a remarkable statue of Augustus, unearthed in excavating for the foundations of a new building. Large though this work is, it is one of the best preserved of all coming down to us from antiquity. In completeness it almost rivals the wonderful *Sophocles*. In this new statue the right forearm is lost, but the head and face are nearly perfect, giving us our best preserved portrait of the emperor.

It represents a man of the most aristocratic and noble type at the age of about forty years. The firm poise of the head, the seriousness of the eyes and mouth, and the general expression of suffering shown in the whole face are such as to arouse in one so keen a feeling of interest and sympathy as to cause him completely to forget that he is gazing only at the image of one dead for centuries.

It is recalled that in the year B. C. 23, the Senate granted the physician Antonio Musa the honor of a statue and the right to wear a gold ring in recognition of his services in curing Augustus of a serious sickness. At that time the emperor was forty years old, about the age represented by this statue, and it has been thought that this work may have been executed while he still bore in his face the traces of his suffering.

His toga is raised over his head, as it would have been in performing some sacred or civil rite, and the position of the right arm also suggests a sacrifice.

It should not cause surprise if mature criticism should rank this as one of the truly great finds of modern times. At present it is stored in the building of the National Museum awaiting slight restorations and the settlement of a legal contest before it can be made accessible to the public.

---

#### RECENT EXCAVATION AT JERICO

THE last issue of the *Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient-Gesellschaft* contains the final report of the work done under the supervision of Professors Sellin and Watzinger near and on the site of ancient Jericho. These archaeologists were assisted in their work by Drs. Langenegger, Noeldeke, and Schultze with a force of from two hundred to two hundred and forty native workmen. The excavations were commenced in April, 1907, and continued through three successive seasons, ending with April 2, 1909. No less than \$6,000 was spent during the last season. It is evident from the report, though some very valuable information was gained, that the veteran explorers turn away with the feeling of disappointment; for, apart from the fact that the foundations of the ancient walls—one inner and one outer—were traced at great length, thus enabling the exact location of the old stronghold destroyed by Joshua and his hosts, there were but few objects of special interest brought to light—no scarabs, no clay tablets or cylinders, nor—excepting thirteen jar handles—inscriptions of any kind. Ten jar handles were marked Jah and three, Jahu. The walls, however, showed remarkable workmanship and no little engineering skill "which a modern builder, in the same condition, could scarcely excel." Especially strong and well built were some towers and what were probably the walls of the citadel. It is also quite remarkable that little or nothing was unearthed which could in any way throw light upon the religion of the inhabitants of Jericho at any period of its history. In this regard it differs essentially from other Palestinian sites which have been examined. The area of the town was about twelve acres. It was egg-shaped, about eleven hundred feet long by from three hundred to five hundred feet wide.

**GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES**

[Instead of the usual contents of this department, we substitute a discourse by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst on "Faith," from John 20. 29.]

Thomas represents a special type, not so much a type of mind as a type of character—a distinction important to be observed, as we shall notice further on. Irresolution was his distinctive feature—irresolution of disposition rather than of intellect.

Wherever we encounter him in the Scripture narrative, he presents himself to us in the same aspect as in this incident of our chapter. He is always like himself. In this scene, where we meet him just after the Lord's resurrection, he is not ready to believe in the actuality of that resurrection. He has not a conception of things large enough to take in so momentous an event. He reluctates against whatsoever he has not been accustomed to.

Still earlier, when Jesus had been talking to his disciples about what was to befall him, and told them that he was soon to go away, but that they knew whither he was going and the way he was going, it was Thomas, of course, who replied: "Lord, we do not know whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" in which he exhibits that certain frostiness of temperament which prevents anything like a limpid flow of pleasant and confident anticipation.

Once more he shows himself true to himself and to his type on the occasion of the death and resurrection of Lazarus. Jesus had just said to his disciples plainly: "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless, let us go unto him. Then said Thomas, Let us also go that we may die with him." In the words which Jesus had just spoken, "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe," there was a hidden, a softly sounded note of encouragement, as though to intimate that something great was presently to occur. But Thomas's ear, Thomas's temperament, was not in attune with notes so softly sounded, was not pleasantly sensitive to intimations so delicately suggestive. His nature was too confined to take in more than what was definitely attested fact, and so overclouded as to find especially congenial only the shadowed side of such fact. He understood so much as this, that Lazarus was dead, with all of dread import that that word death could possibly be interpreted to mean; and that understanding induced in him no larger, richer sentiment than that the best that could befall the rest of them was to go and be sharers with Lazarus in his hopeless mortality.

We have not to infer from his appearance, nor from what he is reported to have said, that he would not believe unless he had the opportunity to identify his Lord by thrusting his finger into the print of the

nails—we have not to infer from that that he was unwilling to be convinced.

It is quite possible that the very loyalty he had cherished toward his Master prior to his crucifixion, and the grief he had experienced at his death, while making him more willing to recognize him, made it more difficult for him to be certain of his identity, something as Mary's mourning for her lost Master hindered her discovering him in her recovered Master.

If a friend whom we had fondly loved were to reappear to us after death, the very fondness of our heart would be likely to hinder our believing that it could possibly be he. Things of which we say that they are too good to be true, it is less easy for us to believe to be true. We may then safely acquit Thomas of any charge of being obstinately opposed to recognizing and acknowledging Jesus.

Yet even so it is evident, from the way in which Jesus addressed him, that there was some quality of character which he very regrettably lacked, and whose absence was a serious embarrassment to the attainment of such knowledge as he most needed to acquire; and that, although he was presently able to say, as result perhaps of ocular demonstration, "My Lord and my God," there was a deeper and a richer method of arriving at his conviction than the one which he had pursued. "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Thomas was certainly reasonable, by which is to be understood that he was willing to accept results when they had been demonstrated. The print of the nails, taken in connection with other evidences of identity, made a good case, as Thomas or any other equally rational being would have been prepared to concede.

That mode of becoming convinced satisfied him, but did not satisfy his Master. "Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed"; which is the Lord's criticism upon demonstration considered as means of conviction, at least so far as relates to certain matters—the matter that was then in hand, for example. He says to Thomas, "You ought to have been prepared to recognize me without having been able logically to prove that it is I." This is to set the faculty of faith over against the faculty of sight, and to accord to the former the larger value.

It is with deliberation that we have just called faith a faculty—called it, that is, one of the soul's powers. That power Thomas had failed to cultivate, hence our Lord's censure of him. Thomas was like a bird that had always walked and never found its wings. The ordinary creature, that had legs only, would commend that mode of locomotion, and consider it the only legitimate one, but not so the eagles, bluebirds, and sparrows.

To call faith a power, one of the soul's energies, is to reject all such notion as that faith is only another and pleasanter name for a man's listless disposition to take things for granted. Such notion is refuted by the fact that the world's greatest workers have been men of faith, and great working never comes from a listless disposition to take things for granted.



Big buildings have to have a great deal to support themselves upon. Castles in the air are the architecture of dreamland, and unrecognized in the world's waking hours. When you look at a bulged structure you reason from the amount of it that is in sight to the amount that is out of sight. And you are sure also that what is out of sight is certainly as real and solid as what is above ground.

That is a matter for one industriously to think upon when reading that faith-chapter in the Epistle to the Hebrews, which furnishes the catalogue of the men that did the great things of Hebrew history, such as Samuel and the prophets David, Moses, and back to Abraham, the most giant achiever of them all, and who interestingly enough is known as, par excellence, the man of faith. All of which, to a man who feels things, and appreciates them, is an eloquent reminder that deep faith and large achievement are a kind of Siamese pair, each guaranteeing the other, and that a listless disposition to take things for granted is too airy an unreality to guarantee anything.

The best part of every man's life consists in an experience of things which cannot be proved. It is true what Scripture says that "we walk by faith." But that does not mean that we walk by guesswork. The things that are unseen, and that lie against our souls, present to our souls, but of which all that we can say is that they are there, are really what count most in life, are most determinative of life. Faith is a form of knowledge, but a knowledge of things lying outside the range of ordinary demonstration.

An example of that is afforded in that passage of this eleventh of Hebrews, where it is stated that Moses endured as seeing him who is invisible. His experience reached beyond the region where objects can be sharply lined and dealt with logically. God was a reality to him, but the conviction of that reality was not constructed by any use of major and minor premise. There are, of course, no premises large enough to yield God as the third term of a syllogism. God is unprovable either to our own soul or to any one's else soul. But that does not stand in the way of his reality or of our consciousness of his reality.

And it is said of Moses in the verse just quoted that, although God is invisible, he was as real to him as though he had seen him, so substantial in the support he rendered him that Moses could feel himself held up by it. It was knowledge, and yet, because it was knowledge of something which did not lie within the sphere of logical or sensuous exhibit, we call it faith.

Faith, in the sense in which Scripture uses the term, is not surmise, is not conjecture, is not imagination; it is personal apprehension of the unprovable. It is vastly finer and infinitely longer in its reach than any faculty that we have by which we climb to a conviction along the steps of a logical stairway. It is something like the difference between walking and flying, both of which yield positive results, but one is terrestrial and the other aerial. When Saint Paul in one instance says, "The life that I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God," it is not intended by him to be understood that he does not know in whom he is living, that he is

living by guess, that he is nursing his soul on an hypothesis. "Faith," on Paul's lips and in Paul's experience, is insight; but insight into a region where the senses do not count and where logic is inoperative as means of discovery.

In all our building operations and in all our means of travel and of transportation the world, up to a very recent date, has been accustomed to hug the ground very closely. The progress of civilization is much of it associated with a gradual drawing away from confined points to which at one time men felt it necessary to limit themselves. That little stretch of water we call the Mediterranean was once as large an area as naval enterprise presumed to adventure upon, and only in centuries not long past did the chivalry of the mariner dare to creep out through the Pillars of Hercules and so upon and across the Atlantic main.

Likewise, as just remarked, until very recently, in all our enterprises of transportation and travel, we have kept close to the earth. Twenty-five years ago, and even within a shorter time than that, the possibility of sailing away through the air, as is now being done every day, either here or in Europe, would have been deemed as foolhardy and presumptuous as once it would have seemed to the timid boatmen, along the margin of the Mediterranean, to presume upon the perilous and unvoyaged vastness of the Atlantic. Civilization, in one of its aspects, is a process of getting away from confinement, looking through newly discovered windows, traveling roads that had been untraversed and not laid down in the maps.

Faith understood in the sense of the Scriptures is very much of that order, only relative to facts, principles, and events in the spiritual world. It is, in the phraseology of the Bible, a power of discernment; it is a form of seeing, it is a special style of knowing, and an exceedingly intense style. There is nothing languid about it. Faith is a word that needs to be re-deemed from the vague and irresolute uses to which men and women who are strangers to it have condemned it.

A considerable element of the Christian world is where Thomas was. He wanted to apply to the question immediately confronting him the same type of solution that he would have availed of in demonstrating a proposition in geometry. He was not prepared to recognize Jesus as Jesus unless he could work out that result by the steps of an orderly calculation. Whether he actually proceeded in that way, and did put his finger in the print of the nails, we do not know, but that was what he proposed to do, and it was because he was content to reach spiritual conclusions by everyday methods, even after having walked with Jesus for three years, that Jesus rebuked him. It was as when a mother should rebuke a six-year-old child for letting his eyes be closed and then trying to find the moon with his fingers.

I know the case of a man born blind, who, after his eyes had been opened, did exactly that thing. He had not really discovered his eyes even after the oculist had unsealed them, and would, for a considerable time after the operation, insist on closing them when he wanted to acquaint himself with an object and reach out his hands to feel of it and

compute it with his fingers—a case very much like that of Thomas, only on physical instead of on moral ground.

Men engaged in strictly scientific pursuits are often handicapped by their profession. They are so under the dominance of the scientific method that they carry it over with them, or try to carry it over with them, into spiritual territory and search for God in much the same way that they would search for a suspected planet, and then, because their method yields no results, discontinue their search, substitute no other in its stead and turn agnostic or atheist. Even Job said that "no man by searching can find out God"—which, translated into the terms of scholastic parlance, means that scientific apparatus is inapplicable to spiritual discovery. There is involved something the same incongruity that there would be in estimating the value of a picture by an inch-rule instead of by a cultivated artistic sense, or in trying to determine the Christian warmth of a person's heart by the use of a thermometer instead of by the exercise of a delicately refined conscience.

We are accustomed to designate Saint Paul as the apostle of faith, and yet he is constantly saying "I know"; "I know whom I have believed," and the like, a fact which indicates that to his mind and in his experience, knowledge and faith, so far from being in contrast with each other, were both of them powers of direct discernment, only that by faith he understood a discernment which he specially designates as a spiritual one—a glance into realities which do not become discoverable by any process of reasoning or of argumentation.

The particular function that it devolves upon the faith-faculty to exercise he stated in his oft-quoted words in the first letter to the Corinthians, where he says: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can the natural man know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

And faith, as Scripture uses the term, is that faculty of spiritual discernment. It is a mode of vision, but a vision that glimpses realities that no process of argumentation is competent to lead us up to. The builders of the Tower of Babel tried to reach heaven by putting one story on the top of another. Heaven can be reached but cannot be overtaken architecturally. We are like the Babel-builders, when, in our attempt to climb toward what can be only spiritually discerned, we go about to pile up proofs and inferences. In such matters mere intellectual architecture is as futile for intended results as the constructive work done in the Plain of Shinar.

The essential differences between science and philosophy on the one side, and religion on the other, therefore renders unproductive any attempt to argue an unbeliever into a knowledge of God and a discovery and appreciation of the realities of the divine world. We may take care that our ladder is well planted, and we may make it very long, but it will not be long enough to reach the point where one can confidently step off. It is in this matter that the intellect as ordinarily exercised will not serve us. In this is involved nothing contradictory to intellect or reason. We do not antagonize the steamship by the construction and manipulation of the aeroplane. The two are built and adapted for different elements.

We do not discredit intelligence, nor impute to it any infirmity, by insisting that it is rather by a delicate artistic sense that we detect and fathom the charms that disclose themselves to us in the works of nature and of painting, music, and poetry.

The sum of all which is that faith is the eye through which the soul looks in its search for, and discovery of, the things which the natural eye hath not seen, nor the natural ear heard; that it is not a condition of suspense, dominated by elements of uncertainty and misgivings, guess work applied to the realities of life, God and the soul; that it is the skylight through which the things which are above gain admittance into the intimacies of life, while the lower means of ingress are giving entrance to whatever there is around us that is relevant to life's more commonplace experiences; and finally that it is that organ of the human spirit through which is wrought that quiet strength of assurance which imparts to life all of its choicest value, and which, as in the instances of Abraham, Elijah, Christ, and his later prophets, furnishes the sure foundation upon which to found our largest hopes, and by which to guarantee the durable value of our best services and achievements.

## BOOK NOTICES

## RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.* Edited by SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D. Complete in 12 volumes. Volume IX. Petri—Reuchlin. \$5 per volume; \$40 for advance subscriptions. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1911.

THERE is some fine work in this volume, such as the admirable article on "Ecclesiastical Polity," by our own Sheldon, an anonymous article on "Platonism and Christianity," Thwing on "Religion and Literature," Heinze on "Philosophy of Religion," Herrmann and Beckwith on "Religion," Schlan and Dargan on "The History of Preaching," Kattenbusch on "Protestantism," a supplementary statement by the very high Bishop Hall, of Vermont, showing that the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church are Catholic, the former church "having never accepted the title Protestant," the five articles by the Schaffs, father and son, on the "Reformation," the comprehensive series of articles on the various Presbyterian churches, and much other rich and valuable material, some of it new, some translated from the mother German work. We noted parts of an article unskillfully done, that on "Predestination," in which certain sentences can hardly be understood. We can tell only from later mention whether a long exposition on p. 196, col. 2, belongs to Luther or Zwingli. The abridgment and translation of the second part of this article is clumsy, and the result lacks lucidity and therefore interest. Who would have guessed the large sociological work carried on by the Church of Scotland? In several cities there are labor homes in which men are received who have fallen upon evil days and are anxious to retrieve themselves, and suitable ex-prisoners are also received. There are homes for boys in Glasgow and Aberdeen, where employment is found for them in various trades, and another at Humble, where they are prepared for farm work or for emigration. There is a market garden near Stirling at which men are employed in garden work and trained for country life at home or in the colonies. There are homes for the reclamation of women in town and country. Help is also sent to new settlements in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, and services are maintained (independent of foreign mission work) in various stations in India, Ceylon, Egypt, West Indies, and East Africa, besides chaplaincies in Paris, Dresden, Venice, and Brussels (God knows they are needed), and in the summer in Geneva and Homburg. The present reviewer has preached in the Scotch church in Dresden, where the court dentist, the accomplished and noble-minded Christian gentleman, Dr. Jenkins—an American—is a leading elder. It is hardly a fair statement by Hall that the "Reformers in Europe separated from the several national churches." That does not at all express the historical situation. The town councils, magistrates, princes, pastors, etc., simply went on with the church buildings, church services, etc., as before, reorganizing

them on a more or less Christian basis—very much more, compared with the former basis. There was no "separation." The bishops generally stayed by the rich stuff of the old church, so that the Protestant churches lost what Hall calls the "apostolic succession"; but as they gained much more nearly than before the apostolic ministry, they had some compensation for the loss of the "succession." In the additions by Nash to the article on "Prayer," while he acknowledges that the "person of Christ is inseparable from the idea of God," that consequently prayer is necessarily related to him, and that without detriment to monotheism prayer may "pass through the mind and person of Christ," yet he does not emphasize as he should the fact that the early Christians prayed to Christ outright without the slightest hesitation. According to Christianity, it is altogether indifferent whether we pray to the Father, to Christ, or to the Holy Spirit. Even praying to the Father in the name of Christ would be blasphemy, if Christ were not absolutely divine. All that is excluded in the heathen cult of prayer to Mary and the saints. There is a clear but too short article on "Pragmatism." See also Zöckler's article on "Positivism." Speaking of "Positivism," how many men living know that it was this REVIEW which first introduced to American readers a full and authoritative exposition of Comte's system, in the great series of articles published by Dr. McClintock, the then editor, in *The Methodist Quarterly Review*, January and April, 1852, July and October, 1853, and July, 1854? The author worked from the French, and gave an able and even brilliant statement. Our learned friend, Professor Newman, is not happy in saying that Wesley's anti-Augustinianism was the "Semipelagianism of the Roman Catholic type blended with" the anti-Augustinianism of the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren (p. 422, col. 1). For, first, Wesley's "Semipelagianism" was of that good orthodox variety which he sent over to America in his first service-book, which held that the "condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and works to faith and calling upon God; wherefore we have no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that will." Second, Wesley did not get his anti-Augustinianism from the Moravian Brethren (though he got largely his religious experience from them), but from the Scriptures and from his Anglican father and mother.

*The Contagion of Character.* By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS. 12mo, pp. 332. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, gilt top, \$1.20, net.

FIFTY-TWO studies grouped under two heads—Character and Culture, Character and Success. The author's modest estimate of them is that they are "only leaves falling from the boughs of thought, to be blown down the aisles of time into forgetfulness and oblivion, and not the Apples of Hesperides that Ceres rolled along the Ivory floor in the palace of Homer." He counts them but "sparks struck out on the anvil of events"; and they are, in fact, not of the author's most serious,



weighty, and abiding work. Nevertheless the author's personal quality is in them, with all his lush, affluent, lavish outpour of thought, metaphor, allusion, inexhaustible illustration, rich as the flush of June over the face of the earth. The large congregations that listen in these years in Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church know that eloquence is not dead so long as Dr. Hillis is alive and speaking. Just as we finished writing that sentence our eye lit on this in the book before us: "Milton was a poet, listening to the sevenfold hallelujah chorus of Almighty God. He was an author, whose sentences were flights of golden arrows." That is something like what now goes on in Beecher's pulpit—a rapt and stimulating eloquence, full of high music, sacred choruses, with sentences like flights of shining arrows, or like showers of meteors falling from the sky—an eloquence often quite disabling to the critical faculties. The opening chapter of this book is on "The Contagion of Character," and gives title to a volume made up of talks on a great variety of subjects. The first chapter runs thus: "It was a favorite saying of one of the brilliant orators of the last generation that he could have built a better world than this one by simply making good health catching rather than disease. With all the force of his unrivaled eloquence the orator indicted nature and God because the thistle spreads faster than roses, the plague outruns all the cures of doctors; while slavery, that landed at Jamestown the same year that liberty landed at Plymouth, so far outgrew freedom that at length the demon threatened to choke to death the most beautiful spirit that ever blessed our earth. And yet, all the time that audience was vociferously applauding the orator's sentiment, they were surrounded by a thousand proofs that the world had already been made by God so that good health is catching rather than disease, while truth, liberty, and love are a contagion that spread from soul to soul, and city to city, and state to state. Ours is a world where disease, ugliness, and slavery must needs perish out of society, because they are not catching; while health, beauty, and goodness spread like a beautiful civilization, being contagious for all the earth. Goodness is contagious. Once Wilberforce opposed slavery in the sugar plantations of the West Indies, and that night Wilberforce went out from the House of Commons an outcast and a social pariah, and found the doors of all the great country houses closed before his face. But the love of the poor and weak is a spirit that is catching, and one day Zachariah Macaulay took it from Wilberforce, and spreading, it became contagious among the abolitionists of New England and New York. Just so the idea of a new and free Italy started from Mazzini and Cavour and Garibaldi, and spread until all of the peasants and farmers of Italy were inoculated with the new spirit of health and personal freedom. The time was when there was only one man of light and leading in the Dark Continent—a missionary hero, David Livingstone; but Livingstone's spirit became contagious, and his black servant, Susa, caught the spirit of heroism, and then it spread to Stanley and Baker, until the whole Dark Continent is becoming aflame with light. Here also is Japan, with once only Commodore Perry and a handful of teachers, and China, with

once only Morrison and a book; and Burmah, with once only Judson and a new ideal of religion; and India, with once only William Carey, and now millions of children and youth in the schools of that tropic land. Only time is needed for Livingstone to repeat himself in every man in Africa, because goodness is a contagion. At last, far off—at last—every individual on this planet will stand forth of health, happiness, and wisdom, righteousness and love all compact, and the world will be struck through and through with ripeness. For goodness, like a beautiful civilization, is a contagion that is sweeping over all the earth. The explanation of the contagious power of goodness arises from the fact that each individual carries with him a physical, mental, and moral presence that is equivalent to a magnetic circle. The powerful personality radiates force even as the glowing coals radiate heat. Through his superior nature Orpheus was said to have charmed the lower animals into subjection; but earth's heroes and leaders literally fulfill this tale of magic, mastering our reason and subduing our will. Froude exhibits Julius Caesar, drawing men unto him, as a magnet draws particles of iron and steel. The rude Roman soldiers could no more escape the magnetic presence of their general than they could dodge the gravity of the earth. That most interesting writer, Hamerton, was deeply impressed by the statement that Napoleon's hand-grip was like a powerful electric shock. Endeavoring to explain the Little Corporal's mastery over men, the author reflects that one touch of the lion's paw magnetized Dr. Livingstone and made him indifferent to its bite. Thus, argued Hamerton, great men carry some mysterious power by which they fascinate the reason and master the will. Just as the sun pervades all space with its light and heat, so man, small, indeed, of physical stature, carries a diffusive and pervasive presence that fills the home and street with an atmosphere that withers, or outpouring influences that bless. Notable as has been the atmosphere of power in which the sons of greatness have walked, for majesty and beauty there is nothing in history comparable to the invisible, indescribable effluence that exhaled from Christ, and was the secret of his personal influence. In what a blaze of light he lived! What sweet allurements had he for the common people! With what wonder of enthusiasm did the multitude crowd and press upon him! The speech of this youth of three-and-thirty effulged with sayings that the ripest scholars of centuries have never been able to fathom. What an atmosphere of hope did he diffuse, in that wrecked and ruined publicans and sinners should feel dead and dormant powers stirring and coming forth to life before his sacred look. Righteousness in others is white as a snowflake, but often also as cold. His spotless heart was stained through and through with sympathy for human sin and suffering, even as the rose is stained red with rich colors. Solitary by the greatness of his life and the power of his love, in what an atmosphere of influence did he walk! If the centurion, the ruler, and the priest approached him with mingled awe and hesitancy, if the captain and his soldiers quaked in his presence and fell to the ground before his all-piercing look, little children found in him an instant and familiar friend, and, climbing

upon his knees, heard comforting words and knew the love influence. The children of prosperity, with their unhappiness, the children of weakness and want, men high and low, men bond and free, with all their hopes and dreams and prayers and penitence, pressed unto Christ and poured forth all their treasure before this divine friend. It was as if the summer had assembled all its blooms and blossoms and shed all this treasure down before Christ's feet. Great was the charm such a political savior as Garibaldi exerted upon followers who for him were willing martyrs. Great, too, the enthusiasm that clansmen of Scotland felt for such a hero as Robert Bruce, for whom men gladly died if only the beloved chieftain might combat and conquer. In 1851, when the Hungarian hero, Kossuth, visited New York, the patriot stood forth clothed with such weight and majesty of character that on the day of his reception people on either side of Broadway dropped their tools, closed their stores, forsook their tasks, and, massing in and about the central street, the tides of enthusiasm rose in the multitude like the tides of an advancing river. We are also told that when Robert Burns made his tour through Scotland, the mere announcement that the poet had arrived at some inn, perchance at the midnight hour, was sufficient to call from their slumbers all the people within a radius of miles, assembling to hear and see the poet, whose presence filled men with transports of delight. Yet, when the influence of leader or orator, of statesman and artist, and political savior, are united and melted into one new and glowing conception of heroism, yea, and multiplied a thousand times, they seem entirely inadequate to account for the spell and the charm that Jesus Christ cast upon the people, from whom he could not be hid. The atmosphere of influence that was large and divine in Christ exists in lesser degree in all God's children. None are so little or so low that character can be hid, or the soul's light be concealed. Character is self-revealing. Goodness shines in the face, love leaps in the eyes, sympathy thrills in the voice, while kindness of heart shows itself like sweet ointment upon the hand. Never was opposition so intense and never hatred so bitter and cruel as for him. Piteous the tragedy of his execution, but dying, his love overflowed upon his lips in the prayer, 'Father, forgive them—they know not what they do.' And that goodness, pity, and love spread from Jesus to the twelve disciples. One day Peter stood up, and met hate with love, blows with forgiveness, and that beautiful spirit spread to the three thousand hearers. Then the contagion began to move rapidly; the three thousand became seven thousand; seven thousand in a century became a million. From the cross on Calvary the Nazarene stepped to the throne on the Tiber. The concentric circle widened from Jerusalem until the rim touched Damascus and Athens to the north, Rome and Spain on the west, and still the contagion of Christ's character, his spirit of pity, good will and love, spreads in ever-widening circles of blessing, like a widening and enriching summer. To-day the very statesmen are working upon no other problem than this—how to translate the spirit and teachings of Christ into the laws of the republic's life. And when the contagion of his goodness hath completed its transforming and en-

riching work, all codes will be just, all institutions ethical, all governments humane. And the property, office, and political privilege, so long concentrated in the hands of an elect few, will be diffused as means of good fortune among all the millions of the earth." Dr. Hillis's talk, "After Vacation," runs thus: "Now comes the autumn, with its cool twilights, its clear, crisp mornings, its tonic air. Gone the sultry August days, with their lassitude! Gone the sweltering nights! Gone, too, the desire to drift and dream and float with the stream—to 'loaf and refresh one's soul.' A new spirit is in the very air. In August nature rests her fruits that she may ripen them. Summer perfects, autumn harvests. The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness is fully here. Once more Ceres, goddess of harvests, is abroad in the land. Slowly she walks through the fields. Entering the orchard, she fills the apples and pears with ripeness to the core. Staying in the vineyard, she lends a purple flush to the grape's rich cluster. Now she gives a golden luster to the shock and drops the robe of beauty over oak and hickory, over elm and maple. Autumn is a wonder-worker. Catching her spirit, the whole land has awakened to unwonted industry. At daylight to-morrow morning thousands of women and men will be in the vineyards of western New York and Ohio gathering grapes. Already in Minnesota the hum of the thresher is heard in the land. Soon the huskers will be in the fields, because the corn is fully ripe. To-morrow granary and storehouse and barn will be filled to overflowing. The task of gathering the richest harvest this country has ever known is already under way. The lesson of the hour is work, ambition, planning—in short, how to harvest the treasures of the summer. For weeks men have been lingering beside the seashore or dwelling in forest, near river or mountain. With browned faces, clear eyes, and happy hearts they have now returned to the crowded city. To-morrow morning they will be at work. The very atmosphere of the city will change. Business will take on a new energy. What an appetite men have for work! In July the task was irksome. Now, rested, the worker finds that every duty brings delight. The body and mind are full of accumulated strength. This new energy also is priceless. It must be saved, not wasted—converted into new ambitions and better plans. In the wheatfields, after the reaper has gone by, the gleaner comes, carefully picking up every golden straw. Later the herds are turned in that they may find the mouthful of grain that the gleaners missed, and thus nothing is lost. Not otherwise is it to be with the new life. For young and old alike, therefore, these days are days for planning. The youth must convert his new energy into a new tool or a new garment or a new book. The new strength is a challenge to better work. By planning the boy can double the wisdom accumulated in a single evening. By planning the merchant can double the output of his office. By planning the house-wife can double the task and save her strength. Our inventors are giving us better tools. Gone the old medicines. Gone the old wagons and cars. Let the old, listless, unorganized, drifting life go with them. Success means planning. At the very beginning of the new season, therefore, lay out your work. There is a tonic in these cool, crisp, stimu-

lating mornings. Let there be a new spirit in the life within that answers to the rich autumn world without. Even for the farmer autumn is the time for sowing just as truly as spring. In September the farmer sows the fall wheat. He knows that when the young wheat is well started nature will send a snow blanket to keep the young plants warm and safe through the winter. Then, next June, he will harvest his autumn wheat just as next autumn he will harvest the spring wheat. For the farmer all the days are linked together. All months for him are months of sowing. Life also must be full of new beginnings. In these September days every man ought to open at least one new furrow, start one new plan, begin one new friendship, open up one new line of reading or research, develop an interest in one new philanthropy or reform or department of church work. No man has ever done enough. The best is always before us. No matter what success you had yesterday, there is a richer achievement to be gained to-morrow. God always keeps the best of the wine to the last of the feast. Life is not behind you; success is before you. Yesterday is a granary that holds seed for to-day's sowing. Great is the harvest to-morrow. It is this spirit of hope, work, varied interests, and incessant activity that lends happiness to life, and it is happiness that makes work successful. Not less important is it to carry the vacation spirit straight through the year. Now that we have gotten the fever and the hurry out of the blood, have recovered self-control, let us try to keep both. The city life is the best life in the world, providing the worker can keep the poise and equanimity of the country. Every day man must fight against the spirit of too great rushing and pushing. It is perfectly practicable to carry the vacation spirit with one throughout the year. 'How can I run my brain at high-pressure action without injury to myself?' I am asked. Only by having a few minutes' vacation each day, a little vacation each week, and a little vacation spirit throughout all the year. It was this thought that was in the mind of John Richard Green. The great scholar reaped many honors, but at the close of his life he said one day that he had learned that it was not genius, a great drama, a great picture, a palace, an exalted throne, that brought happiness, but rather it was the half hour in the open air in the morning, successful work for eight hours during the day, a half hour's chat with a friend, a little gentle music, a fire, an easy chair, and a quiet hour over a good book when the day's work was done, that made life worth living. These secrets of happiness are the methods that we have been pursuing during the vacation time. Now that the summer is over, therefore, let us carry this gracious, genial, and successful vacation spirit into all our work."

---

#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*The Why of the Will.* By P. W. VAN PEYMA, M.D. 12mo, pp. 66. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, cloth, 80 cents, net.

NEAT and attractive in appearance this little volume readily invites the attention of the reader. Its title appeals to the inquiring and thoughtful mind. And the confidence into which the author takes his reader in



the semi-autobiographical introduction is engaging. But when this has been said, it is with reluctance that we confess the disappointment which soon masters the mind in the process of reading. It is nearly forty years ago, the author tells us in his introduction, that "One warm summer day, while resting in serene and meditative ease, thinking thoughts and weaving fancies with the fresh creativeness of youth, suddenly there came the mental picture, the clear and definite conception, of the necessarily determined nature of human thoughts and human actions." But however much the author may assure us that "further thought and some acquaintance with the literature of the subject have confirmed as well as elaborated the original conception," one can scarcely get away, while reading the book, from the suggested atmosphere of the "warm summer day's serene and meditative ease" amid which the author caught the inspiration which has resulted in this book. Great thoughts that have stirred the human breast and have carried convictions which have strengthened and emboldened human endeavor have not generally come to men in such moods of "serene and meditative ease" as the author here suggests. And it creates no surprise to be told on page 3 of the introduction that "the terms creator, eternal power, forces of nature, and primal cause are employed practically interchangeably." The acceptance of the personality of God in clear and clean distinction from the "forces of nature" would necessarily introduce the factor of the personality of man; while the intimation of personal responsibility which this factor carries would undo a good deal which the interchangeable use of the terms creator, eternal power, forces of nature, and primal cause makes to pass muster in this book. On page 1 he starts out by saying: "Science is based upon the uniformity, the invariability, of the processes, the manifestations of nature." And he sets himself the task of disproving the well-nigh universal opinion "that in the operations of the human mind, including the will, this otherwise universal law finds an exception." And he writes this book "in the belief" (p. 2) that it can be shown that the subject is essentially clear, and that the trouble in understanding arises from preconception and prejudice, from apprehension of supposed moral and religious consequences, and from a superficial, non-critical, and imperfect conception of consciousness." He devotes several pages to tracing the "uniformity of the processes of nature," both in the inorganic and organic worlds, and finds the results in every case "definite and positive. And with the conditions given this could not be otherwise." "The environment and the substance remaining constant (p. 13), the changes or activities are necessarily constant. Similar substances, in the same or similar conditions, must act alike. The substance has no choice or option. Its action or behavior is determined by the reaction between its inherent properties and the impulses it receives from its environment." From this constancy in the processes of nature he infers the like constancy in the conscious, intelligent, volitional acts of man. He traces (p. 15) what actually takes place in an act involving consciousness, deliberation, and volition, and finds "that every impulse received by a living being excites a form of consciousness." Impressions



received by the brain excite certain activities. "A train of thought is started. The subject matter is considered. After due deliberation a decision is arrived at. A definite action is taken. But to determine, amid mutually reinforcing and mutually opposing influences and arguments, the final balance or preponderance, involves a process similar to that employed in the simplification of an algebraic equation, with the resulting determination of the value of  $X$  (p. 17). Of course all arguments or influences are not of equal importance or weight. We are not constituted like the legendary ass, which being of absolutely symmetrical construction, and placed between two equidistant and exactly similar bales of hay, starved to death because it could not decide from which bale to bite." The preponderant argument or influence determines our decision and action. Another essential fact he observes is "that all the factors of the problem owe their particular existence at any given moment, simply and wholly to the natural course or sequence of events. Their existence and their particular nature at any given time are in no sense accidental or fortuitous, but are in reality simply the expressions or results of a natural series of antecedent and consequent, of cause and effect" (p. 19). "The influences which affect and control us are based upon, and owe their existence to, the two facts of individuality and environment. The two essential points in the proposition of determinism are: first, that our thoughts and actions are determined by the circumstances of the moment, individual and environing; and, secondly, that these circumstances or conditions are but phenomena expressing the natural course of events, are but links in the endless chain of antecedent and consequent." "With a free act of the will there would be an act unrelated as to antecedent." Hence the appeal to consciousness is set aside. We are conscious of the period of indecision, and it would seem that this evanescent first stage is taken by many as the complete mental process. But up to this point there has been no decision, no exercise of the will. And instead of dropping out at the first step, self-consciousness rounds out and completes the process. When the preponderance is recognized we know our decision. The will is simply this consciousness, this recognition of preponderance, this conscious decision. Hence "the will is no entity. It is simply a mental state in which we recognize a decision" (p. 22). It is interesting reading, as on page 23, where the author states that on careful examination we find that our willing is not alone always in accord with the facts of our individuality and environment, but that it is naturally and necessarily so, and is in reality only a conscious expression of these facts. This, then, is the author's argument, that as we may say of a physical scale or balance that it wills to turn toward the side holding five pounds as against the side which holds only four, so a volition determined by influences or bound by reason, appetite or other circumstances is dependent, is not free (p. 25). In so far as any serious effort to solve a problem of life is always interesting to thoughtful minds, this is an interesting book. One's attention is certainly aroused by the reading (on p. 41) that belief in a so-called "freedom of the will" is a relic and an inheritance of an unscientific past; an age of

belief in devils and witches, in magic and miracles, in divine interpositions and special providences; that penalty is inherent in the transgression (p. 50), that, according to the doctrine of determinism, we act as we do because we and our environment are what they are. And if the Creator created both, it is his work and the result is his. We are but agents in his hands. Assuming a purpose in the universe, we serve as instruments toward the accomplishment of that purpose. And one admires the cleverness with which the author assures his readers that from this viewpoint there is no difficulty in showing (p. 52) that "the conceptions involved in such words as effort, endeavor, voluntary and involuntary, incentive, good and bad, morality and immorality continue to have real and definite meanings. For whether our activities are foreordained or not makes no difference as to their efficiency or positive nature. No matter how the state of mind which results in works comes about, the work will have its legitimate effect. Effort and endeavor will always obtain their natural and legitimate reward. And so far from removing incentive, determinism permits the recognition of ability and of value which results in work." "Determinism also admits of regret for past occurrences and acts. The fact that an act . . . is determined does not alter its quality. . . . One may therefore deeply regret a certain act while still recognizing that it was a necessary resultant of the actual factors; the state of the individual and the nature of the circumstances" (p. 56). "Remorse, however, in the sense of implying a guilt that was willful . . . is not consistent with the conviction or conception of determinism." This quite prepares us for the closing statements that "determinism is based on no fixed and antiquated creed" (p. 62); that it "places morality on the sound basis of reason and intelligence" (p. 63); and that "as knowledge and wisdom increase, . . . we may finally come to recognize that our consciousness of God is only part of God's consciousness of himself, all bodies, modes of infinite extension, all souls, modes of infinite thought" (p. 65). Enough has been quoted to show the author's mind. There is much good in the little volume. Much valuable material is ably handled. But the feeling of disappointment which took hold of the mind almost from the beginning has not abated as the end is reached. The factor of personal responsibility is weakened. It is weakened to a degree which threatens its extinction. In the interest of common justice, let alone that of the largest good, what noble souls have felt and finest minds have expressed in inimitable ways regarding it can neither be ignored nor set aside by a stroke of the pen. Already Shakespeare says: "We that have good wits have much to answer for." And to say that we act as we do because we and our environment are what they are, tends to give but a wider currency to Professor Tyndall's words to the offender of law: "You offend because you cannot help offending"; and but supports the position of Haeckel, who was the master of both Tyndall and Huxley, outlined in his assertion that "the will is never free." The truer and more inspiring keynote is struck by Bishop Brent, who, in an address delivered at the recent Edinburgh Conference, declared that "no one can deny, no one would care to deny, that God has given man prodigious tasks, and

in so doing he has dignified and honored his creature. We are so constituted that we need the challenge, and the constant challenge, of difficulty. No young life can grow unless it has before it a hard task, not daunting it, but luring it on. We are sons of God, and being sons of God it is not fitting that we should have anything less than a task that will bring out all the capacity of God's children." What Bishop Brent here says in view of the prodigious task of Christianizing the world applies to the equally prodigious task placed before us by the sense of our personal responsibility to a personal God, namely, of bringing out from ourselves and of putting into active play all the capacities and powers which are ours by virtue of our divine descent. And with which task, prodigious as it is, we should not find fault. But rather, in the words of Dr. Seiss (*Lectures on the Apocalypse*, Vol. II, p. 297), we should be "praising and blessing Him (God) for those sublimities of moral being, to the existence of which the possibility of evil is necessarily incident." When the author says, "We are but agents in God's hands," he is quite right. Only *he does not state it all*. We are equally collaborators with him. And the sense of personal responsibility to a personal God, which Daniel Webster said was the greatest thought that ever entered his mind, will not suffer extinction in the human breast. Said Burke in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*: "All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust, and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society." Along this line Webster continues: "There is no evil that we cannot either face or flee from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. Our obligations are with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and in that sense of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us wherever it has been violated, or to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it. This makes no point of what we are ourselves or what our circumstances make us." A stirring illustration of the point in hand comes to us in the awful experience of Dreyfus, the French army officer who was falsely accused of a great wrong and was exiled to Devil's Island in April, 1895. The sufferings he underwent are reflected in the desultory sentences from his diary. His food was of the meanest kind. Idleness was enforced. "I am followed everywhere," he writes. "All I do is a matter of suspicion and rebuke." Some nine months later he writes: "My reason must end by sinking under the stream of this inconceivable treatment." At the close of that year he writes: "My nerves trouble me so that I am afraid to lie down. This silence of the tomb, with no news from my dear ones for three months, with nothing to read, crushes and overwhelms me. The guards are forbidden to answer what questions I ask." Again: "I asked long ago for some manual labor, no matter of what kind, to occupy myself a little, but they have not even answered me." In September of 1896 he was put in irons as a measure of precaution. Even when in bed his feet were fastened

in iron rings. And from these agonies, which he suffered for almost five years, Dreyfus evolved what may stand among the noblest protests against suicide, a passage wherein Cleanthus and Epictetus might recognize their own spirit at its height with an advance on their doctrine of the open door. These are his words: "On one of these long nights of torture, when riveted to my bed, with sleep far from my eyes, I sought my guiding star, my guide in moments of supreme resolve. And all at once I saw the light before me illuminating for me my duty. To-day less than ever have you the right to desert your post. Less than ever have you the right to shorten even by a single hour your wretched life. Whatever the torments they inflict upon you, you must march forward until they throw you into the grave. You must stand before your executioners so long as you have a shadow of strength, a living wreck, to be kept before their eyes by the unassailable sovereignty of the soul which they cannot reach." There is an unassailable Sovereignty above us which puts us on the stage of this world's life, and appoints us the scope of our powers and activities. The author is right: "We are but agents in His hands." The other phase of the matter, however, is equally true. There is a corresponding, unassailable sovereignty within us which no evil, however subtle, can reach without our consent. "With an almost superhuman conception of the divine plan in creating man" John Milton puts these words in the lips of God:

I made him just and upright, sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell—  
Such I created all the ethereal powers and spirits,  
Both them who stood and them who failed,  
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere of true allegiance, constant faith  
or love?

Where only what they needs must do appears, not what they could.

What praise could they receive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid?

"This passage clearly shows that without free agency there can be no morality and without temptation no virtue." The realization of this must awe us with self-reverence if we shall ever hope to reverence God as we ought. Surely it might well seem that personal responsibility is a gift which only a personal God could bestow upon the creatures of his hands.

*The Lady of the Decoration.* By FRANCES LITTLE. 16mo, pp. 236. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, \$1.

THIS little book is different. That is one reason why we notice it. Printed first in 1906, it has been reprinted twenty-seven times. In its way it is a missionary document, though not such as missionary societies use, and not like any you ever read. It is as breezy as a verse from Charlotte Wilson's "The Wind of God":

The wind is blowing across the world, it is lifting my brother's hair  
Lightly from off his forehead, and bringing the light to his eyes.  
Listen, and you may hear it come, stirring the empty air;  
O, lift your faces, folk of the world, and feel the wind arise.

Like *A Blue Stocking in India*, noticed in our March number, this book takes the form of letters from China to a beloved cousin at home, with the utter frankness of confidential outpourings. It is dedicated "to all good sisters, and to mine in particular." A young woman whose life-plan had been wrecked, took a kindergarten course to keep herself from brooding and to fit herself for action. She had no thought of being a missionary, but, just when she was ready, a sudden offer came to go to Japan to teach in a mission school. To the cousin who vouched for her, she said: "Don't you shudder at the risk you are taking? Think of the responsibility of standing for *me* in a Board of Missions! I'll stay bottled up as tight as I know how, but suppose the cork *should* fly?" One of her early letters from Japan begins thus: "At last, dear Mate, I am started at my own work with the babies, and there aren't any words to tell you how cunning they are. There are eighty-five high class children in the pay kindergarten, and forty in the free. The latter are mostly of the very poor families, most of the mothers working in the fields or on the railroads. There are so many pitiful cases that one longs for a mint of money and a dozen hands to relieve them. One little girl of six comes every day with her blind baby brother strapped on her back. She is a tiny thing herself and yet that baby is never unstrapped from her back until night comes. When I first saw her old weazened face and her eagerness to join in the kindergarten play, I just took them both in my lap and cried." This teacher wore a little enameled watch, a gift on her sixteenth birthday. Her Japanese scholars thought it must be a decoration from the emperor, and named her "The Lady of the Decoration." So she wrote home: "Think of it, I have a title, and am actually looked up to by these funny yellow babies as a superior being. They forget it sometimes, though, when we all get to playing together in the yard. We can't talk to each other, but we can laugh and romp together, and sometimes the fun runs high. . . . The language is something awful. I get my tongue in such knots that I have to use a corkscrew to pull it straight again." One letter says: "This morning I had to teach Sunday school. I'll be praying in public next. I see it coming." Three days later: "I told you it would come! My prophetic soul foresaw it. I had to lead prayers in chapel this morning. And I play the organ in Sunday school and listen to two Japanese sermons on Sunday. . . . I can't begin to tell you of the hopelessness of some of the lives out here. Just think of it! Women working in the stone quarries and sand pits and on the railroads, and always with babies tied on their backs, and the poor little tots crippled and deformed from the cramped position and often blind for life from the glare of the sun. What I am crazy to do now is to open another free kindergarten in one of the poorest parts of the city. It would only cost fifty dollars to run it a whole year, and I mean to do it if I have to sell my rings. It is just glorious to feel that you are actually helping somebody, even if that somebody is a small and dirty lot of Japanese children. I get discouraged and blue sometimes, but when a little tot comes up and slips a very soiled hand into mine and pats it and lays it against his cheek and hugs it to his breast, I just long to take the whole lot of them



to my heart and love them into an education. If I happen to stop to pat one little head, a dozen arms are around me in a minute, and I am almost suffocated with affection. One little fellow always calls me 'Nice Boy,' because that is what I called him." On Christmas she wrote home: "Had somebody told you last Christmas that this Christmas would find me in a foreign country teaching a band of little heathens, wouldn't you have thought somebody had wheels in his head." It was something to her when she heard the Japanese in a big praise service, when giving thanks for all the great blessings of the past year, name the new kindergarten teacher first. After a while she calls herself "a sort of missionary-in-law." In one letter she says: "It's worth everything to be loved as you all love me, and I'm willing to go through anything to be worthy of it. I have had more than my share of hard bumps in life, but, thank heaven, there was always somebody waiting to kiss the place to make it well. . . . I am absolutely walking on air to-day. Just when I thought my cherished dream of a free kindergarten would have to be given up, the checks from home came. You were a trump to get them all interested, and it was beautiful the way they responded. My head is simply spinning with plans! We are going to open the school right away, and there are hundreds of things to be done. I wouldn't come home now if I could. The feeling that I am needed here simply puts my little personal desires right out of the question." Once when our missionary-in-law was sick, a little girl folded her hands and offered this prayer: "O, Lord, please make the Skipping Teacher well, and help me to keep my mouth shut so it will be quiet, for she has been good to us and we all do love her much." One night this kindergartner gave a magic-lantern show for the mothers of the free kindergarten children, and she writes: "The poor ignorant women sat there bewildered. I showed them about a hundred slides, and explained through an interpreter until I was hoarse, all to no effect. They remained stolid and silent. By and by there was a stir, heads were raised, and necks craned. A sudden interest swept over the room. The picture on the sheet was of Christ toiling up Calvary under the burden of the cross. The story was new and strange to them, but it touched their hearts and brought quick tears to their eyes. I am going to have a meeting every month for them, no matter what else has to go undone." This is how she feels when she has opened her third free kindergarten with money sent from home: "You ought to see the mothers crowding around, begging and pleading for their children to be taken in; and the poor little tots weep and wail when they have to go home. I feel to-day as if I would almost resort to highway robbery to get money enough to carry on this work." And she cries out: "I wish I was a doctor and a trained nurse and a scholar and a magician and a philosopher and a saint all combined. I need them all in my business." Once she writes: "I am just tired enough to-night to fold my hands and turn up my toes and say 'Enough.' If overcoming difficulties makes character, then I will have as many characters as the Chinese alphabet by the time I get through." When something she saw made her feel the brutal cruelty of heathenism she wrote: "No punishment in the next world can equal



the loss of the things these poor people miss in this life by a lack of belief in a personal God." When the hot season is on, this lively missionary-in-law, who was called when a child "a blue-eyed bunch of mischief," writes to her cousin: "Summer vacation will soon be here, and I am planning a wild career of self-indulgence. I am going to Karuizawa, where I can get cooled off and rested. It has been nearly a year since I was out of this place, a year of such ups and downs that I feel as if I had been digging out my salvation with a pick-ax. Not that I do not enjoy the struggle; real life with all its knocks and bumps, its joys and sorrows, is vastly preferable to a passive existence of indolence. Only occasionally I look forward to the time when I shall be an angel frivolling in the eternal blue. If I ever do get to heaven, it will be on your ladder, Mate. You have coaxed me up with confidence and praise, you have steadied me, you have gotten me up so far (for me) that I am afraid to look down. I shrink with a mighty shiver when I think of disappointing you in any way, and I expand almost to bursting when I think of justifying your belief in me." In the summer-vacation place she went to church and heard her first English sermon in two years: "A young English clergyman read the service, and afterward said a few words about sacrifice. He was simple and sincere, and his deep voice trembled with earnestness as he declared that sacrifice is the only true road to happiness, sacrifice of ourselves, our wishes, and desires for the good of others. And suddenly all the feeling in me got on a rampage and I wanted to get up and say that it was true, that I *knew* it was true, and that the most miserable, pitiful, smashed-up life could blossom again if it would only blossom for others." (It was her own "smashed-up life" she meant.) When she had been at work in the mission about four years she wrote to her "Mate": "The school of life is a difficult one at best, but when a weak sister like myself is put about three grades higher than she belongs, it is more than hard. I don't care a rap for the struggle and the heart-aches, if I have only made good. When I came out there were two kindergartens; now there are nine besides a big training-class. Anybody else could have done as much for the work, but one thing is certain, the work couldn't have done for anyone else what it has done for me. There's a big change inside, Mate; you'll have to take my word for it." Sometimes her courage, as she says, "got fuddled and took the wrong road." One afternoon she went out in a fearful storm to mail a letter which must go, feeling so desperate that she didn't care for storm or anything else: "I went on and on till I came to the sea-wall. There I climbed up on an old stone lantern, and let the spray and the rain beat on my face. The waves were in a fury, pounding against the wall at my feet. It was the most terrifically glorious sight I ever saw. Somehow I felt that the wind, the waves, and the storm were all my friends and that they were doing all my beating and screaming for me. I clung to the lantern with my clothes dripping and my hair streaming about my face until the storm was over. And I don't think I was ever so near to God in my life as when the sun came out suddenly and lit up that tempest-tossed sea into a perfect splendor of light and color. And the peace had

come into my heart, Mate, and I knew that I was going to take up my task again and bear it bravely. I was so glad, so thankful that I could scarcely keep my feet on the ground. I struck out at full speed along the sea-wall and ran every step of the way home."

*At the Sign of the Hobby-Horse.* By Elizabeth Bisland. Crown 8vo, pp. 253. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

A NOTICE of such a book as this may serve to lighten pages otherwise grave, weighty, and solemn with encyclopedias and theology. A sprightly, undomesticated, roving literary woman may be capable of lending spice and sparkle to whatever she writes. "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" is this author's most important and best-known work. She begins by saying: "From earliest childhood my favorite exercise has been what might properly be called ligno-equestrianism. As soon as articulate speech was at my command, it was my practice to catch and mount, bare-backed, any small wild hobby which might happen to graze in the vicinity, and, with beating heart and flying hair, to ride it round and round the narrow inclosure of my immature ideas. Though frequently run away with, and often thrown or kicked by vicious little beasts, my passion for this diversion suffered no diminution. Grown to maturity, my most serious efforts have been devoted to the collection and propagation of a stud of these interesting animals." And then in thirteen essays she trots out some of her hobbies and rides them round the ring or down the road or across country. She is not drudging at set tasks, but exploring gayly the pleasant country-side, exulting in her freedom and looking compassionately on those tollsome persons whom she sees laboriously clearing new lands of science or carefully tilling old fields of thought. Sometimes she mounts a hobby to tilt against some conventional windmill, which whirls her heels over head. In general she rides her hobbies hard until, most likely, she arrives, breathless and triumphant, at Nowhere-in-Particular. So she says in her gay, bantering fashion; but in truth her essays are more serious than she pretends, yet she is a free-lance and rides wild sometimes, arriving, in fact, at Nowhere. Her essay on Contemporary Poets closes thus: "The old shibboleths and symbols have become half-meaningless. Our contemporary poets hark back to matters outworn and forgotten. We—with the exception of the scholarly few—are no longer interested in Greek thoughts and images, because we no longer have minds permeated with study of their literatures, as the new generations no longer have their minds permeated with the knowledge of the Bible. Of old, every educated man was familiar with Hephæstus or Demeter, as he was familiar with Jeroboam or Tiglath-Pileser. Now, men of the most careful mental training would cheerfully admit that they had never heard of any of the four. To the contemporary readers of Theocritus or of Virgil, the pastoral and Olympic atmosphere was the background of their daily life, and was as vivid and vital to them as the steam-plow and the reaper and binder are to the agriculturalist of to-day; but when our modern poets employ the vocabulary of Arcady, they are touching an unstrung lute that gives back no response to their

dull fingers. The outlook of the human mind in the last fifty years has been turned at right angles to its entire previous conscious aspect. In place of exclusive concern with human affairs, of the purely objective attitude toward all the rest of nature, man has, in the shifting of the mental kaleidoscope, been shaken into wholly new and subordinate relations with his surroundings. It is in this new, this subjective relation with the forces he has unchained, and as yet but partially mastered, that the world waits for the expression of its new emotions. 'I sent my soul into the Invisible'—and the soul's prodigious adventures there yet wait for adequate words. We stand like Balboa, 'in a wild surmise,' gazing upon the vast new ocean of being, and like him we are silent upon our peaks of Darien. No one has yet risen up from among the little magazine-shepherds 'piping ditties of no tone,' to sing the tremendous epic of Science. Only Richard Wagner has tried to find some expression for the moods of our sublime new goddess, Nature; has attempted wordlessly to formulate for us her thundering seas, her quivering Polar lights, her winds and storms, her gigantic secrets and forces, and the battles of her human offspring with his mighty mother and maker, who stands ever ready to devour her own child, but who has Nibelung hoards for him who will capture and bind her. Stevenson and Kipling are the only two of our contemporaries in whose verse the coming generations will find recorded anything of our actual attitude toward ourselves and our environment; and neither of the two is primarily a bard, verse being with both, unfortunately, but an occasional indulgence, in relaxation from prose, though both are more likely to live by reason of their poems than of their prose, already drifting into the *démodé*. Stevenson adumbrates a little of our mingled courage and humility in such songs as 'A Portrait,' 'The Open Road,' 'Not Yet My Soul,' and Kipling in 'Our Lady of the Snows.' From 'McAndrew's Hymn' our successors may guess how we felt to our new slave, steam. Kipling writes of machinery and of electricity with the same fresh and passionate relish with which Virgil wrote of bees or kine; and the busy world of to-day pauses in its affairs to listen to the poetry of these things, though it lends but a languid ear to rhymes of faun and dryad, of saint or saviour. Dumbly it feels the beauty and poignancy of its own great endeavors and discoveries, but for a male-voiced and competent singer of them it waits, as yet, in vain." In the essay on the power of that little member, the tongue, the author, quoting as a sort of text, "In the beginning was the Word . . . and without it was not anything made that was made," discusses and illustrates the hypnotic and perpetuating power of words: "Every politician learns early in his career the hypnotic value of the word. Let his mouth be sufficiently full of fine phrases, and his writings breathe noble sentiments, and he may follow his own interests without fear. He knows that to the man in the street words are concrete things, not mere symbols that may or may not represent substance. Gladstone astutely grasped this tendency of the crowd, and for half a century dominated the majority of his countrymen. Swayed by the wizardry of his tongue, they saw the shield as either silver or gold as he directed. When

that magic member was stilled, his followers glared about them in a wild surmise, slowly realizing that the great figure which had loomed so large and beneficent to their mesmerized senses had shrunk to the stature of a selfish opportunist. American political life could show similar examples of the wielder of the hypnotic word persuading the mob to believe him good and great because he himself assures them of the fact. It is, by the way, a pleasing proof that the worst of us love and labor after virtue, when one notes that no man could carry the crowd with him who did not lift a flag of lofty moral sentiment. One might almost say of solemn moral sentiment, since the masses always prefer their verbal virtue of a good solid doughy consistency—the unleavened bread of edification, not frivolized by the yeast of humor. The glancing gaiety of wit disturbs their pious confidence. They do not feel that they can safely trust their destinies to one who is restive under platitudes. No humorous statesman has ever been the idol of the people. Perhaps he has too vivid a sense of proportion to be vain; too keen a sense of realities to take himself with the ponderous seriousness proper to a popular idol. What a petty creature Cato appears in the intimate letters of his contemporaries, yet his self-righteous attitudinizing still dominates the imagination of posterity through the spell of fine phrases. Brutus, for two thousand years, made assassination a virtue by the simple device of calling it tyrannicide, and of making an eminently quotable speech about despots as he stabbed his kindest friend in a fury of ignoble jealousy. *Sic semper tyrannis* nerved the hand of Wilkes Booth, and hundreds of equally unhappy but well-meaning creatures before him and since. Poor wretches, who without that high-sounding sentence to inspire them would doubtless have shrunk from the extreme of murder! 'Words, words, words!' cries Hamlet, despairingly. 'Winged words,' the poet calls them, that fly like thistledown, each silver web of pinions carrying a seed of thought in the center of its fairy feathers, to be sown as chance and the wind wills, and to spring up again in rank and bristling growths. Jean Jacques Rousseau—a vulgar, selfish sentimentalist, who lived upon the purse of silly women, abandoned the helpless fruits of his passing amours to public charity, and gravely chronicled his petty egregiousness for posterity—blew this seeded thistledown through Europe, and with it overthrew laws and thrones. William Jennings Bryan poured forth in a golden voice a majestic borrowed phrase, and millions of his countrymen followed him like sheep for years, though never was one great deed put to his credit. In spite of all which, men of action speak scornfully of 'word-braiders'; think indifferently and contemptuously of literature; yet books outlive rulers and races. Carthage was so great a city that for fifteen hundred years after its fall it was not necessary to quarry stone in Syria. From its ruins a hundred cities have been built, a thousand roads paved. Throughout the Middle Ages, and also prior to them, Carthage was a building quarry for all Islam, and much of Christendom. The Arabian geographer, Edrisi, says that in his time no vessel left Tunis without some marble plunder from Carthage. The whole city of Tunis is built from it, and every town on the African coast of the Mediterranean

has stolen stone from 'Kart-Hadaast.' Southern Italy, Sicily, and Corsica looted building-stuff from its site for centuries, and the Cathedral at Pisa was fashioned of material taken from the Punic temples. Even yet the smaller fragments of its masonry form a layer from twelve to fifteen feet deep above the spot once occupied by half a million merchants. Of this enormous civilization only its wide-flung stones remain. Of it we know almost nothing. Its life counts for nothing in our lives, yet the literature of a little semi-nomad Semitic tribe is as living to-day as when it was written. That literature has molded the arts, the polity, the thoughts, the very structure of the brains of all Europe. Half the deeds of the Occident for the last two thousand years have had their germ and impulse from the words of Hebrew word-braiders. Troy town is as the dream of a dream, but Homer's book keeps its folk forever immortal through the sheer potency of words. Whatever is done by man is soon forgotten, if no bard makes a story of it. These obscure, ignored, usually indigent little word-smiths sit in dingy corners hammering out their phrases, while destruction and reconstruction roar about them unheeded. If, however, one stopped to contemplate those unimportant-seeming labors with observant eyes, it would be obvious that they were really engaged in fashioning mankind. It would be seen that out of these small booths had come the impressions and impulses that were pushing and pulling the loud mob making history outside. It would be seen that here were being laid the eggs from which were to be hatched future heroisms and murders, future wars and migrations; that this was the soil in which was germinating the seed of the convictions and aspirations of generations still inconceivably remote in the future. The philosophical student of these shabby artisans would perceive that, though they as often wrote false as true, their pens were indubitably mightier than all the blades ever forged by the armorers of Toledo or Damascus."

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*Light from the Ancient East.* The New Testament illustrated by recently discovered texts of the Graeco-Roman world. By ADOLF DEISSMANN, D.Theol. (Marburg), D.D. (Aberdeen), Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin. Translated by Lionel R. M. Strachan, M.A. With sixty-eight illustrations. Quarto, pp. xi, 514. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$4 net.

WHEN Pastor Robinson committed the Pilgrim Fathers to God and the Word of his grace, he declared: "I am convinced that the Lord hath yet more light and truth to break forth from his holy Word." Since 1620 these words have been ratified on numerous occasions. A most signal illustration has, however, come before us within recent years from an unexpected quarter. Anatolia is the name used of the Levant; but for purposes of the present study the author of this term has used it so as to include the regions of Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt; in short, all the Eastern Mediterranean lands and islands. What thoughts come before one of religion and romance in connection with these luminous names; but no one ever could have guessed that in these latter



days inspiring information would be brought to the world of Christian scholarship from the substrata of ancient society. The horizon of sacred learning is widening and the bounds of investigation cannot be set. The man to whom we are indebted for opening doors into what promises to become a very fruitful field of research is Professor Adolf Deissmann, now of the University of Berlin, but until 1908 professor of theology in the University of Heidelberg. The results of his investigations have appeared in several magazines and books. Many students know his Bible Studies, the scope of which can be learned from the sub-title: "Contributions chiefly from papyri and inscriptions to the history of the language, the literature and the religion of Hellenistic Judaism and primitive Christianity." It has become indispensable for the accurate study of the New Testament. Two other books of value are New Light on the New Testament, and The Philology of the Greek Bible. His *magnum opus*, however, is the book whose title appears at the head of this notice. Here he brings his studies to a climax; he sets primitive Christianity in such a historical background as to show how this mighty movement of the Spirit originated and developed. His exposition sets aside many traditional presuppositions; but his work is to be welcomed, not on this account, but because it enables us better to judge of the power of the gospel in remaking the world of the first century by bringing to it a spiritual endowment unique in its sufficiency and unifying in its religious results. The work of Dr. Deissmann is marked by a sense of reality and a spirit of enthusiasm; scholarship and plety of an unusual kind are combined in him. The extravagances of a pioneer are not very apparent. He has traveled twice in the East, and in these pages he makes report directly from the scenes of discovery. Some scholars have contended that the Greek of the New Testament is "biblical," a dialect peculiarly its own and largely based on the translation Greek of the Old Testament. Others have declared that the New Testament language is so colored by Hebrew idioms as to make it a sort of Jewish or Judean Greek. Both these positions have been sustained by great names; but the investigations of Deissmann in Germany, Moulton and Milligan in Great Britain, and other scholars elsewhere, have destroyed the arguments in favor of these old positions. It is now shown in a remarkable way that the Greek of the New Testament was none other than the common Greek which was in colloquial use among the peoples of Anatolia. The New Testament is thus a book, not singular and exclusive, but a book "of the people, by the people, for the people." Its high place is not thereby lowered. It offers impressive testimony to the power of the divine Spirit who used men of the common round to make known the riches of grace to the world of the masses, as well as to the elect ones of culture. The three sources from which this larger knowledge has come are papyri, inscriptions, and ostraca. We can see the men of the book in their workaday garb by the aid of these non-literary sources. We have been accustomed to think of the ancient world in the light of literature, which is always a reflex of upper-class opinions. "Doubt, denial, satiety, frivolity, always proclaim themselves much more loudly in the upper



than in the vigorous and unspoiled lower classes." Justice has never been done this great majority of the human race. We have always taken it for granted that Christianity won some of its notable trophies among the submerged, as it still is doing; but we were not prepared to realize how thorough were the transformations, for the sufficient reason that no data were available. These are now within our reach. The despised class has "risen again from the rubbish heaps of ancient cities, little market towns and villages. They plead so insistently to be heard that there is nothing for it but to yield them calm and dispassionate audience." As we do so, we will learn to correct our one-sided estimates of the ancient world, by supplementing what we have learned from the cultured with these non-literary contributions, which photograph large areas of human life hitherto more or less misunderstood. We now understand better the conditions of a civilization which permitted the destruction of female children in the age when the gracious Friend of children was born. The domestic life of the well-to-do, the standards of social piety, the relations between fathers and sons, and between subordinate and superior in the Roman army, the hopeless outlook in the dismal hour of death, the limited educational advantages of some of the Egyptian Christian deacons—these and many other matters of interest are laid bare in these letters. The first recorded purchase of papyri by European visitors to Egypt was in 1778. On this occasion the peasants set fire to about fifty other rolls, as they had been wont to do, to enjoy the aromatic smoke that was produced. It is clear that they did not appreciate these non-literary documents. Those which have recently been dug up from Egyptian rubbish heaps deal with "leases, bills, and receipts, marriage contracts, bills of divorce, wills, decrees issued by authority, denunciations, suits for the punishment of wrongdoers, minutes of judicial proceedings, tax papers in great numbers. Then there are letters and notes, schoolboys' exercise books, magical texts, horoscopes, diaries." Indeed, they are as varied as life itself; those written in Greek cover a period of a thousand years, the oldest of them going back to the third century B. C. The inscriptions are mostly on stone, but there are many cast and engraved in bronze, or scratched on tablets of lead or gold, a few wax tablets, the scribblings found on walls, and the texts on coins and medals. In some respects the most interesting sources are the ostraca or potsherds. These pieces of broken pottery were the writing materials of the lower classes, and were available to all, gratis, from any rubbish heap. These writings of the proletariat take us right to the heart of the class to which the primitive Christians were most nearly related and in which the new faith struck root in the great world. Biblical quotations on ostraca reveal the fact that the Gospels were in the hands of the common people, the poorer classes, who could not afford the rolls of papyrus, but who used broken potsherds on which to indite the imperishable words of eternal life. Some of the originals are presented in photographic facsimiles, and they enable the reader to judge of the worth of these witnesses to the spread of the gospel in the early Christian centuries. It is with no little animation that one sees the reproduc-

tion of the oldest Greek letter discovered, written on a leaden tablet from the fourth century B. C. Here also is excellently reproduced the oldest known autograph letter by a Christian, written between A. D. 264 and 282; it is now only a tattered strip of papyrus, and yet it impresses one with the continuity of the spiritual life. Indeed, all the reproductions bring us near to the individuality of their several writers in a way that a translation cannot do. It is a fact of large significance that the gospel commenced its mission when the civilization of the world was under one ruler; it is of even larger consequence that at this same period there was one language which was understood throughout the countries which counted for the history of that empire. Words and phrases which at one time were supposed to be exclusively "biblical" are now seen to have belonged to the ordinary vernacular. Even such cult words like *εὐαγγέλιον*, gospel, good tidings; *παρουσία*, advent, coming; *επιφάνεια*, appearing; *σωτήρ*, Saviour; *Θεοῦ υἱός*, Son of God; *θεῖος*, divine; *ιερά γράμματα*, sacred writings, holy Scripture; *ἄπε λέν θερος Κυρίου*, freedman of the Lord are found to have been in profane use. What had hitherto been regarded as Semitisms are now found in documents recognized to have come under no sort of Hebraic influences. The Johannine style can no longer be considered Semitic, but rather popular and colloquial, as shown by numerous illustrations in these pages. The spoken language of Palestine was Aramaic, and the message of the evangel was uttered by Jesus in this language. But when Christianity became a world religion, its missionaries adopted the international Greek language. This fact partly explains why the early Aramaic copies of the Gospels were lost, set aside by the mass of Greek manuscripts which got into popular use from the second century onward. Material derived from the language of the surrounding world is found imbedded in our sacred book. Of the nearly five thousand words in the vocabulary of the New Testament, not more than fifty are distinctively biblical or Christian Greek words. This need not occasion misgiving, for, as Dr. Delssmann states: In the religiously creative period which came first of all the power of Christianity to form new words was not nearly so large as its effect in *transforming* the meaning of old words. The interest of the first missionary generations was directed not to questions of philosophy and philology, but to the salvation of souls. They did not hesitate to use the material that was available to their hands, in the passionate desire which impelled them to go where they were most needed with the evangel of redemption. It is very true that Christianity did not begin as a literary movement, and that its creative period was non-literary. The New Testament is not a literary monument, in the sense that it was a product of the colorless refinement of an upper class, whose classical period lay, irretrievable, in the past. It is composed of confidential pronouncements: letters written at fever heat by Paul, exhortations indited to bring comfort or to utter warnings; memoirs of the life and teaching of Jesus, compiled for the use of catechumens. And yet these informal writings, in the language of the common people, are living confessions of Christian inwardness. They have survived the centuries because of their in-

trinsic worth. Coming from the non-literary class it has, nevertheless, appealed to all classes, and remains to-day, without a peer, the Book of Humanity. Here are words that deserve quotation: A book from the ancient East, and lit up by the light of the dawn—a book breathing the fragrance of the Galilean spring, and anon swept by the shipwrecking northeast tempest from the Mediterranean—a book of peasants, fishermen, artisans, travelers by land and sea, fighters, and martyrs—a book in cosmopolitan Greek with marks of Semitic origin—a book of the imperial age, written at Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, Rome—a book of pictures, miracles, and visions; book of the village and the town, book of the people and the peoples—the New Testament, if regard be had to the inward side of things, is the great book, chief and singular, of human souls. Because of its psychic depth and breadth this book of the East is a book for both East and West, a book for humanity; a book ancient but eternal. And because of the figure that emerges from the book—the Redeemer accompanied by the multitude of the redeemed, blessing and consoling, exhorting and renewing, revealing himself anew to every generation of the weary and heavy-laden, and growing from century to century more great—the New Testament is the Book of Life. If Christianity did one thing more than another it was to make religion a serious business. Its teaching concerning the one living God, and Jesus Christ his incarnation for the redemption of the race, its moral earnestness and spiritual passion, were among the causes which gave it so large a success. The importance of Paul lay in the fact that he planted the living roots of religion in the spiritually present Person of the living Lord Jesus Christ, so that from his time there is no Christology, but Christolatry, a Christianity of Christ. One hesitates to follow this brilliant and suggestive author where he states that Paul was an “artisan missionary,” in the sense that he was without the learning of the schools. He followed the occupation of tent-maker, not as a vocation, but as an avocation, in order that he might be independent of the churches which he founded. He belonged to the higher class, and had a training in scholarship, and enjoyed the honors of Roman citizenship. His cosmopolitan attitude was a proof of his versatile genius, transformed as it had been by the grace of Jesus Christ. But this emphasis is doubtless part of the author's excess of zeal in emphasizing the truth of the profound humaneness of Christianity. The importance of this volume grows on one. The chapter dealing with “Future Work of Research” should invite many eager students to enter this field, which has been so persuasively opened by Dr. Deissmann. The bearing of these discoveries on the study of New Testament Greek, their help to the student of primitive Christianity, their suggestiveness to Christian theology and ethics, cannot be entered into in this notice. The preacher will find in these pages material that will enable him to give such an interpretation to the message of the New Testament, that Christ will be set forth as the bringer of eternal strength to make strong and to make free. The careful work of the translator must not be overlooked. He has furnished elaborate but practical indices, and has had in mind the need of English readers.

He has also been considerate in rendering the Greek literally, in language approximating that of the Authorized and Revised Versions. This enables the average reader, even without a knowledge of Greek, to appreciate the similarities in style between the New Testament and the Greek texts in papyri, inscriptions, and ostraca.

*The Life of Robert Browning.* By W. HALL GRIFFIN, completed and edited by Henry Christopher Minchin. 8vo, pp. 342. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$3.50.

THIS is not a psychological interpretation of the poet and his work. That has been done sufficiently well—at least as well as it is likely to be done in many a day—by that audacious and brilliant intellectual free lance, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. It is not a study of Browning, written by an able man of letters, who is at least as eager to give out his own opinions as to interpret the poet, and so writes a biography expressing a certain temperament and a certain way of looking at things. That has been done by William Sharp. It is not an account written by a friend, with a friend's intimate touches and a friend's prejudiced tendency to limit the poet's range to that which had been revealed in personal intercourse. That has been done by Mrs. Sutherland Orr. It might be thought that there is no place for a new biography of Browning. But the present work makes its own place. As far as full and detailed information goes, as an arsenal of facts about the poet and his work, this will be the definitive biography of Browning. It was planned and more than half of it was written by Professor Hall Griffin. For years the career and writings of Browning had been a "principal subject of his thought and study. He had been at great pains to identify the sites of his early homes in South London: thence he had followed him to Asolo and to Florence, and had gone on pilgrimages to the various cities and regions of Italy which were visited by the poet and his wife during their summer wanderings, or were the scene of their winter sojourns. Nor had he neglected spots which were closely connected with his later years—La Salsiz, for instance, and, above all, Venice. He had enjoyed the friendship of Browning's son and sister, who gave him ungrudging help—Miss Browning's wonderful memory, in particular, throwing light upon many obscure points in her brother's early history; while he had made, with Mr. Barrett Browning's sanction, an extensive examination of the books in the Palazzo Rezzonico—those 'wisest ancient books' amid which the future poet passed his childhood." Much new material was available, for instance, Alfred Domett's unpublished diary, of which Professor Griffin was practically the discoverer. Upon the death of the man who had planned and partly executed the work, that which was written, and other materials, were put into the hands of Mr. Harry Christopher Minchin, who completed the biography along the lines originally planned. The whole book is written in a graphic and readable way with a touch of dignity which will please the reader to whom a piece of writing is not less attractive because the author is not constantly making verbal gyrations and twisting language into startling epigrams. It is a book which

gives all that painstaking investigation could bring to light about the poet and his work. It is more than the work of a careful chronicler. There is skill and real insight in the work of the authors, and a rich consciousness of the range of the poetic and artistic life through which the poet moved and which in turn influenced him. One of the most valuable things about this book is that you not only see the poet, but you see him in the right background. To whet the reader's appetite, we will quote some characteristic passages: "From the days when as a mere child he stole downstairs from bed to listen to his mother at the piano, and as it ceased, flung himself into her arms, whispering amid sobs, 'Play, play,' until the days when he drew music from the organ at Vallombrosa, or charmed his intimate friends with his improvisations on the piano, or wrote Abt Vogler, Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha, and A Toccata of Galuppi, and became the friend of Joachim and Clara Schumann, Browning remained a music lover." "As an infant he was hushed to sleep by his father to the words of an ode by Anacreon, hummed to the tune of *The Cottage in the Wood*. In a copy of an early eighteenth century edition of Dryden's translation of the satires of Juvenal, Browning made the following note: 'My father read the whole of the Dedictory Preface aloud to me as we took a walk together up Nunhead Hill, Surrey, when I was a boy.' Verily the hundred pages of the essay on satire formed substantial reading for a boy during a country walk." Browning's love of animal life was a marked characteristic. "Even in the closing months of his life, his soft low whistle would entice the lizards as they basked by the roadside in the Italian sunshine, and his keen eye could still detect the tiniest inhabitant of the hedges." John Stuart Mill read Pauline four times. On account of the over-crowded condition of the Examiner, his notice of the poem was not published, but words he did write about it have been preserved. Among them are these, "With considerable poetic powers the writer seems to me possessed with a more intense and morbid self-consciousness than I ever knew in any sane human being." The words of Mill, written at the end of his volume of Pauline, came into Browning's hands, and the author of the biography seems to feel that the stern medicine of Mill's sharp speech may have helped Browning to recover from an early state of accentuated self-consciousness. The way in which we are made to feel the larger associations of the places connected with Browning is suggested by the following, "Pisa was distant but a dozen miles by rail—poor decrepit old Pisa! as Francis Power Cobbe termed it, 'the Bath of Italy,' where people talked of their coughs and read newspapers a week old. . . . It was a delight and a wonder to bask in the warm December sunshine, to walk forth and watch the lizards darting to and fro, and see the golden oranges overhang the wall! to think of their friend Horne as they passed the statue of Cosimo de Medici in the little piazza by the Tower of Famine; of Byron as they passed the Lanfranci Palace on the Arno, where he and his motley household had dwelt, and where Leigh Hunt had been a sojourner; or of Shelley and his Epipsychidion, as their gaze fell on the neighboring Convent of Santa Anna, where Emilia Viviani had been 'imprisoned.' It

were a joy to drive across the plain to the Mediterranean; to visit the pine woods where Shelley loved to wander, to look upon the Serchio stream where he sailed in his boat; or to drive to the neighboring range of hills at whose foot the little Baths of San-Giuliano nestled, where he heard the news of the death of Keats and wrote the *Adonais*." An important letter which Browning wrote about his faith is given and some of its words must find a place here: "It is a great thing, the greatest, that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experiences in a witness to the power and love of God. . . . All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; . . . I know I, myself, have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depth, . . . as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife's Testament wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago, 'Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another, there where that lady lives of whom my soul was enamored.'" The reader of other volumes of lives of Browning will close this one feeling that he knows more about the poet, the facts of his life, the books he read, the people he met, the atmosphere about his life, and the way in which his works took form than he supposed could be known. There may be a deeper and more profoundly interpretative way to write a biography, but after its type this account of Browning could scarcely be more adequately given.